MOTIVATION AND METHOD IN SCOTS TRANSLATIONS, VERSIONS AND ADAPTATIONS OF PLAYS FROM THE HISTORIC REPERTOIRE OF CONTINENTAL EUROPEAN DRAMA

by

WILLIAM FINDLAY, B.A. (Hons), P.G.C.E.

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DEPARTMENT OF DRAMA
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Chapter 8

COMMENTARY ON *THE WEAVERS*

Motivation

Since the translation into Scots of classic plays commenced in the 1940s, a relatively narrow range of authors has featured, with work by Molière predominating. Also, the tendency, as demonstrated by the plays discussed in the previous chapters, has been to translate plays that are strong in comedy.[1] My interest in translating Gerhart Hauptmann's *The Weavers* stemmed from an awareness of these factors and a consequent wish to broaden the range of authors translated and to tackle a wholly serious work. An additional factor was that plays from French and Italian have been most commonly translated, and the rich German tradition in drama is represented by only one play, Heinrich von Kleist's *Der zerbrochene Krug*, in a version by Victor Carin, *The Chippit Chantie*, that he fashioned from a literal English translation (as discussed in Chapter 5).

My decision to render *The Weavers* into Scots was also influenced by my belief that Standard English translations of classic plays often misrepresent the non-standard linguistic nature of many such works, whether written in whole or part in dialect or vernacular speech. The rich linguistic resource available to the translator/versionizer/adaptor in Scotland includes, as previous chapters have shown, Standard English, Scottish Standard English, and varieties of Scots such as urban and country, regional and 'standard', contemporary and historic, synthetic and costume; and one consequence of this variety is that one can draw with ease on shifts in register and style. There is therefore a special opportunity for us in Scotland

to offer English-language theatre a new way of seeing certain classic plays, as so triumphantly proved the case with Edwin Morgan's Scots translation of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* in 1992; a translation that exploited to the full that linguistic variety just mentioned in releasing afresh what Morgan described as 'the range of tones and tongues in the original' (as discussed in Chapter 7).[2]

The Weavers is a prime example of my argument that a translation into Standard English can misrepresent the nature of the original play, for Hauptmann originally wrote his play in the Silesian dialect of German.[3] This misrepresentation has particular significance in relation to *The Weavers*, as will be seen from the following facts gleaned from my background research into Hauptmann. It should be said that such research is, from my point of view, a very helpful part of the process of both choosing and working on a play, particularly when preparing a version rather than a translation proper; for, in lieu of direct access to the letter of the source language, critical and background reading can provide a degree of access to the source culture, can allow deeper analysis of the play, and, as will be seen, can identify key aspects of a writer's language and style.

The Weavers is sub-titled *A Play of the 1840s* and is based on a real uprising that took place in 1844 when handloom weavers in Silesia protested against the destitution they were suffering. Prices had been driven down by foreign competition and the handloom weavers' cottage industry could not compete with the mechanised looms of the factory-mills. The manufacturers exploited the situation to depress the handloom weavers' piece rates to the bare minimum, as seen in the play. Fifty years later, the weavers' plight was as bad again. It became a burning national issue, just

as it had done before, and was the subject of much newspaper discussion. In choosing to write about the 1844 weavers' crisis, Hauptmann clearly had contemporary happenings in mind. Because he was writing in a period of political repression, fuelled by fear of the rise of socialism, he had to address present injustice under the guise of the past.[4] In addition to studying what had happened in 1844, Hauptmann travelled to Silesia in 1891 with a socialist reporter, Max Baginski, on a fact-finding visit to see the weavers' distress at first-hand and to interview eye-witnesses. He visited twice and, according to Warren R. Maurer, saw

> the weavers' suffering with his own eyes: people dying of starvation; small children forced to work long hours from almost the time they learned to walk; a mother and her newborn infant covered with peat litter since they had neither blankets nor clothing to keep them warm; children, up to the ages of six and seven, without even rags to cover their nakedness -- in short, conditions even worse than he had described them in the play.[5]

Hauptmann had additional reason to feel sympathy for the weavers, as revealed by his dedication of *The Weavers* to his father, Robert:

> If I dedicate this drama to you, dear father, it is from feelings which you know, and which require no analysis here. Your story about grandfather, who as a young man, a poor weaver, sat behind the loom like those I have portrayed, became the germ of my work.[6]

As Hauptmann well knew from his upbringing in Silesia, the humbler classes in the region, such as the weavers, spoke in a distinctive dialect of German. It therefore sat with the documentary impulse underlying the play to use the authentic dialect speech of the Silesian weavers; and use of the people's language also sat with Hauptmann's wish to convey both socialist ideals and a pioneering Naturalist aesthetic. As he later said of his ambitions in writing the play:

> [T]he social drama, even if at first an empty schema, was in the air as a postulate. To call it to life was, at that time, a prize challenge which, if solved, was the equivalent of making one the initiator of a new epoch

> [...] I could write *The Weavers* [...] because [...] I knew the folk dialect. I would, I decided, introduce it into [serious] literature [...] I wanted to return to dialect its dignity.[7]

'A [dialect-speaking] barber or a scrubwoman,' he asserted, 'might as fittingly be the protagonist of a tragedy as Lady Macbeth or King Lear.'[8] Hauptmann's use of Silesian dialect in *The Weavers*, then, was not incidental colouring but crucial to the work's *raison d'être* for the different reasons just indicated.

Unfortunately, Hauptmann's linguistic intentions were compromised due to political circumstances surrounding the play's production. In the volatile atmosphere of the German politics of the day, the planned public performance of a play that seemed to incite revolution alarmed the nervous authorities, for its historical veneer was rightly interpreted as a thinly disguised cover for an attack on the contemporary status quo. Although censorship had officially been abolished, it was quickly revived by the Berlin police under the pretext of preventing civil disorder. The upshot was that *The Weavers* achieved notoriety as the subject of 'the most spectacular political censorship trial in the history of German literature'.[9] The first version of the play, called *De Waber* (a dialect title), was written in the dialect of the mountainous Eulengebirge region of Silesia and was published in Berlin at the beginning of 1892. After a period of intense litigation, the stage première of that dialect version, planned for March of that year, was prohibited. Hauptmann then prepared a second version, titled, in standard German, *Die Weber*. In this version he diluted the dialect; some dialect colouring was retained but the language was largely standardized to High-German. This aided the play's accessibility but made it less realistically proletarian -- and thereby less politically hard-edged -- and compromised, to a degree, the original artistic vision informing the work in Hauptmann's decision to use a dialect medium.

This second, standardized version was published in 1892 but was initially banned from being staged; however, a private performance was eventually allowed on 26 February 1893. After further police bans and legal proceedings (which dragged on till 1901) the first public performance finally took place on 25 September 1894. That performance was of the modified second version, and this has remained the text performed in Germany and translated abroad.[10]

Subsequent developments have further increased the dilution of Hauptmann's original linguistic intentions represented by his second version. Silesia was annexed by Poland after the Second World War and has since been 'Polonized', to the loss of its distinctive culture and language. One consequence is that, as Peter Skrine has noted:

> The contemporary German stage is finding it more and more difficult to cast the great Hauptmann plays and perform them with any hope of linguistic and socio-linguistic accuracy; hardly anyone in the German-speaking world of today can still speak with the Silesian regional accent required in nearly all Hauptmann's realistic plays. Instead producers have to make do with transcriptions into all-purpose contemporary German, an approach which may sometimes work but which tends to present an emasculated Hauptmann bereft of his most potent artistic medium.[11]

Thus, to add to the fact that the German version of *The Weavers* which has become standard represents a dilution of the unrestrained Silesian-dialect first text composed by Hauptmann, contemporary German productions of his Silesian-medium plays take that dilution even further. To compound matters, so far as my research has ascertained, translations of *The Weavers* in English-language countries have all used the modified second version, and have all been into a Standard English medium, with no attempt made to convey even those dialect elements retained in the second version.[12] The 'emasculation' of Hauptmann's Silesian that has occurred in

German-language theatre, as described by Peter Skrine, has therefore had a counterpart in Standard English translations of *The Weavers*. Hence, as Skrine concludes: 'Perhaps the time is coming for Hauptmann to be approached from a different angle [so that] his enormous creative achievement can be won back for the international stage'.[13]

While my initial interest in rendering *The Weavers* into Scots was largely based on learning that it featured dialect, that interest was deepened by my background reading and an awareness of all of the above factors. There seemed an opportunity to try and reconnect through a Scots medium with the intention and spirit behind what has been described as 'the original and more authentic'[14] first version of the play, with its uncompromising use of Silesian dialect. That first version had been neglected both in Germany and in English-language translations, and there seemed little prospect of that being remedied in the future because of the fate that had befallen Silesia and because English-language theatre furth of Scotland made negligible use of dialect as a translation medium. With our linguistic resource in Scotland -- and a theatre culture hospitable to work in 'dialect', including translations -- a fresh perspective could be offered on *The Weavers* by returning to Hauptmann's original dialect intention; a new perspective, that is, in terms of both English-language reception of the work and, ironically, German reception.

A related factor influencing me was that appreciation of Hauptmann's importance has been adversely affected at home and abroad by the Silesian setting and language, albeit diluted, of his most enduring plays (as well as the Berlin dialect of some of his city-based plays). One consequence of the difficulty alluded to above in

performing his plays in Germany is that 'his name now tends to be associated with a relatively small body of works which actually represent only a fraction of his total output'.[15] Given the difficulties that Hauptmann's Silesian plays present even for German-speakers, it is not surprising that translators of the plays into other languages have found difficulty in rendering them satisfactorily. Warren R. Maurer has highlighted the consequences of this in Germany and abroad:

> In order for an author to maintain an international reputation he must, of course, be readily accessible. Hauptmann, unfortunately, remains frustratingly untranslatable. As Lilian Furst has noted "... a translation is no guide to a Naturalist play... Precisely because of the German achievement in the field of dramatic language, characteristic speech-patterns, dialectal colouring, verbal gestures, silences, etc., the problems of translation apply to German Naturalism more than to any other movement and largely account for its unwarranted neglect outside Germany." Hauptmann, the most skillful German playwright to write in a Naturalistic vein, suffers most. Even German contemporaries were not always equipped to cope with the dialectal nuances of some of his works and, with the postwar Polonization of Silesia and a general levelling of language in East Germany, the dialects, constituting the very fabric of his best-known plays, are disappearing.[16]

Similarly, Peter Skrine sees Hauptmann's use of dialect as 'his greatest liability as well as his greatest asset, for his plays do not depend primarily on subject matter, theme or even location: the stuff of his drama is language'.[17] The great difficulty for the translator into English, he adds, is finding the resources to render effectively dramas 'which depend very much on linguistic differentiation and on the use of dialect for their effect'.[18] Reinhold Grimm equally laments

> the almost insurmountable difficulty the translator of such Hauptmann texts has to face; evidently they cannot be rendered adequately in any other language [...] even the most talented and experienced translator with a perfect command and knowledge of German (including not only several dialects but, in addition, various sociolects and idiolects, too) will never succeed in rendering Hauptmann's naturalistic texts entirely satisfactorily.[19]

I will consider in the next section the implications of these comments in relation to fashioning a Scots text. Of relevance to the discussion here are the claims that Hauptmann has proved difficult to translate effectively into English and that this has contributed to his relative neglect by English-language theatre. It is symptomatic of the latter that, remarkably, *The Weavers* had its first professional production in the UK as recently as 1980,[20] yet it is considered a landmark in world drama, being a founding work of Naturalism. It won Hauptmann the Nobel Prize in 1912, and in its time it had an enormous impact in Germany and internationally. Hauptmann's Silesian dramas influenced such seminal writers as Anton Chekhov, Maxim Gorky, James Joyce (who translated two of his plays), and Eugene O'Neill.[21] O'Neill, for example, acknowledged Hauptmann's influence fulsomely:

> The drama of the English-speaking people is unthinkable without Strindberg, Ibsen and Hauptmann. Ever since I began writing plays I have used the German dramatist as my model.[22]

An added attraction to me in translating Hauptmann's *The Weavers* into Scots, then, was the relative neglect in English-language theatre today of someone once considered a great playwright, and the knowledge that that neglect was attributable to the difficulty of translating satisfactorily those dialect plays considered his best work. In a brief survey of the handful of English translations of *The Weavers*, Peter Skrine is generally dismissive, typically describing one as 'into not very idiomatic English', and another as 'a straightforward rendering with little or no attempt to convey the linguistic range of the original'.[23] It is relevant to mention that I had personal confirmation of how Hauptmann tends to be perceived on the basis of generally ponderous translations when I sent my Scots translation for consideration to the main UK publisher of foreign drama in translation, the Absolute Press. The Editorial Director, Jon Croft, remarked in his letter of reply, 'I've always found

Hauptmann in translation something of a chore, but your dialect version was a revelation'.[24]

If a Scots translation of *The Weavers* could offer a fresh perception of Hauptmann as a more vital dramatist than he has been judged on the basis of Standard English translations, then it would be worthwhile to go on and render into Scots those other dialect plays considered by critics his masterworks but which have been ignored by theatres in the UK and North America, namely, *The Beaver Coat* (1893), *Drayman Henschel* (1899), *Rose Bernd* (1903), and *The Rats* (1911).[25] Part of my motivation in tackling *The Weavers* was therefore to see my version as a test work in a wish to contribute to remedying Hauptmann's relative neglect in English-language theatre by encouraging Scottish theatres to stage Scots versions of his other great plays.

As well as the motivations discussed above, background research helped to confirm the propriety of translating one dialect (Silesian) into another (Angus Scots). For example, in researching information about Silesia to give me a better sense of the culture, I came across two books comprising photographs of life there early this century.[26] Some of the places referred to in *The Weavers* featured, as did, most interestingly, a few interiors of weavers' houses and examples of weavers at work at handlooms. Although both books were published in Germany in the early 1950s (presumably for a post-World War II nostalgia market following the loss of Silesia to Poland), one of them was written in English. In addition to showing Hauptmann's house at Agnetendorf, there was an interior of a weaver's house, with a woman at a spinning wheel, which carried by way of a caption an extract from the opening to Act

5 of *The Weavers*. To my surprise and delight, the extract had been rendered into Scots, as follows:

> *Old Hilse*: Ah'll bring ye the wheel, Mither.
> *Mother Hilse*: A'right. Bring it.
> *Old Hilse*: Ah'd gie a lot to tak it frae ye.
> *Mother Hilse*: An what wud Ah dae wi' masel? Ah'd jist weary,
> *Old Hilse*: Ah'll wipe ma fingers. We munna get grease on the yarn.
> *Luise*: Ah canna min' when we had onythin greasy to eat.
> *Old Hilse*: Gin we hae nae fat, we eat tatties, and gin we hae nae tatties, we eat bran.[27]

Moreover, a photograph of glass grinders at work had a caption comprising a speech by a character from Hauptmann's *Und Pippa tanzt*, a dramatic fantasy of life among glassblowers, and this, too, was in Scots:

> *Old Huhn*: Can Ah no' dae what he can? Ah can mak' glass! Ah've taken mony a bonny jewel, mony a big tassie oot o' the furnace! In wi' the blaw-pipe, intae the batch! Jist wait a wee! There's naebody can mak' the sparks skirl like auld Huhn! D'ye see them dancin' i' the flames?[28]

The book carried no indication of why these excerpts had been translated into Scots or who the translator was;[29] but the discovery that someone had seen the appropriateness of translating Hauptmann's Silesian into Scots almost fifty years previously further encouraged me in my intended approach.

My researches into life in Silesia also turned up an unlooked-for Scottish link. The same historic events which Hauptmann depicts in *The Weavers* had inspired a painting contemporaneous with them, *The Silesian Weavers, 1844*, by a leading German artist Carl Wilhelm Hübner. The painting enjoyed some celebrity in its day; it was mobbed when exhibited in Berlin and other German cities, and Friedrich Engels was to comment that it 'made an enthusiasm for socialist ideas acceptable'.[30] Martin Meisel suggests in his book, *Realisations: Narrative, Pictorial and Theatrical Arts in*

Nineteenth-Century England, that there is a link between Hübner, Hauptmann, and the Scottish artist Sir David Wilkie. Wilkie (1785-1841) enjoyed the patronage of the King of Bavaria, who commissioned his painting *The Reading of the Will*; and, according to Meisel, the domestic realism that typified Wilkie's genre paintings of Scottish life 'seminally influenced the school of anecdotal domestic realists that blossomed in Germany in the 1840s and flourished for decades thereafter'.[31] Wilkie's influence is apparent, says Meisel, in the work of Carl Wilhelm Hübner, most obviously in his *The Silesian Weavers, 1844*. Hauptmann had studied and practised art before becoming a writer, and was doubtless familiar with Wilkie's and Hübner's work. (The latter's *The Silesian Weavers, 1844* shows poor weavers waiting to have their cloth inspected by a rich manufacturer and his manager, with a weaver's wife collapsing at the rejection of her husband's cloth; a scene that is echoed in Act 1 of *The Weavers*.) Meisel thus sees a line of influence from Wilkie to Hauptmann:

> The metamorphosis of domestic realism in the art of the nineteenth century into realism unqualified is a subject too formidably intricate to deal with here. The drama, however, presents an instance that is indicative of the lines of affiliation. To a backward-looking eye, that landmark drama of avant-garde naturalism, Hauptmann's *The Weavers* (1892), is also the crowning dramatic expression of pictorial forms gathered from domestic realism, and the last word in the fusion of genre and history for which [Sir Walter] Scott was the chief inspiration. Specifically, [...] *The Weavers* stands forth as a final penetrating realization of Wilkie's paintings stripped of their mitigations, and as the bold successor to the politically prudent, pictorially organized domestic dramas that, in the 1830s, first embodied these paintings.[32]

Meisel detects Wilkie's influence on *The Weavers* in how it is 'organised as a sequence of genre pictures, of representative tableaux, rather than as a continuous plotted action'.[33] (Hauptmann's detailed attention to visual imagery in his long stage directions helps to confirm this argument). To him, Act 1 is a scene like Wilkie's picture *The Rent Day*; Act 2 like his *Distraining for Rent*; Act 3 enacts *The Village*

Politicians; Act 4 has elements of *The Forgery*; and Act 5 'draws on the pictorial tradition of cottage realism as developed by Wilkie', as in *Grace Before Meat*.[34]

Duncan MacMillan places Wilkie within a tradition of vernacular culture in Scotland which embraced literature and art. He argues that 'a primary inspiration for Wilkie' was the work of Scots-language poets such as Ramsay, Fergusson, Burns, and Hector MacNeill.[35] Those poets' vernacular medium and subject matter found a counterpart in Wilkie's paintings of Scottish vernacular life; thus one could hypothesise that if one could hear the characters in his Scottish genre scenes talk, they would speak in Scots. Meisel says that Hauptmann similarly 'made the provincial and dialect character of his subject [...] an essential part of his claim to representational truth'.[36] It therefore seemed to me, on reading Meisel's book, that direct and indirect 'lines of affliation' (to use his term) could be traced from Scots-language poetry to Wilkie's depictions of Scottish life, to German artists of the anecdotal realist school, to Hauptmann's dramatic portrayal in dialect of the 'vernacular' lives of Silesian weavers. This serendipitous discovery confirmed to me the more, before embarking on my version, my instinctive sense that Scots could prove an effective substitute for Silesian.

A further factor confirming this was a number of parallels with Silesian and Scottish handloom weavers in the nineteenth century, as I learned from reading up on the Scottish experience. Scotland's towns, villages,and country areas had an enormous number of handloom weavers then. In *The Scottish Hand Loom Weavers 1790-1850*, Norman Murray estimates that their numbers grew from 45,000 around 1790 to a peak of 84,560 by 1840, which plummeted to 25,000 by 1850, and to 4,000 by

1880.[37] The catastrophic collapse in the 1840s was mainly due to mechanization and the displacement of the handloom by the power loom, leading to appalling destitution in the depressions of 1841-42 and 1847-48. This collapse was contemporaneous with that in Silesia in the 1840s as depicted in *The Weavers*, and its causes and consequences were common to Scotland and Silesia. Like their Silesian counterparts, the Scottish handloom weavers suffered poverty brought about by very low incomes and cyclical trade. During the frequent slumps, they could not afford the minimum nourishment to keep them above starvation level. Their poor and inadequate diet made them particularly prone to infectious diseases, added to which they endured damp and insanitary housing, chronic overcrowding, and want of basic bedding and clothing. Witnesses called before the parliamentary enquiries of the 1830s testified to the 'misery and privation' endured by Scottish weavers and their families. Worse still, to try to offset the reductions in income caused by falling piece rates, the weavers had to extend their working hours. In the 1830s most Scottish weavers worked from seventy to eighty hours per week; and in the 1840s, with yet further wage cuts, they were forced to work even longer hours, to the greater detriment of their health. Although I did not intend to adapt *The Weavers* to a Scottish setting, the clear parallels between the experience of handloom weavers in Scotland and in Silesia, particularly in the 1840s, added, I felt, another level of appropriateness to my choice of Scots.

There was a linguistic dimension to this, too, for the Scottish weavers spoke Scots. Moreover, as Norman Murray notes: 'the main medium of cultural expression used by the Scottish hand loom weavers over the period 1790 to 1850 was poetry [...] and the output of the Scottish weaver poets was both prolific and highly acclaimed

throughout Scottish society';[38] and that poetry was predominantly written in Scots. Much local and occasional poetry was produced, and significant figures who emerged included Robert Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, Alexander Smith, and William Thom (as I knew in Thom's case from work I had carried out on him some years before for a published essay[39]). A feature of the poetry was that it provided intimate details of the weavers' life and work, and that, in the 1830s and 1840s especially, it engaged with the deepening distress of the handloom weavers of Scotland generally. An increasingly radical note was sounded, as in William Thom's *Whisperings of the Unwashed*, where he bitterly describes the weavers' fate:

> Supreme in rags, ye weave,in tears,
> The shining robe your murderer wears;
> Til worn, at last, to very 'waste', [broken threads]
> A hole to die in, at the best;
> And, dead, the session saints begrudge ye [*]
> The twa-three deals in death to lodge ye; [boards]
> They grudge the grave wherein to drap ye,
> An' grudge the very muck to hap ye.[40]
>
> [*'session saints' is a reference to the Kirk Sessions who assessed and administered poor relief in rural parishes]

As here, the subject matter and sentiments expressed by Scottish weaver-poets find a direct echo in Hauptmann's *The Weavers*. This parallel, and the fact that the principal vehicle for the weavers' poetry was Scots, provided further confirmation of a Silesian-Scots fit.

A consideration, too, was that there continued to be a degree of contemporary awareness of Scotland's weavers and their hardships. The postwar folk music and folksong revival has returned to circulation nineteenth-century weavers' songs such as Henry Syme's *The Shuttle Rins* and David Shaw's *The Wark o' the Weavers*, and helped to promote more recent songs about industrial weaving such as *Oh Dear Me*

by Dundee mill worker Mary Brooksbank.[41] Drama, too, has played a part in this, through two plays set in Scotland's handloom weaving communities in the early nineteenth century: Hector MacMillan's popular success *The Rising* (1973), and James Kelman's *Hardie and Baird* (1990).[42] Significantly for my purposes, those plays and songs, reflecting the reality of the period they deal with, are written in Scots.

Method

My Scots version of Gerhart Hauptmann's *The Weavers* was not done from the source language. I do not have German so I used an intermediary English literal translation provided by Dundee Rep Theatre, and had the benefit of being able to cross-consult a number of published translations, mostly American.[43] I therefore had a relatively free rein so far as specific language choices were concerned. The initial decision I had to make concerned the variety of Scots to use to represent the Silesian dialect speech of the weaving community in the play. A factor influencing my decision here was that *The Weavers* was written in 1891-92 but concerns events that took place in 1844. It was therefore a 'period' play even when it was written; and the century that has now lapsed from its composition in 1891-92 adds to that sense of it being a period play. An additional factor was that the play is set in a country area in the Eulengebirge mountains. That country location, coupled with the nineteenth-century date of composition and setting, made me feel that a form of modern urban Scots would be inappropriate. There was a 'political' dimension to this rejection, too, in that there is a modern tendency in Scotland to think of social injustice and the radicalism that it provoked as exclusively bound up with the country's heavy industries and urban experience; yet, historically this was not so, as exemplified by

the particularly relevant case of Scotland's handloom weaving communities. I therefore decided to employ a traditional variety of Scots of a kind which would help to suggest the play's period setting and country location.

Before embarking on the translation I suggested to Hamish Glen, Artistic Director of Dundee Rep Theatre, who was to direct my version, that I give the Scots an Angus flavour. There were three reasons for this: first, because an Angus Scots would help to signal more clearly that the setting was a country and not an urban location; second, because Dundee Rep has found from past experience that shows with a local element of some kind, such as *They Fairly Mak Ye Work*, *Toshie*, and *On the Line*, attract good audiences; and third, because Dundee and its Angus hinterland together comprised one of Scotland's principal centres of handloom weaving last century.

As regards the latter, for example, close to the time of events in *The Weavers*, a trade crash in 1837 silenced in one week upwards of 6,000 looms in Dundee and Angus. The weaver-poet William Thom was living in Newtyle in Angus when this happened, and he testifies in his *Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-Loom Weaver* to the great hardships endured by the weavers. Thom, his wife, and four children were forced to quit their house and take to the road. Starving and exposed to the elements, they sought shelter in the Carse o' Gowrie as and where they could, and sunk ever deeper into distress. Thom was driven to contemplate suicide, and, to compound his despair, the exposure and privation led to the death of his infant daughter as the family lay in an almost roofless farm out-house one night:

> I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean wakened me. Oh, that scream! -- I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their dead sister. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame ... I sat a while and looked on them; comfort I had none to give -- none to take; I spake not -- what could be said -- words? Oh, no! the worst is over when words can serve us.[44]

The authenticity of Thom's testimony helped to confirm for me both the parallels between hardships endured by Scottish and Silesian weavers, and that, whilst Hauptmann's depiction of the Silesian weavers' distress might seem to some today to tend towards the melodramatic, he is in fact documenting what were extraordinary realities.

Another writer from a weaving background, the playwright and novelist J. M. Barrie, bears witness to the troubles besetting handloom weavers in Angus mid-century. He was born in 1862 in Kirriemuir. The importance of weaving to the town is indicated by the fictional name he gives Kirriemuir in his stories of Scottish village life: 'Thrums', the Scots weaving term for the ends of warp-threads. His father was a handloom weaver whose workshop was a room in their house where the loom clicked away from morning till night. By 1867, when Barrie was seven, there were close on 4,000 people engaged in weaving in Kirriemuir and district. However, the handloom weavers there were no strangers to what they termed in Angus Scots the '*hechts* and *howes*'[45] [highs and lows] that cyclically, and sometimes catastrophically, marked their trade. The *howe* that was then descending on Kirriemuir because of the advent of mechanisation was greater, and more destructive of the handloom weavers' livelihood, than any they had known. It was a *howe* whose causes and

consequences were as familiar in Silesia as in Angus and Scotland. Barrie was later to write of these events:

> A giant entered my native place and we awoke to find him in possession. Where had formerly been the click of the shuttle was soon a roar of power. Every morning at half past five the town was wakened with a yell and from a chimney stack that rose high into our caller air the conqueror waved for evermore his flag of smoke.[46]

In *The Weavers*, one objective of the weavers' uprising is to slay this 'giant'; that is, to destroy the power looms that are threatening their livelihood.

In choosing to use an Angus Scots, then, or more accurately a Scots with an Angus tincture to it, evidence such as the above of the importance of handloom weaving in Angus, as well as the direct echoes that there were of Silesian experience, helped to confirm me in my choice, along with the other factors mentioned. However, I am not a speaker of Angus Scots. My native Scots is that of my upbringing in Culross, in West Fife. I do have experiential knowledge of other varieties of Scots: my father was from Banffshire and my mother from Stirlingshire; my grandparents, who lived in our village, were, variously, from Aberdeenshire, Morayshire, and the East Neuk of Fife; and I have lived at different times, for a number of years in each case, in East Lothian, Stirling, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and now rural West Stirlingshire. I also have knowledge of varieties of Scots through my reading and academic study of Scottish Literature. Whilst I therefore have an awareness of, and, I hope, a sensitivity to varieties of Scots which is useful in identifying distinct regional characteristics, I nonetheless had to ally this to some research into typical characteristics of Angus Scots.

I refreshed my knowledge of poets who wrote in Angus Scots, such as Violet Jacob and Marion Angus,[47] and I listened to native speakers through recorded song (especially recordings by the singer Jim Reid). Of particular use to me was a book that includes transcriptions of oral reminiscences, *Bothy Nichts and Days: Farm Bothy Life in Angus and the Mearns* by David G. Adams (1991). In addition to the transcriptions, there is an invaluable section on 'The Angus and Mearns dialect', which has a convenient formulation of a characteristic Angus vowel sound:

> One usage the dialect has in common with North-east Scots is the short flat *a* as in *ca*, *wa*, *ba*, rather than Mid Scots *caw*, *waw*, *baw*, for English *call*, *wall*, *ball*. Another is *canna*, *dinna*, *winna* for *can't*, *don't*, *won't* rather than Mid Scots *canny*, *dinny*, *winny* found in Perthshire and further south.[48]

I incorporated this characteristic sound into my translation's Scots. In addition to the words just cited, I used it consistently -- in accordance with the transcriptions of actual speech in Adams's book -- in items such as *a'*, *awa'*, *a'body*, *a'thing*, *a'ld*, *ca'ld*, *na'*, *bra'*, *sma'*, *ta'k* [talk], *wa'k* [walk], *sa't* [salt], *fa't* [fault], and so on. I should, however, emphasise that I was not aiming to achieve *total* authenticity (an aim that would, in any event, be difficult to achieve for a non-native speaker of the region's dialect). My greater concern was with creating a literary instrument appropriate to my task: I needed Angus features to suggest the country location, and to allow Dundee Rep's largely regional audience to recognise the language as, to a degree, local in nature (Mick McCluskey's book *Dundonian for Beginners*[49] usefully confirmed for me that the above characteristic vowel sounds were common to both Angus and Dundee).

The speakers whom David G. Adams had recorded in the 1980s for his book were elderly men who had worked on farms and lived in bothies between the 1920s and

1960s. Given the men's age and experience, theirs was a traditional country Scots with a richness that is now passing with them and with the farming way of life that they knew so intimately. Indeed, their Scots featured many items that many would today assume are either literary in nature and/or of a long-lost period, such as *ilka*, *gin*, *aneuch*, *syne*, *gaed*, *lauch*, etc. Drawing on what would now be generally seen as their old-fashioned and perhaps anachronistic Scots would assist me in wishing to suggest something of *The Weavers*' period setting. Also, the knowledge, as confirmed by the transcriptions, that such a variety of Scots had remained *living* speech into the 1990s, gave me confidence that it might be possible to write dialogue in a similar Scots, with something of the energized quality of a living tongue rather than -- as the anachronistic associations might automatically suggest to some -- the fustian quality of an exercise in reviving a dead tongue.

One way in which I tried to mitigate the latter possible perception was by accommodating to an extent the reality that, for generational reasons alone, many people today can find older Scots vocabulary difficult to comprehend; thus, I adopted what can be called 'a strategy for intelligibility'. Whereas the writer of poetry in traditional Scots, or a synthetic Scots, has the advantage of being able to assist readers by means of a glossary, the writer for the stage wishing to use similar language has to find a means of providing assistance that neither draws attention to itself nor interrupts the immediacy of an audience's reception of a play. In *The Weavers*, I attempted to provide such help by means of 'hybridization'; that is, there were certain frequently recurring older forms, such as *gin*, *aneuch*, and *ilka*, where I alternated sometimes between the Scots and its English equivalent. This not only helped as regards comprehending meaning, but tempered the overall density of the

Scots to assist accessibility -- an accessibility which I felt would also help to make it easier for an audience to determine the meaning or gist of an unfamiliar word or expression from the verbal and performance contexts. Of assistance here, too, was that Scots speakers today and historically fluctuate on occasion between Scots and English forms, so I was able to draw on that speech behaviour in my translation, both as a reflection of a linguistic reality and as an aid to my strategy for intelligibility.

To sum up so far, then, I settled on a traditional variety of Scots with an Angus flavour as a way of suggesting the play's country location and the period of its composition and setting, and I incorporated a certain amount of 'hybridization' to assist audience intelligibility. For reasons indicated previously, these choices were not dictated by direct engagement with the original text as in a conventional translation, but they stemmed in general terms from my awareness that Hauptmann had written the first version of *The Weavers* in a thoroughgoing Silesian dialect.

However, there is an apparent contradiction in my approach which should be mentioned. The literal translation that I worked from, and the published translations that I cross-consulted, were of Hauptmann's second version of the play where he diluted the Silesian dialect and rendered the work mostly into High German. I was therefore attempting to recreate the first version on the basis of the second, and via an English translation at that. But, just as Peter Skrine says of the difficulty confronting German stage productions that 'hardly anyone in the German-speaking world of today can still speak with the Silesian regional accent required in nearly all Hauptmann's realistic plays',[50] the Silesian dialect is similarly regarded as impenetrable now. If this is the case for Germans, then the difficulty is even more

insurmountable for a translator into English. One therefore has no option today but to work from Hauptmann's more standardized second version and use that as a means of trying to create a dialect text that, in its density of dialectal choices, might convey a sense of the non-standard nature of the original Silesian version. What I was doing, therefore, was attempting a *creative recreation* of the linguistic nature of a neglected and now closed text by means of 'working back' from a modified version received through English. It could be said that, in a way, this process resembles what might happen if a native of Silesia-as-was attempted to 'translate' Hauptmann's High German version back into something akin to its original form but without benefit of seeing the first version.

I have said that I had a free rein so far as language choices were concerned in fashioning my version; however, I did have the benefit of some guidance from critics' remarks on Hauptmann's stylistic practice (this being an example of the ways in which preparatory research can be helpful for a 'versionizer'). Reinhold Grimm talks of Hauptmann's 'masterly handled language, his unsurpassed reproduction of everyday speech with its subtlest nuances and most minute details, including the shades and varying mixtures of local dialects, colloquial talk, and several layers of High German'.[51] Warren R. Maurer echoes Grimm's remarks when he says:

> [T]hrough extensive, careful stage directions and an almost microscopic attention to detail -- especially linguistic detail -- the author manages to imbue all but the most peripheral of his characters with unique personalities. Each speaks in his own characteristic language with distinctive dialectal inflections, idiomatic peculiarities, syntax, speech rhythm and melody, and even gestures.[52]

Whilst I could not hope to replicate the apparent minutiae of Hauptmann's distinguishing of characters, of most relevance to me was my interpretation of these

comments by Grimm and Maurer as meaning that Hauptmann made general use of register contrasts. Peter Skrine's assessment of Hauptmann's style helped to confirm this for me: '[T]he social dramas of Hauptmann [...] depend very much on linguistic differentiation and on the use of dialect for their effect'.[53] He goes on: 'His characters and the relationships between them, their often shifting social positions and their tragic insights, are all generated and communicated first and foremost in terms of language.'[54]

Fortunately, 'linguistic differentiation', to use Skrine's term, is a feature of writing in Scots (as was seen in the practice of writers in the earlier chapters). It reflects, as noted earlier, too, a linguistic reality in the register- or code-switching that Scots-speakers often employ, depending on circumstances and contexts, and the co-existence in Scotland of Scots with Standard English. I had to make my own decisions on where and when, and on which characters, to deploy such differentiation, which added to the sense of being at work on a *creative* recreation. Those decisions had nonetheless to be made within the confines of two parameters: the degree of differentiation possible within a Scots-speaking community without jeopardising linguistic authenticity (although I was fashioning a literary instrument, it had to have the quality, if not the exact letter in every instance, of a living speech); and what accorded with the personalities of individual characters (this judged by my close analysis of the play and by the insights gleaned from critical reading).

The simplest distinction in my translation is between Scots-speaking and English-speaking characters. Those I have speaking English do so because of their occupation and/or class: they are Pastor and Frau Kittelhaus; Weinhold, the tutor;

Surgeon Schmidt, the doctor; and Heide, the police superintendent. To assist with characterisation, their style of speech is sometimes differentiated. I will discuss these English-speakers first.

Although he is their clergyman, Pastor Kittelhaus neither comprehends nor has sympathy for the weavers' suffering; his concern is more with upholding the status quo. We should therefore feel that he is an unsympathetic character who deserves the violence which the weavers in due course visit on him. This, I felt, could be assisted by the nature of his language, which is entirely a stiff Standard English, excepting his use of 'art and part' -- a 'covert Scotticism' of the kind found in 'middle-class Scottish Standard English'.[55] Kittelhaus self-importantly informs Weigand in his very first speech, 'When a man has delivered sermons from the pulpit fifty-two Sundays a year for some thirty years -- and that's not counting the Holy Days in the calendar -- of necessity he acquires a sense of proportion.' For a man so proud of his sermonizing, and so self-righteous, it seemed an appropriate reflection of his character to have him speak in a style that was self-regarding, pompously correct, and had a religious cast to it; that is, in a style that was cold and unfeeling, with a suggestion of sanctimoniousness. An example of what I was attempting can be seen in his condescending comments to the young tutor Weinhold when he expresses sympathy for the starving weavers and voices criticism that more clergymen are not speaking out on their behalf:

> Oh, certainly, I freely admit that among our fellow clergymen are a number who, despite their advanced years, still indulge in youthful follies. There one preaches against the evils of alcohol and founds temperance societies; there another writes polemical tracts which are undeniably stirring. But they accomplish nothing. The distress among the weavers, so far as it exists, is alleviated not one jot, but the stability of society is threatened. No, no, so far as men of the cloth are

> concerned, they should stick to religious matters. A shepherd of souls shouldn't dabble in politics! He should be content to preach the Holy Word of God and leave all other matters to Him who provides shelter and food for the birds of the air and who will not suffer the lily of the field to perish and die. (pp. 355-56)

But, of course, hypocritically, Pastor Kittelhaus is happy to allow the weavers to perish and die.

Frau Kittelhaus has relatively little dialogue, but where possible I have given her a similar stiffness of speech. Weinhold has even less dialogue, so there was negligible scope to suggest characterisation through style of language -- beyond following Hauptmann in having him use a Latin phrase at one point, *cum grano salis*, to signal the learning appropriate to a tutor.[56] I have Weinhold speak solely in English for three reasons: because of his tutor status; because he comes from a 'respectable' family and his father was 'a public servant'; and because Dreissiger and his wife are likely to aspire to have their sons speak like him, even if they themselves speak Scots. The police superintendent, Heide, has relatively little dialogue, too, but it was nonetheless possible to colour his speech with terms appropriate to his occupation, as in this brief sample (the emphases are mine): 'I can put your mind at ease, sir, that we have been *surveilling* developments [...] Indeed, I'm glad that things have come to a head and you've *apprehended* one of the chief *offenders*' (p. 359).

Along with Pastor Kittelhaus, the doctor, Surgeon Schmidt, has most dialogue among the English-speaking characters; and, as with Kittelhaus, his language matches his social class. However, Schmidt is a more sympathetic character who can relate to the weavers and their hardship. To reflect this, his English has a more conversational tone, as in the line, 'So, Father Hilse, I thought I should drop by and

see how you're faring'; and his speech is peppered with Scotticisms, such as *sleekit*, *gotten*, *wee*, *bubbling*, *chappin*. When he speaks to the little girl Mielchen, the Scots items are intensified to point up his more empathetic nature:

> Here, Mielchen, come and have a lookie in my coat pocket. (*MIELCHEN does so.*) The ginger snaps are for you -- but don't wolf them all at once ... In fact, I'll have a song first! "The tod run aff ... wi the bubbly, bubblyjock, bubbly, bubblyjock ..." Oh, just you wait, young lady! You called the speugs sitting on the Pastor's fence a bad word and they went and clyped to the Pastor and now you're for it, so there! (p. 380)

At the same time, his language on occasion does betray more directly that he is 'educated', as when he describes driving through the mob of rebelling weavers:

> What a picture of misery they looked! They shuffled along, one behind the other, like the risen dead, singing a song as they went -- it fair made my flesh creep, I can tell you. My driver Friedrich started bubbling like an old woman. I should've got out and given them all a spoonful of tonic! As soon as we were past them, we had to go in search of our own revivifying tonic in a hostelry! (p. 380)

In giving him such language it helps me to imagine, in my 'inner ear', it being spoken in a manner associated with the Scottish 'professional' classes, as exemplified by Andrew Cruickshank as Doctor Cameron in the original *Doctor Finlay's Casebook* television series. There is a slight perjinkness in pronunciation and delivery that allows a hint of humour to glint through a speech such as the above, with a particular twist on his use of the polysyllabic 'revivifying' rather than the more ordinary 'reviving', and on the arch formality of 'hostelry'.

As regards the Scots-speaking characters, most speak a similar form of Scots but there was scope with some to employ 'linguistic differentiation'. The most important such decision was with the speech of the manufacturer Dreissiger. To have represented him as an English-speaking character would have risked making him

appear like a caricature of a capitalist in the polarised distinction between him and the weavers that would have flowed from that language choice. An added consideration was that such a black-and-white distinction ran contrary to Hauptmann's more complex characterisation of Dreissiger as someone not wholly bad (just as the weavers are not wholly good). I therefore felt that it would assist a more complex portrayal of Dreissiger if he were, like his employees and the weavers, a Scots speaker. Of course, it would have been arbitrary and potentially absurd to render Dreissiger in this way had the play not provided supporting justification, which it did through two details. First, just as we are informed that many of the rich manufacturers have risen from humble weaving backgrounds, so, too, has Dreissiger, for his grandfather was a poor weaver. Second, Dreissiger's wife is from a low social class, being an innkeeper's daughter, as Moritz Jaeger savagely reminds him:

> Dreissiger! -- That Lady Muck of a wife o' yours acts the madam but she's no better than the likes o' us! She served ma faither wi his schnapps hundreds o' times! (p. 364)

It suited my purposes to imagine that Dreissiger had married her because he felt socially more comfortable with such a person, and because she was also a Scots speaker. For this reason, and to mark her class, I have Frau Dreissiger speak Scots. (This decision is also consistent with having the *innkeeper* Welzel and his family speak Scots.) I therefore had Dreissiger speak Scots to make him less of a stock figure, and to invite some sympathy for him; and it assisted me in doing this to take account of the respective family backgrounds of him and his wife.

Whilst Dreissiger's Scots is similar to the weavers', it is slightly differentiated in keeping with his position as a man of business. His Scots is not quite as dense, and

is frequently tempered by English options which allow him to veer between familiarity and superiority, as when the starving weaver laddie faints:

> It's a doonricht disgrace. The bairn's jist a skelf, thurs nuthin o' him. Hoo onybody kin ca' thumsels a mither an faither an treat thir bairns that wey ah jist don't know -- treatin the pair laddie like a beast o' burden, hivin tae humph twa bundle o' claith a' that distance. From noo on the rule is that goods brought here by minors are not to be accepted. (p. 312)

The import of the style switch in the last sentence is ambivalent: on the one hand, it helps to confuse our response to him, so that we are not sure if he is good or bad, humane or exploitative; and on the other, it can be read as betraying the wolf in sheep's clothing, as he switches to 'managerial' English. Whilst sometimes he uses a colloquial Scots, as in most of that quotation, generally his Scots is tipped with English words and forms to create a semi-formal register in keeping with his different status and reflective of his business dealings:

> Trade's in a fell bad wey the noo, as yese weel ken. Ah'm no earnin money, ah'm loassin it hand ower fist. Yit, no'withstandin that, ah mak shair ma weavers aye hiv wark. The least ah'm entitled till is a wee bit gratitude in return therefore. Ah've thoosans o' wabs sittin oan shelves but ah stand here the day wi nae guarantee o' iver sellin thum [...] But because o' hearin aboot the great number o' weavers hereaboots in waant o' wark, ah've taen risks ah shouldna hiv. [...] It's mebbe no fully appreciated the efforts ah mak oan your behalfs, but be assured ah've yir best interests at hert. (p. 313)

At times, he shifts more fully into that semi-formal register for effect, as when he stands on his dignity and complains to the police superintendent: 'Thurs somethin far wrang gin innocent fowk like ma faimly and me canna gan aboot thur richtfu' business athoot bein subjectit tae abuse, time an again, and the culprits no be apprehendit an punished [...] The proper exercise o' law an order wid seem tae be brekkin doon.'

The Travelling Salesman is a figure from outside the community and region. His Scots signals this in a number of ways: his negatives end in *nae*, not *na'* ; words such as *ball* are given in the form *baw*, not *ba'*; he says *weans* rather than *bairns*, and *doatir* rather than *dochter*. To add to his outsider status, and to reflect his occupation, his Scots is 'thinner' than the weavers'; indeed, it is more an English tipped with Scots forms:

> What I cannae understand is this -- it disnae matter what paper ye look in, aw ye read is disturbin stories aboot the hardships the weavers are sufferin. The impression ye get is that everybody in this locality is three-quarters-wey deid fae starvation. Yet I arrive in Peterswaldau here and the first thing I see is a big fancy funeral! (p. 335)

His language use also reflects his likely possession of the 'gift of the gab' as a travelling salesman. Thus, for example, when he joshes the young lady, Anna, he draws on different styles as if testing their effects:

> SALESMAN Must be a pair ae baffies for yir daddie, eh? ... I'd gie half ma worldly goods if thae baffies were for me. (p. 336)

When Anna's mother tells him that she is not interested in getting married, he jumps up, apparently surprised and pleased, and goes over to offer her his hand:

> SALESMAN It's the best way tae be, miss. I have the same policy. Shake hands on it! And may you and me stay single!
> ANNA (*Blushes; gives him her hand.*) Ah thocht you wur mairrit.
> SALESMAN God, no! 'Cause ah wear this ring? I only wear it so's tae frighten off fortune-huntin chisellers from takin advantage of my good nature. But I'm no feart o' you. (*He puts the ring in his pocket.*) Aw jokin aside, miss, would you no like to get even a wee tottie bit married? (p. 337)

Eventually, he slips into a different linguistic gear, as it were:

> SALESMAN On my word of honour, from the time I stepped in here I've been mesmerised by the beauty of your hair! So velvety, so radiant, so abundant! (*He kisses his fingertips in rapture.*) And the colour ... like ripening wheat! Come tae Berlin wi hair like that and you'd fair make heads turn. Indeed, without a word of a lie, hair like that could even open doors to get you presented

> at Court ... (*Leaning back, admiring her hair.*) Ravishing! Just ravishing! (p. 339)

There is an ironic awareness about the kind of flowery language he has had to resort to which lends a humorous quality to what he says. At the same time, there is an undercurrent of a professional operator at work attempting to achieve an end -- the end here being that he would indeed like to ravish her, and harbours hopes of succeeding.

Weigand is a well-doing carpenter who employs seven journeymen. He has, as Hornig says, 'gleg een' for a profit. He also has a sense of self-importance, and makes out that he is chummy with Dreissiger, with whom he sides:

> Ye should coont yirsels lucky. Dreissiger's gien yese wark oot the guidness o' his hert. Him an me ken each ither weel. Ah soartit his windaes fur him jist a week past. The subject cam up then durin oor blether. He's gien yese wark oot o' peety. (p. 338)

Because of his self-employed status and his lack of sympathy for the weavers -- from whom he distances himself by his erstwhile alliance with Dreissiger -- his Scots is at times slightly differentiated. This is most apparent when he adopts a tone of deference to the Salesman and adjusts his language accordingly towards a more semi-formal mode. His language usage here also helps to signal to the Salesman that he considers himself superior to the weavers:

> Weel, dinna think me forrit fur sayin it, sur, but the hummler classes hereaboots arena muckle blessed wi brains or coammon sense. Gin ye'll pairdon me sayin, in ma opeenion, they hae misguidit notions aboot the respect and obligation due til thir deceased. 'Deed, gin the deceased is wan o thur faithers or mithers, thur misguidit behaviour boarders oan the supersteetious. (p. 336)

Just as his eyes are 'gleg' [alert], his language is 'gleg', too, and he can as readily shift styles, as when he angrily rounds on Hornig who has accused him of gloating over the profits from weavers' bairns' deaths:

> And you ken better than the polis the thievin 'at gans oan amang the weavers; you ken wha amang thum pauchles a pirn o' yairn here an thair! You ging chappin at doors fur rags but ye dinna objec' if ye cam awa' wi a wheen yairn forbye, div ye? (p. 340)

Another Scots-speaking character whose occupation separates him from the weavers is the policeman Kutsche. He speaks a Scots as direct as the weavers': 'Your mooth's aye gan. Wan o' thir days it'll lead tae a rope roon yir neck.' But he, too, switches modes at times by employing an 'officialese' which marks his occupation. This is seen in his response to Wittig threatening violence on him:

> Ah don't know whut a' that wis aboot. Ah've niver hid ony dealins wi you. Ah've niver duin ye nae herm, sae whey ta'k tae me lik that? Ma business here is wi the weavers: the Chief o' Police is bannin ye frae singin that song -- "Dreissiger's Song", or whativer it is yese ca' it. 'Less ye cease singin it in the streets forthwith, he'll be obliged tae exercise the condeetions o' the ban and ye'll forfeit yir freedom indefinitely. Yince in jile, ye kin sing awa' tae yir hert's content oan breid an watter. (p. 352)

Dreissiger's manager, Pfeifer, has been a weaver, so he speaks their Scots, including the technical language of weaving (which I researched[57]):

> Here's anither richt hash ... Ca' this a selvage? Broad wan meenit, nairrie the nixt! A richt dug's brekfast! It's full o' scobs an a' -- yir shuttle's bin passin oan the wrang side o' the waarp threids. (p. 302)

He uses his experience and knowledge as a way of browbeating the weavers, added to which he is sarcastic and offensive to them. One way in which he does this is through 'rough' language, such as 'easy-bloody-peasy', 'hoo the Christ', 'tae be arsed', 'damn't tae hell', 'bi Christ', 'chowed ma ba's aff', etc. He is the only character whose language is insistently 'rough' in this way; but significantly, of course, he

presents to Dreissiger, through politer language, a different face. A further consideration in 'roughing up' his language is the importance of the opening scene in the play where he is inspecting the weavers' webs: the brutal manner in which he speaks to them immediately emphasises their humiliation and simmering resentment, and sets the tone for the rest of the play.

The speech of Old Hilse allowed an element of differentiation within the weavers themselves. He is God-fearing, and is stoically resigned to his life of misery, seeing it as God's wish for which he will receive his reward in the hereafter. He is therefore not prepared to countenance or to join the weavers' in their uprising. Act 5 opens with him reciting a prayer of his own devising, in a scene reminiscent of that in Robert Burns's poem *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, where 'the priest-like father reads the sacred page',

> Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
> Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
> That thus they all shall meet in future days,
> There ever bask in uncreated rays,
> No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
> Together hymning their Creator's praise,
> In such society, yet still more dear;
> While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.
>
> Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
> In all the pomp of method, and of art;
> When men display to congregations wide
> Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
> The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
> The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
> But haply, in some cottage far apart,
> May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul;
> And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.[58]

Burns goes on to say, 'From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs'. A closely similar scene enacted in *The Weavers*, at the beginning of Act 5, was one of

those many parallels that I detected in the play between Silesia and Scotland; for in Act 5 we find 'some cottage far apart', where 'the saint, the father, and the husband prays' for his family's deserts in the everafter, 'no more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear', and in doing so he hymns the 'Creator's praise'.

Burns's use of language in that poem reflects the register-switch that featured historically in Scots-speakers' speech when at worship because of the adoption of the King James VI Bible by the Kirk (as noted in earlier chapters in the discussion of Robert Kemp, and of Liz Lochhead's *Tartuffe* and Tartuffe's echo of Burns's use of Biblical language with Holy Willie).[59] It therefore seemed appropriate to draw on that -- just as Burns's 'priest-like father' would have done -- when fashioning Old Hilse's dialogue. Thus, the prayer with which he opens Act 5 employs biblical language in English (with a few Scotticisms) as follows:

> Our Father, we offer up our thankfulness that in Thy almichty grace and goodness Thou have this nicht cast your benevolence upon us. We offer our thankfulness, too, that this nicht Thou have protected us from misfortune. Lord, Thy grace is infinite: we stand here before you, poor hummle sinners, wicked and corrupt flesh unworthy of your graciousness, yet Thou, dear Faither, bestow your goodness on us for the sake of Thy dear son, Oor Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Jesus's blood and righteousness are our golden robe of glory. If at times we surrender to despair under the justifeed burden of your chastisement, when the raging fires of purification purge our souls of sin, forgie us our mortal flesh. Our Faither, who art in Heeven, forgie us oor trespasses, and grant us the strength to bear these present sufferings so that we may enter intil Thy eternal bliss. Amen. (p. 373)

Mother Hilse compliments her husband in what is his more natural discourse: 'Ye aye say sic bonny prayers, faither.' Yet even his colloquial Scots is characteristically peppered with religious references: 'that Godless tongue o' yours', 'God preserve us', 'the Deevil's wark', 'sic evil deeds', 'a loast soul', and so on. The influence of his religiosity on his Scots can be seen at greater length in the following extract, where

his daughter-in-law, Luise, has just lambasted him as a 'feardiegowk' for his resignation to the factory owners' exploitation of the weavers:

> A feardiegowk? Me feart? What wid ah be feart fur, ah'd like tae ken? -- the haunfu' o' sodgers'll likely be chasin eftir that mob? Guidsake, that's naehin tae be feart o'. Ah'm mebbe ower the hill but ah'll no rin frae the sicht o' twa-three bayonets. Aye, and even supposin ah meet ma end, ah'd gledly dee. Ah'm no feart o' daith -- gin it disna tak ye the day, it'll tak ye the moarn. Aye, ah'd be gled tae meet ma end -- whit's thur tae hing oan fur here? Wha'd greet tae cast aff this a'ld rickle o' banes, this life o'meesery an torment? Ah'd be gled tae pass frae this vale o' tears. But mind, Gottlieb, that's no the end o' it -- the efter-life lies in wait fur us. We ignore it at oor peril. ... Whey else wid ah hiv tholed sittin here stervin while thon sinner ower thair sunk iver further intil greed an gluttony an grouwed fat oan the back o' ma hunger an meesery? Ask yirsel that -- whey else? Ah withstood a' that because deep doon ah hid hope. (*Pointing to the window.*) He mebbe hes his rewaird in this warld, but ah'll hae mines in the wan eftir this -- and the thocht o' that hes bin ma comfort doon a' thae years. Ah wid gan tae the stake afore ah'd gie up that belief. God himsel has promised us. The Day of Judgement is comin, but it's no fur us tae act as the judges. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. (p. 383)

An important character who straddles the Scots-speaking and English-speaking groups is Moritz Jaeger. On Jaeger's return home from the army, Old Baumert observes: 'Jist listen tae him -- he ta'ks fantoosh like a richt gentleman!' I decided that, linguistically, I would model him on working-class, Scots-speaking soldiers I had known in my youth, who had either been stationed in England or had been in English regiments. Their language and accent had approximated more to English norms, though Scots forms were not wholly eradicated. The effect, in terms of both language and accent, was a curious Scots-English hybrid, which betrayed both their residence in England and, in its clipped delivery, their military experience. Jaeger's is therefore a hybrid speech, more English than Scots, and with the Scots forms inserted slightly awkwardly:

> If I'm angered, I could take on Dreissiger *and* Dietrich wi the one hand! We would need tae band thegither and unite, though. That way we

> could really put the wind up the factory owners. We don't need the King or the Government to help us; all we need do is say, "These are our demands: we want this, this, and this, and we don't want that." They'd soon change thir tune! Soon as they see we've the guts tae confront them, they'll jump. I know their kind. Those bastards are a pack o' yellie-bellies. (p. 330)

However, the longer he is back in his community, and the more involved he becomes in leading the uprising, the more his language becomes Scotticized. By the last Act, for example, he is saying, 'One mair word oot o' you and you'll get this in yir mooth', and 'There's nae need tae be feart o' two-three half-arsed sodgers.' He may not be speaking wholly like the weavers but his language has nonethless moved significantly nearer theirs. At the same time, his characteristically hybrid diction and accent signify something essential about his character, as I have written elsewhere:

> There is an ambivalence about Jaeger which is reflected in his language: he is of the weavers, and apparently for them, but just as his motives in leading the uprising are dubious, his tendency to bluster and boast is cause for suspicion [...] we come to suspect that his acceptance of the invitation to lead the weavers stems not from principle but from fear of losing face. His bravado is a mask, and the inauthenticity that flows from this finds a counterpart in his language for we cannot pin down from its character where his allegiance lies.[60]

Finally, I should comment on the language that I chose to use for the weavers' song of rebellion, 'The Sang o' Blood and Justice', which features at important points in the play. I had in mind as model the approach that Burns commonly uses in his songs of an English tipped with Scots. I was aware, too, of an essay by Hamish Henderson, whose sub-title is 'The Language of Scots Folksong'. I mentioned earlier the bilingualism in Scots-speakers brought about by use of the King James's Bible for worship, and how I drew on that for Old Hilse's dialogue. Henderson argues that a similar bilingualism brought about by that Bible influenced Scottish folksong, 'facilitating a resourceful creative togetherness: a sort of chemical fusion of two

distinct but related ballad languages' (ballad-Scots and ballad-English).[61] The consequence of this fusion is that 'the language of the older folksong is never purely "colloquial"; it is formal, even stylised'.[62] He quotes in support an observation by the great folksong collector Gavin Greig:

> Remembering the general tendency of lyricism to raise language to a higher plane, we must not expect to find much of the undiluted vernacular in our folksongs. Education has made our peasant bilingual in a way, so that in the use of language he readily becomes barometric.[63]

It is this 'barometric' tendency to a kind of formal utterance in English fused with a restrained Scots which is so typical of Scots folksong, as evidenced by Burns and described by Hamish Henderson, that I sought to emulate in 'The Sang o' Blood and Justice'. My intention here is exemplified by the first few stanzas (I follow Hauptmann's original a-b-a-b rhyming scheme):[64]

> Nae natural justice triumphs here,
> Nae courtroom laws observit;
> The innocent a' are guilty here,
> Their lives they maun be forfeit.
>
> Injustice is the sentence clear:
> "Slow daith, they hae tae thole it."
> Nae judge or witnesses do care
> -- Oor torture's clean ignorit!
>
> Dreissiger is the torturer,
> His lackies are his henchmen,
> "Ye'll get nae mercy here," they jeer
> -- They treat us like condemned men!
>
> You tyrants a', you Godless crew,
> Your cruelty kens nae limit,
> Oor curses may they gar ye grue,
> Your gluttony gar ye vomit!
>
> Tae a' appeals their lugs are deif,
> Though on oor knees we beg them.
> "Ye dinna like it? -- Tak yir leaf!
> Gae sterve elsewhere and dee then!"
>
> (pp. 331-32)

1. Two Scots translation subsequent to *The Weavers* further confirm this tendency: John Byrne's of Gogol's *The Government Inspector* (1997) and Peter Arnott's of Brecht's *Mr Puntila and His Man Matti* (1999). However, Liz Lochhead's version of Euripides' *Medea* and Edwin Morgan's of Racine's *Phaedra*, both in 2000, perhaps indicate a new direction being taken.
2. From Edwin Morgan's Introduction in the programme notes for Communicado Theatre Company's 1992 production.
3. Peter Skrine, *Hauptmann, Wedekind and Schnitzler* (London: Macmillan, 1989), p. 45.
4. John Osborne, *Gerhart Hauptmann and the Naturalist Drama* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1972; 2nd rev. and updated edn: Amsterdam: OPA/Harwood Academic Publishers, 1998), pp. 135-6. Warren R. Maurer, *Understanding Gerhart Hauptmann* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1992), pp. 41-42.
5. Warren Maurer, *Gerhart Hauptmann* (Boston: Twayne, 1982), pp. 52-3.
6. Quoted in *ibid.*, p. 53.
7. Quoted in Maurer, *Understanding Gerhart Hauptmann*, pp. 45-6.
8. Quoted in Gerhart Hauptmann, *Three Plays: The Weavers, Hannele, The Beaver Coat*, trans. by Horst Frenz and Miles Waggoner (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1977), p. ix.
9. Quoted in Maurer, *Understanding Gerhart Hauptmann*, p. 48.
10. Maurer, *Understanding Gerhart Hauptmann*, p. 48, and Skrine, p. 20.
11. Skrine, p. 20.
12. Gerhart Hauptmann, *The Weavers*, trans. by Mary Morison (New York: Huebsch, 1911); Gerhart Hauptmann, *The Weavers*, trans. by Carl Richard Mueller, in *Masterpieces of the Modern German Theatre*. ed. by Robert W. Corrigan (New York: Collier, 1967), pp. 131-220; *Five Plays by Gerhart Hauptmann* [includes *The Weavers*], trans. by Theodore H. Lustig (New York: Bantam, 1961), pp. 27-102; Gerhart Hauptmann, *Three Plays: The Weavers, Hannele, The Beaver Coat*, trans. by Horst Frenz and Miles Waggoner (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1977 [first pub. 1951]), pp. 1-98; Gerhart Hauptmann, *The Weavers*, trans. by Frank Marcus (London: Eyre Methuen, 1980).
13. Skrine, p. 20.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 45.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 18.
16. Maurer, *Gerhart Hauptmann*, p. 3.
17. Skrine, p. 19.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
19. *Gerhart Hauptmann Plays: Before Daybreak, The Weavers, The Beaver Coat*, ed. by Reinhold Grimm (New York: Continuum, 1994), p. xiv.
20. The translation commissioned for that production was published: Gerhart Hauptmann, *The Weavers*, trans. by Frank Marcus (London: Eyre Methuen, 1980).
21. Maurer, *Understanding Gerhart Hauptmann*, p. 2.
22. Quoted in Gerhart Hauptmann, *Three Plays*, trans. by Horst Frenz and Miles Waggoner, p. xxiii.
23. Skrine, pp. 150-51.
24. Letter from Jon Croft to me dated 7 July 1997.

25. Skrine, pp. 45-6, for example, notes that, in Germany, *Drayman Henschel* and *Rose Bernd* 'are regarded as masterpieces of modern drama [yet] obstinately, they have remained plays limited to home consumption'.
26. *Silesia in Pictures: A Record of Remembrance*, compiled by Alfons Teuber, trans. by Margaret D. Senft (Munich: Verlag "Christ Unterwegs", 1951); *Heimat Schleisen: 63 Fotos Mit Einem Geleitwort von Edmund Glaeser* (München: Gräfe Und Unzer Verlag, 1953).
27. *Silesia in Pictures*, p. 74.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 9.
29. Possible translators are the Scots poet Edwin Muir and/or his wife Willa Muir, who singly and jointly translated into English a number of Hauptmann's dramatic works. Those translations are detailed in *Hauptmann Centenary Lectures*, ed. by K.G. Knight and F. Norman (London: University of London Institute of Germanic Studies, 1964), p. 149.
30. Quoted in Geraldine Norman, *Biedermeier Painting: 1815-1848* (London: Thames & Hudson, 1987), p. 136. Carl Wilhelm Hübner's painting *The Silesian Weavers, 1844* is reproduced on pp. 136-37.
31. Martin Meisel, *Realizations: Narrative, Pictorial and Theatrical Arts in Nineteenth-Century England* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1983), p. 164.
32. *Idem.*
33. *Idem.*
34. *Ibid.*, p. 165.
35. Duncan Macmillan, *Painting in Scotland: The Golden Age* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986), p. 160. The influence on Wilkie of Scots-medium poets -- and of writers of fiction in which Scots features prominently, such as Sir Walter Scott and John Galt -- is discussed by Macmillan on pp. 160-71. For further discussion of these links, see Chapter IX, 'The Poetry of Common Life: David Wilkie', in Duncan Macmillan, *Scottish Art 1460-1990* (Edinburgh: Mainstream, 1990), pp. 165-78.
36. Meisel, p. 164.
37. Norman Murray, *The Scottish Hand Loom Weavers 1790-1850: A Social History* (Edinburgh: John Donald, 1978), p. 23.
38. *Ibid.*, p. 168.
39. Thom's life and hardship as a handloom weaver are discussed in the context of his poetry in William Findlay, 'Reclaiming Local Literature: William Thom and Janet Hamilton', in *The History of Scottish Literature: Volume 3, Nineteenth Century*, ed. by Douglas Gifford (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1988), pp. 358-67.
40. William Thom, *Rhymes and Recollections of A Hand-Loom Weaver* (Paisley: Alex Gardner, 1880), p. 18
41. All three songs are included, for example, in the influential collection *The Scottish Folksinger*, ed. by Norman Buchan and Peter Hall (London-Glasgow: Collins, 1973).
42. Hector MacMillan's *The Rising* is based on 'the Scottish Insurrection' of 1820, a radical protest that was led by a band of weavers; indeed, the play's resonant opening line is 'The weavers o Scotland aspired tae win freedom'. The play is included in *A Decade's Drama*, [no editor] (Todmorden, Lancs.: Woodhouse Books, 1980), pp. 194-251. The same events are the subject of

James Kelman, *Hardie and Baird: The Last Days*, included in James Kelman, *Hardie and Baird & Other Plays* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1991), pp.115-180.

43. All of those translations into English cited in note 12 above were read and cross-consulted line by line to try and ensure that my version was as 'faithful' to Hauptmann as possible, in the circumstances of not being able to translate directly from the German.
44. Thom, pp. 19-20.
45. J.M. Cockburn, *A Birthplace in Thrums: the story of J.M. Barrie* (Edinburgh: National Trust for Scotland, 1964), n.p. [p. 2]. The dates and numbers of handloom weavers are given on [p. 18].
46. Quoted in *ibid.*, p. 2.
47. Marion Angus, *Selected Poems*, ed. by Maurice Lindsay (Edinburgh: Serif Books, 1950); *The Scottish Poems of Violet Jacob* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1944). For bibliographies of their work, see Fiona Black and Kirsten Stirling, 'Select Bibliographies of Scottish Women Writers', in *A History of Scottish Women's Writing*, ed. by Douglas Gifford and Dorothy McMillan (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1997), p. 692 and p. 698.
48. David G. Adams, *Bothy Nichts and Days: Farm Bothy Life in Angus and the Mearns* (Edinburgh: John Donald, 1991), pp. 77-78.
49. Mick McCluskey, *Dundonian for Beginners: the Indispensable Guide to Dundee Patter* (Edinburgh: Mainstream, 1990).
50. Skrine, p. 20.
51. Grimm, p. xiv.
52. Maurer, *Gerhart Hauptmann*, p. 50.
53. Skrine, p. 20.
54. *Ibid.*, p. 19.
55. A.J. Aitken, 'Scottish Speech: a historical view, with special reference to the Standard English of Scotland', in *Languages of Scotland*, ed. by A.J. Aitken and Tom McArthur (Edinburgh: Chambers, 1979), p. 106.
56. I found it useful on occasion to look at the German text, this being an example as I wanted to confirm that the Latin phrase was in the original. Gerhart Hauptmann, *Die Weber*, ed. by Hans Schwab-Felisch (Frankfurt/M-Berlin: Dichtung und Wirklichkeit, 1987), p. 46.
57. With the assistance of my reading of literature by and about Scottish weavers, I sought where appropriate to work Scots weaving terms into my text. In this regard I also found useful the entries for 'Textiles, Weaving, Spinning' comprising Section 13.1.6 in *The Scots Thesaurus* (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1990), pp. 308-12. The latter, for example, yielded *scob*, 'a defect in which the shuttle passes on the wrong side of the warp threads'. The term is given as local to, among other places, Angus. I integrated the term into my script, as seen in the quotation immediately following this footnote reference in the body of the text.
58. Robert Burns, *Poems and Songs*, ed. by James Kinsley (London: Dent, 1958; repr. 1970), p. 79.
59. See David Murison, *The Guid Scots Tongue* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1977), p. 5.
60. Bill Findlay, 'Silesian into Scots: Gerhart Hauptmann's *The Weavers*', in *Modern Drama*, 41:1 (Spring 1998), p. 102.

61. Hamish Henderson, 'At the Foot o' Yon Excellin' Brae: The Language of Scots Folksong', in *Scotland and the Lowland Tongue*, ed. J. Derrick McClure (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1983), p. 103.
62. *Ibid.*, p. 103.
63. *Ibid.*, p. 113.
64. As note 56 above. Consulting the German orginal (pp. 28-9) established the rhyming scheme.

Chapter 9

COMMENTARY ON *THE CHIOGGIAN RAMMIES*

Motivation

The Italian dramatist Carlo Goldoni (1707-1793) wrote in a number of dramatic genres, but his most popular successes were his dialect comedies of Venetian life, written in Venice for Venetian audiences. Goldoni's own judgement was that they 'do me the greatest honour'.[1] Composed between 1750 and 1762, before he permanently left Venice for Paris, they comprise the body of work on which his enduring reputation as 'the first naturalistic playwright in the history of the drama'[2] largely rests. One of Goldoni's biographers, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, confirms this assessment:

> These Venetian plays not only do him the greatest honour, but they distinguish him as the pioneer naturalist in the drama of the world; the pioneer poet of a people, too, no previous dramatist having painted the life of the streets in colours so truthful nor voiced plebeian sentiments upon the stage by faithfully drawn characters of the proletariat, neither clownish nor obscene.[3]

Goldoni's innovation, in what has been described as his 'cycle of Venetian realism',[4] thus lay in his depiction of ordinary people in ordinary situations speaking in realistic dialect.

Emanuela Cervato sees Goldoni's decision to use dialect as complementary to 'the spirit of "naturalness" and "simplicity" which had dictated his choices on questions of subject and style';[5] and Linda Carroll sees it as a reflection of Goldoni's twin confidence in the literary worth of Venetian dialect and in Venetian theatre-goers' warmth of response to hearing their language and seeing their society on stage:

> A Venetian audience, especially the working class ones typical of the theatres of Sant'Angelo and San Luca, would react more to a play in its own tongue than to one in an affected Tuscan foreign to them. The dialect evoked an atmosphere, put the audience at its ease, appealed to its own justifiably famous sense of humour. Goldoni believed the dialect to be a language in its own right, the expression of a society, not the mere corruption of a standard language [...] The greatness of Goldoni as a dialect playwright lies in his realization of the inexorable link between the dialect and the society which speaks it.[6]

That contemporary popular appeal and appreciation of the Venetian plays to which Cervato draws attention, as well as their realistic and everyday, local subject matter, the central place that dialect has in them, and Goldoni's confident attitude towards dialect, all find parallels of sorts in the approximately contemporaneous eighteenth-century vernacular revival in poetry in Scotland, most significantly in the work of Allan Ramsay, Robert Fergusson, and Robert Burns. But, notwithstanding the importance of those writers' achievements in poetry, one might regret that they did not contribute to establishing a Scots-medium drama along the lines that Goldoni did with Venetian dialect.

Ramsay did write an influential drama in Scots, *The Gentle Shepherd*, which was published in 1725 and first staged in 1729 as a ballad-opera. But the early date of that play, and its importance as the most popular pastoral in eighteenth-century British theatre, 'reissued practically every year from 1725 to the last quarter of the nineteenth century',[7] only add to one's disappointment that Ramsay did not go on to write more dramas in Scots. (He nonetheless played an important role in the advancement of professional theatre in Scotland as manager of a company of actors, the Edinburgh Players, and as founder of the first regular theatrical venue in Scotland, in Carruber's Close, Edinburgh.) Robert Fergusson is reputed to have tried

his hand at drama, writing two acts of a tragedy, but no text has survived. This early attempt at playwriting, along with the fact that Fergusson was a keen theatre-goer and had a number of actors as friends, led Sydney Goodsir Smith to suggest that, had Fergusson not died so young, it is 'likely that he would have turned towards the drama at some stage in his career'.[8] Burns, too, was an enthusiastic theatre-goer and wrote prologues for the Theatre Royal in Dumfries, but the nearest he came to writing a play was his cantata 'The Jolly Beggars'. Tantalisingly, he refers on more than one occasion to his wish to write a play: in 1788 he wrote, 'I am thinking of something in the rural way of the Drama-kind'; and in 1789 he claimed to have 'a hundred different Poetic plans, pastoral, georgic, *dramatic* and etc. floating in the regions of fancy, somewhere between Purpose and resolve' (my emphasis).[9]

If the language and subject matter of Ramsay's, Fergusson's and Burns's best poetry encourage seductive thought of what might have been had they established an early repertoire of drama in vernacular Scots, this is equally so of the trio of early nineteenth-century writers in whose work Scots features large: Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg and John Galt. Scott was instrumental in reforming theatre in Edinburgh and was one of the Patent-holders of the city's Theatre Royal. He wrote at length on drama, and gave practical encouragement to the playwright Joanna Baillie, whose play *The Family Legend* he produced at the Theatre Royal in 1810. As Christopher Worth notes:

> Throughout his life Scott continued to attend plays, sometimes frequently, criticized them, commented on others' MSS., encouraged authors and actors, remained a close friend of [the actor-manager] Henry Siddons and his wife, supported the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, and generally took an active part in the life of Scottish theatre.[10]

Early in his career he translated German drama but the success of his poetry and then his novels diverted his attention from theatre translation. Scott's extensive knowledge of Italian drama included appreciation of Goldoni's work,[11] but, unfortunately, he was not inspired to translate or emulate Goldoni's dialect comedies. Scott did write a few pieces for the stage but his preference was for tragedies, with the consequence that

> [...] none of Scott's own dramatic compositions begins to compare even faintly with the effect that his turn to the novel in 1814 had in transforming Scottish theatrical activity during the rest of the century. It is one of the great literary paradoxes. His own plays, despite occasional attempts at producing them, were total failures.[12]

Ironically, the great success enjoyed by stage adapatations by other writers of his Scottish novels[13] (to which the above alludes) suggests what Scott could have achieved for Scottish drama had he followed the lead of his fiction in writing out of real Scottish experience and employing the same dynamic Scots medium that distinguishes his best dialogue.

According to Louis Simpson, James Hogg 'toyed with the idea of writing for the stage'.[14] He published, in 1817, a collection of poetic dramas, *Dramatic Tales*, but he had an aversion to what actors might do with his work, saying that he 'shrunk from the idea of intrusting [his] character as a poet in the hands of every bungling and absurd actor'.[15] John Galt was better disposed to the stage, as signified by his two-volume biographies of actors, *The Lives of the Players* (1831), and his four-volume *The New British Theatre* (1814-15). He edited the latter and contributed eleven plays, including two translations by him of plays by Goldoni: *La gelosia di Lindoro* (his title, *The Word of Honour*), and *Un curioso accidente* (his title, *Love Honour and Interest*). In his study, *John Galt's Dramas*, G.H. Needler writes, 'To Galt must be

conceded the honour of being a pioneer in his wish to introduce Goldoni in England [sic]'.[16] Yet, while Galt lauded what he described as 'the genius of Goldoni',[17] the two plays he chose to translate were not drawn from Goldoni's best work, the Venetian comedies. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor considers *La gelosia di Lindoro*, which was written for Parisian taste, as formulaic and deficient; and *Un curioso accidente* -- an 'exotic comedy' set in Holland -- he criticises as 'constructed upon conventional lines, in which there is no atmospheric fidelity or naturalistic characterization, such as Goldoni presents so frequently in his Venetian comedies'.[18] To compound Galt's poor choice of plays by which to represent the best of Goldoni, his standard English translations convert Goldoni's prose into blank verse. Sadly, his translations of Goldoni, in common with his original plays, reflect little or nothing of the realism of his best novels and the vivid Scots that characterises them.

One of the motivations for me, then, in wishing to translate a Goldoni play into Scots was a sense of 'if only' in relation to Goldoni as an exemplar of what might have been achieved in Scotland, either independently but in parallel with his development of dialect comedies in eighteenth-century Italy, or in imitation or emulation through knowledge of his work (even though the position of Venetian dialect and Scots in their respective societies was not wholly analagous). If only Ramsay had developed as a Scots dramatist beyond *The Gentle Shepherd*; if only Fergusson and Burns, following their poetry, had attempted naturalistic drama in Scots; if only Scott, Galt and Hogg, following their best fiction, had attempted drama of a different kind to their efforts; and if only Scott and Galt, as translators of drama with an appreciation of Goldoni's work, had translated into Scots one or more of Goldoni's Venetian dialect plays. Interestingly, Thomas Carlyle voiced a similar sense of 'if only' in his tribute to

a contemporary of Scott, Hogg and Galt, the critic and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Francis Jeffrey:

> I used to find in him a finer talent than any he evidenced in writing: this was chiefly when he got to speak Scotch, and gave me anecdotes of old Scotch *Braxfields*, and vernacular [...] curiosities of that type. Which he did with a greatness of *gusto* quite peculiar to the topic; with a fine and deep sense of humour, of real comic mirth, much beyond what was noticeable in him otherwise; not to speak of the mimicry, which itself was something. I used to think to myself, "Here is a man whom they have kneaded into the shape of an *Edinburgh Reviewer* [...] but he might have been a beautiful Goldoni, too, [...] and have given us beautiful *Comedies*, and aerial pictures, true and poetic, of Human Life in a far other way!"[19]

It is noteworthy that, along with Jeffrey's powers of comic story-telling, it is his command of Scots that Carlyle saw as the key to what he could have written in imitation of Goldoni.

Just as Carlyle saw this as a pregnant but unrealised potentiality in Francis Jeffrey, I see it as a larger tantalising potentiality in the poetry and fiction of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. My regret is as much with the missed opportunity in putting down the roots in that period of a modern Scots drama as with Scotland not producing then a Scots Goldoni. But my interest in rendering Goldoni into Scots now, while informed by that awareness, is also driven by my belief that he remains a playwright whose work can be a vehicle for exploration of different varieties of Scots from those used by his modern translators into Scots, Victor Carin and, in collaboration, Antonia Stott and Marjory Greig.

Glasgow Citizens' Theatre has been unique in Britain in its championing of Goldoni, with, for example, seven of his plays staged in the fourteen years between 1976 and 1990.[20] This reflects the Citizens' reputation for offering, in Michael Coveney's words,

'the most exciting European-based repertoire in the British theatre over the past twenty years'.[21] It is also indicative of the special appeal that Goldoni has for the Citizens' resident translator, Robert David MacDonald, a highly-praised multilinguist whose 'presence in the company has had the effect of opening up the whole spectrum of European drama to Glasgow audiences in a way that is certainly rare in Britain'.[22] MacDonald's enthusiasm for Goldoni's work is such that, even after completing those seven translations, he said: 'I've got many more Goldonis I'd like to do; in fact I'd like to do one a year until I drop, and that would still leave me well short of the entire canon.'[23] However, MacDonald's translations of Goldoni have invariably been into standard English, albeit in a form that he has humorously described as 'gutter mandarin'.[24] In the time since MacDonald became part of the triumvirate of artistic directors at the Citizens' in 1972, it has been house practice to offer all translations in standard English. Moreover, as indicated by a comment on Goldoni's language, apropos his translation of *The Housekeeper* (1990), MacDonald believes that the translation of Venetian dialect poses difficulties: 'Much of his [Goldoni's] work is in dialect, which does not export too happily.'[25] MacDonald does not expand on this remark, but he seems to mean either that no satisfactory dialect target-medium is available to the English-language translator today, or that Goldoni's dialect usage is so closely Venetian that a modern translator cannot follow it faithfully if he is to make his translation effectively performable.

Some other Scottish translators have, however, been more sanguine about 'exporting' Goldoni's dialect usage more directly, for there have been three modern translations into Scots of plays by Goldoni. As was noted earlier in Chapter 5, Victor Carin's *The Servant o' Twa Maisters* was premiered by the Royal Lyceum Theatre

Company, Edinburgh, in 1965.[26] Antonia Sansica Stott and Marjory Greig co-translated two plays: *Weemen Stratagem* (*I Rusteghi*), described on the title-page as 'Translated from the Venetian and done into Scots', and *Where Love Steps In* (*La Serva Amorosa*), described on the title-page as 'Translated and adapted to a Nineteenth Century Edinburgh setting'.[27] *Weemen Stratagem* was staged by Perth Theatre in 1987, and *Where Love Steps In* by Fifth Estate Theatre Company, at the Netherbow Theatre in Edinburgh, in 1990.[28]

All three of these translations adapt Goldoni's originals to similar Scottish settings: *The Servant o' Twa Maisters* and *Weemen Stratagem* are set in eighteenth-century Edinburgh, and *Where Love Steps In* in nineteenth-century Edinburgh. The characters are given Scottish names, such as: Sandy Mackenzie, Pittendree, Archie Broon, and Mistress Gow in *The Servant o' Twa Maisters*; Lennox Cruikshanks, Mungo Scroggie, and Duncan Telfer in *Weemen Stratagem*; and Arthur Ogilvie, Andrew Paterson, Leslie Mackintosh, and Archibald Gillespie in *Where Love Steps In*. The place-names are all Scottish, too. In *The Servant o' Twa Maisters* this includes real names such as 'Embro', 'the Grassmarket', 'the Borders', and 'Dumfries', as well as invented ones such as that for a tavern, 'the Ae Gulp Houffe'.[29] The adaptation of place-names in the Stott-Greig translations is even more closely localized than in Carin's. In *Where Love Steps In* the scenes are specified as taking place in tenement flats in 'Keir Street', 'St Patrick's Square', and at '1 Burgh Loch, Buccleugh Street', with views from the houses to 'Arthur's Seat' and 'the south side of Edinburgh Castle'. In *Weemen Stratagem* the scenes are set in flats in 'Brodie's Close, Canongate', and 'Chessel's Court, Canongate'; and the extent of the

adaptation is such that these and the many other references to eighteenth-century Edinburgh places are explained in notes prefaced to the script, as in this example:

> CHESSEL'S COURT (page 3) -- No. 240 Canongate, on the south side of the street. The original building, with its spacious court behind, was built in 1748 by Archibald Chessel, and was considered "the finest sample of mansion flats in the city." (p. iii)

The adaptation is so thoroughgoing that there is almost, one could say, an antiquarian impulse within it, in its attempted recreation of Edinburgh life in the period. Again, the explanatory notes prefaced to the script suggest this, with explanations given of, for example, Street Cries, Daft Days, Hallow Fair, M'Lurg's Coffee Hous [sic], Assemblies, Luckie Middlemass's tavern, the Debtor's Prison in the abbey sanctuary in the Canongate, and so on. The following exemplifies how such references are incorporated into characters' speech, and shows how wholesale is the adaptation to Edinburgh:

> Whan Michaelmas cam roun we wad gae a wheen times tae Alan Ramsay's playhous, an we niver missed the Hallow Fair. Gin her auntie bocht a twa-three tickets at M'Lurg's Coffee Hous she wad tak me tae a concert in the Tailors' Ha. My Certes! at the Daft Days we went tae the assemblies, maskit an aa, or the laddies cam tae the hous, guisan! At hame she was aye enterteenin -- kinsfowk, freens, aiblins some braw young callants. Ou aye, my certes! (p. 5)

Victor Carin's adaptation does not share this same impulse to relocate Goldoni's Venice to Edinburgh in such minute detail, but, as noted in Chapter 5, it is firmly set in Scotland nonetheless. In addition to Scottish personal and place names, culture-specific items feature, such as 'baillie' and 'tolbooth', and food such as 'kale', 'biled sheep's heid', 'potted hauch', and 'neeps and tatties'. Inevitably, given their approach, Stott and Greig do the same: food references, for example, similarly include 'kail', 'sheepheid broth', 'stovies', and 'howtowdie; and currency is reckoned in 'bawbees', 'merks', and 'pounds'.

Part of my motivation in wishing to translate a Goldoni play into Scots was by way of reaction to existing Scottish translations. Through Scots translation I wished implicitly to address the assumption that, in Robert David MacDonald's words, Goldoni's dialect 'does not export too happily' (assuming by this he means that an effective modern dialect medium cannot be found); and I wanted to see if a stage language could be fashioned that would convey Goldoni's Chioggian fishing-village setting without the need for adaptation to Scotland. That last sentence contains within it a judgement, which I should qualify, that the three earlier Scots translations do not succeed in disproving MacDonald's statement. Those translations -- and Carin's especially, since it has had subsequent revivals -- were successful with audiences, so they have proved to be effective performance texts. However, in each of them, the extent of adaptation to Scotland is such that the degree of dilution of Goldoni's original is greater than inevitably happens in any process of translation, and is sufficient to carry the risk of distortion and misrepresentation. My general preference when translating foreign drama into Scots is for retention of the original milieu over adaptation to Scotland. One reason for this is to minimise misrepresentation of the source work, but there are a number of other considerations influencing this preference. Adaptation has its own validity, of course, in our own as in other theatre cultures, and it should not necessarily be an option denied the Scots translator. However, the frequent tendency to adapt foreign classics to a Scottish setting can be interpreted as a kind of defeatism; as reflecting a belief that Scots has such close associations with Scotland that its use as an artistic medium for theatre translation must entail elimination of the 'foreignness' through adaptation to Scotland. Bound up with this has been an unspoken belief that audiences require the foreign to be made

familiar because of the difficulty in suspending disbelief that a play in Scots can be, say, French or Italian in milieu. My view is that we should have greater ambition for Scots as a vehicle for theatre translation, and greater faith in the ability of audiences to make the imaginative leap into acceptance of non-adapted classic plays. The danger of doing otherwise is that we impose limitations on the capacities of Scots as a literary instrument, and that we over-familiarise, to reductive and disfiguring effect, those foreign plays adapted to Scotland.

If, in contrast with the Carin and Stott-Greig translations, I wanted to reject adaptation to Scotland, I also wanted to choose a different kind of Goldoni play from them. A particular reason for this was bound up with issues of language and class. While the three plays adapted to Scotland were drawn from Goldoni's critically regarded cycle of Venetian comedies, they were ones which centred on middle-class life. Goldoni said of his chosen dialect medium:

> Venetian is, without doubt, the sweetest and pleasantest of all the Italian dialects. It is pronounced clearly, delicately and easily; the words are many and expressive; the sentences harmonious and witty; and since at the root of the character of the Venetian nation there is happiness, at the root of the Venetian language is playfulness. But this does not prevent this language from being capable of dealing amply with the most serious and interesting subjects. Lawyers plead in Venetian, the harangues of senators are pronounced in the same idiom, without diminishing the majesty of the throne or the dignity of the forum, our orators have the happy and spontaneous ability to combine the most pleasant and interesting sayings with the most sublime eloquence.[30]

The capacity of Venetian dialect in Goldoni's time, and its class inclusiveness, is further explained by a modern writer on Goldoni's use of dialect, Emanuela Cervato:

> The distinction between *lingua* (the official and cultivated language) and *dialetto* (the popular means of expression) did not [then] exist, since the Venetian *lenguazo* ('language') was used both in everyday life and in administrative and legal circles, in elegant drawing-rooms

> (with a few touches of French), and in all conversations -- frivolous or political, philosophical or scientific. The Venetian *lenguazo* is thus more than a dialect. It is not in any way inferior to Italian but is complementary to it. Its main advantage lies in its being (quantitatively and spatially) more extensive and comprehensible.[31]

Scots had lost, or was losing, this elasticity in the eighteenth century. By then, in David Murison's words, it had become '*déclassé* and statusless', and 'the eighteenth century [...] saw the disappearance of Scots as a full language.'[32] Scots was still spoken widely by the majority of Lowlanders, but, depending on the formality of the subject and the social status of the speaker, English was replacing Scots in the speech of the higher social and professional classes as the century proceeded. It is therefore problematic to render Goldoni's middle-class Venetians' dialect speech in a full Scots (the more so, in terms of what was then linguistic reality, if one has also adapted Venice to eighteenth-century Edinburgh). While one could justify using, say, an English tipped with Scots, or code-switching between English and Scots, opting for a Costume Scots is less justifiable, for it represents neither a Scottish reality nor, because of its nature as an attempted literary 'reconstruction', a Venetian one. That said, it does have theatrical validity, in that, as noted in earlier chapters, work in a Costume Scots has become an accepted feature of the Scottish stage and is generally received appreciatively by audiences. There is therefore an argument for accepting that approach in terms of theatre as entertainment and as a publicly-shared celebration and affirmation of the continuing vitality of the Scots language. However, an approach that is concerned to communicate Goldoni's source-text with greater fidelity will be more circumspect in the choice of translation medium for the reason indicated.

I decided on this occasion that, rather than one of Goldoni's comedies of Venetian middle-class life (as chosen by Carin and Stott-Greig), I would tackle one of what Eugene Steele has described as Goldoni's '"folk" comedies',[33] where the folk rather than the middle-classes are foregrounded, and where the linguistic world of the play is more homogeneous because the language is less differentiated and the utterances more direct. The play I indentified from my research and reading as best filling my requirements was *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte* (*The Chioggian Brawls* or *Squabbles*, as it is commonly translated in criticism in English on Goldoni). It is set in the fishing town of Chioggia, on a then isolated lagoon twenty miles from Venice. Goldoni had spent several long periods in Chioggia in his younger years, and in his youth he worked there as the criminal magistrate's assistant (an experience that fed into his creation in the play of the character Isidoro, who holds a similar legal position).[34] *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte* was written and staged in 1762, in Goldoni's last season in Venice before departing permanently for Paris, and it has been said that in writing it 'he evidently wished to recreate the days of his youth by depicting on stage the simple customs and manners of the fisher-folk'.[35] Goldoni himself said that the play owed 'its success to the realistic portrait I painted [...] Knowing as I did their [the fisher-folks'] customs, their dialect, their vivacity'.[36] Indeed, Flavia Foradini has said of that 'realistic portrait', that Goldoni 'wrote with such lucidity that the dramatic-poetic fabric of the play became a precise sociological study'.[37] Even a century after the play's composition, W. D. Howells, the United States consul in Venice from 1861-65, who knew the play and Chioggia, 'was struck by Goldoni's "realism" and actuality [... for] what Goldoni had seen and described was "perfectly true"'.[38]

As was noted earlier, the best of Goldoni's Venetian comedies are considered to be innovatively naturalistic; but Goldoni's realist impulse in *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte* takes this further, with consequences for the kind of comedy in the play, as one commentator has noted:

> In this play of "quarrels" and clashes, in this aggressive and sometimes violent play, nothing is ever done "for fun", for theatrical ease or to make the audience laugh. Everything, even the funniest thing, is always done "for real".[39]

Baruffe (to use its conventionally shortened title) cannot therefore be categorised as a broad, farcical comedy of the kind identified with the previous Scots translations and adaptations of Goldoni; and nor, therefore, can a Costume Scots prove an appropriate medium in which to render it. The Scots has to reflect the play's 'authenticity' by suggesting the living speech of an actual community more than literary artifice. The play's narrow focus on the fisher-folk of Chioggia, and Goldoni's realist approach, together achieve a strict unity of place, class, and speech (there is only one middle class character, the Deputy-Magistrate from Venice). The language of the play is thereby unusually homogeneous and uncontrived. It has been said of this last:

> There is nothing in *Baruffe* which seems popular or folkloric, because the people -- just as Brecht said -- are never popular. The people, as in *Baruffe Chiozzotte*, quite simply *are*.[40]

The play's narrow social and linguistic focus made it more possible, I felt, to fashion a Scots that respected, and sought to serve, Goldoni's intentions; a Scots that was, in contrast with the attention-drawing nature of Costume Scots, the medium rather than the message, as it were.

An additional consideration for me was that, while Goldoni's Venetian comedies are prized as his best works, *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte* has been singled out for particular praise as a 'masterpiece'.[41] It is also seen as a landmark work, being 'something entirely new and original in the history of the Italian theatre'.[42] It departed from the conventions of traditional comedy, being relatively plotless and focusing on the world of lower class characters. Goldoni was criticised for the latter by contemporaries and the censors, but responded:

> Perhaps others will criticise me for having written too many scenes around these base, common characters and their arguments [...] about the lowest form of human beings, who disgust, or at least fail to interest those cultured and refined people of society [...] I would say that they probably don't like Plays, if they are willing to limit the Author's scope to such an extent [...] I'll tell them frankly that nature and example have advised me to.[43]

Curiously, given the play's importance and the critical approbation that it receives in literature on Goldoni, there have been only two published translations into English, and even then available only to a limited readership: one was published in an academic journal in 1914, and the other, an adaptation for children, was issued as an educational text in 1965.[44] Further, I can find no evidence of the play ever having been staged in translation in Britain.[45]

It has, however, been professionally staged in Italian in Britain, at the Royal National Theatre in London, in a co-production by Teatro D'Europa and Piccolo Teatro di Milano, in 1992 as part of a 1992-93 tour of European cities inspired by the World Fair held in Spain. The production was directed by Italy's then leading theatre director, the late Giorgio Strehler, who wrote in the commemorative programme:

> 1993 marks the bicentenary of the death of Italy's greatest playwright and man of the theatre, and one of the greatest in Europe. The staging of *Baruffe chiozzotte* in Seville at the closing of the 1992 World Fair can

> therefore also be seen as symbolic. It allows us to reflect, not only commemoratively, but also critically, lovingly, and gratefully, something which European theatre should continue to do, on the life, work and history of Goldoni, who is part of the theatre of Europe.[46]

On Strehler's death in December 1997, the fulsome obituary in *The Times* described him as 'a colossus in the European theatre'.[47] That a director of such stature should choose to celebrate Goldoni's bicentenary with, of all his many works, *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*, and take it on a prestigious tour of European cities, confirms the play's importance as, in Strehler's words, 'the work of a master'.[48]

It is remarkable that a play of such importance in Goldoni's canon has gone unrecognised in British theatre, and has apparently not been translated for the stage. My knowledge of that omission added to my motivation in wishing to render *Baruffe* into Scots. A barrier to the play's wider dissemination through translation, in print or in stage production, may have lain in what Giorgio Strehler referred to as its 'language difficulty, not simply Venetian dialect, but a sublanguage, the dialect of Chioggia, the dialect of the port'.[49] The translator into standard English may find difficulty in fashioning a suitable form of language to convey a dialect of this kind, but the translator into Scots is at an advantage through the varied language resource available to him.

Method

Having identified the Goldoni play that I wished to render into Scots, I arranged a collaboration with an Italianist, Dr Christopher Whyte of Glasgow University, and asked that he provide me with a literal English translation on which I could base my version. As already noted, *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte* poses difficulties for a translator

today because of the dialect usage, which probably explains why so few translators have been attracted to it. However, my collaborator, a gifted translator who resided in Italy for a decade, had the assistance of a Chioggian-to-Italian dictionary, as well as explanatory notes on dialect items that Goldoni supplied to the published play.

The literal translation he provided included occasional short parenthetical notes to assist me where required. Some typical examples of these, drawn from a variety of scenes as indicated, are given below

> BEPPO: Here you are, Menola [lad's name, means a small, insignificant fish]. (I:5)
>
> CHECCA: Doesn't trouble me in the slightest [rather scurrilous expression]. (I:10)
>
> ISIDORO: Ahah! You're not a "scarpa", you're a "ciabatta". [The Venetian form is "zavatta" and these two surnames, meaning "shoe" and something like "flip-flop", were extremely common in Choioggia.] (II:1)
>
> LIBERA: Come on, now: who has the judgement, let them use it. [a proverb] (II:10)
>
> FORTUNATO: Off with you, oh! Cursed ones! Women, women, always fighting, always shouting. Woman damage, woman trouble, trouble, damage, trouble. [N.B. This sounds comical and like a nursery rhyme because of the way the words are arranged.] (II:11)
>
> ORSETTA: ... Oh! That poor wretch who wanted you, a bad time of it he had: it brought him ruin [colourful, popular expression]. (II:16)
>
> TITTA: If she approaches in the right disposition [makes up to me in the right way], maybe I will marry her. (III:14)

As the language in these examples also shows, the intention with the literal translation was to make it more an 'Italian-in English', irrespective of awkwardness of expression, rather than smoothly-flowing English. I requested this because, based on my experience of collaborating with Martin Bowman in translating from Québécois

(as touched on in Chapter 1), I have found that this kind of literal translation, with annotations, enables one to stay closer to the letter of the original work and reduces the possibility of misinterpretation and distortion. Also, if a smoother, more speakable English translation is provided, there is the temptation simply to Scotticize the standard English 'solutions' rather than attempt to see the play from first base as, linguistically, a Scots-speaking 'universe' and generate consistent Scots diction accordingly.

The procedure in working with my collaborator was that I drew up a list of written queries that I had regarding his literal translation. He clarified these in my presence, with direct reference to the original, to allow me to ask supplementary questions as required. (This also usefully gave me the opportunity of hearing how Chiozzian-Italian sounded.) With those queries resolved, I completed my first Scots version. In fashioning that version, a number of further queries arose, mostly regarding nuance and the possibility of reading a word, expression or sentence in two ways. I noted these as they arose, then sought clarification. With those supplementary queries answered, I revised my first version to produce a second. Revisiting a first version to carry out refinements is, in any event, my customary method of working. The second version is ordinarily the 'final' one, in the sense that I judge it good enough to send to theatre directors for consideration. If a production follows, there may be some further revising, particularly once one hears the text performed aloud at the rehearsal stage.

The decisions regarding Scots usage -- in common with the creation of a Scots performance script -- were wholly my responsibility. Assisting me in those decisions were my close analysis of the play, my reading of critical literature on Goldoni's art in

general and *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte* in particular, and my wish to avoid, if at all possible, Costume Scots qualities. The first and principal decision concerned the form of Scots to use for the majority of speakers in the play, the fisher-folk of Chioggia.

The question of to what extent Goldoni's Chioggian (termed *ciozoto*) is realistic in the sense of 'authentic' is problematic, notwithstanding, as noted earlier, critical praise for that aspect of *Baruffe*. In her study of Goldoni's use of dialect in his plays, Linda Carroll examines how he made the Chioggian in *Baruffe* intelligible to his Venetian audience. She finds that 'the solution presented by Goldoni was brilliant and simple':

> Rather than using the true dialect, he took a general Veneto base and added enough touches of [...] *ciozoto* to readily identify the dialect. In this way, the author achieved characterization and the audience understood all the play.[50]

She elaborates on this:

> Goldoni picked out the obvious, the noticeable, that which would strike the ear of a Venetian and fused these characteristics with a readily understandable Venetian base. Some of these were specific words and phonetic aspects: the nicknames of the fishermen and their women, exclamations and interjections, the cries of street vendors, widespread dipthongization, lack of truncation of final infinitive vowels after *-r*. Goldoni had also noted that archaic forms and words often survive in the conservative speech of old people and the uneducated, and therefore included these [... as well as] the famous *cantilena* or sing-song quality of that dialect.[51]

Carroll's perception of Goldoni employing artistry in forging a *representative* Chioggian is on the face of it at odds with the playwright's own statement that the language in the play is 'the real dialect of the common people'.[52] There is a seeming contradiction here, for Goldin's *ciozoto* may appear 'real' but it is not, strictly speaking, 'authentic' in its representation of a spoken actuality, witness Carroll's analysis. The resolution of that contradiction lies, of course, in the dramatic

effectiveness of Goldoni's 'reconstructed' Chioggian and the sense of realism that it communicates. Nonetheless, the contradiction does endorse the translator opting for a creative approach to conveying Goldoni's linguistic world in *Baruffe*; that is, to combining, as Goldoni, did, realism with artistry.

An English with Scots items admixed might have been one approach to take, following Goldoni's practice in adding items of *ciozoto* to a Venetian base. But since Venetian was itself a dialect, as noted before, there was equal validity in drawing on Modern Scots as a colloqial spoken dialect and aggrandising it with elements of a more traditional Scots. My opting for the latter meant that the resulting hybrid instrument would inevitably be invested to an extent with non-urban, traditional qualities. However, this could be turned to advantage in helping to suggest the play's eighteenth-century setting and its location in a relatively isolated fishing community with rigid codes of social conduct characteristic of an earlier time. The gain from using a Modern Scots as the 'ground' was that it would hopefully impart the energised quality of realistic, colloquial speech to my hybrid medium as a whole, reducing the possibility of the older forms appearing fustian and distractingly 'in costume'. To illustrate my aim here, I give below an extract from Act II, Scene 2:

> LUCIETTA: A fine hing that wiz tae dae, clypin oan me like that ... tellin Titta Nane 'at Titmoose wiz talkin tae me?
> PASQUA: Oh, and Ah suppose it wiz awricht fur you tae clype tae yir brithers as ye did, eh?
> LUCIETTA: And you didnae open yir mooth?
> PASQUA: Weel, aye, Ah did. But it wiz wrang o' me tae've.
> LUCIETTA: Ah'd sworn tae masel Ah widnae say a word, tae. Dang it!
> PASQUA: It's jist the wey wur made. Tak it frae me, guid-sister, it's jist the wey wur made. Gin we wummen cannae git lea talk, we burst.
> LUCIETTA: Ah didnae waant tae speak but ah couldnae stoap masel. The words jist riz in ma mooth. Ah tried bitin ma tongue but they won oot. In wan lug ah could hear masel sayin, "Wheesht!", and in

the ither, "Speak!" Ah pit ma finger in the lug sayin "Wheesht", and opened ma gab and lit it aw poor oot.

PASQUA: Ah'm sorry oor menfolk's daunder goat up lik thon.

LUCIETTA: Hae nae fear! That Toffolo's a niffnaff; naehin'll come o' it.

PASQUA: Noo Beppe waants naehin mair adae wi Orsetta.

LUCIETTA: So whit! Thur plenty mair fish in the sea; he'll fin' anither lassie -- Chioggia's pang-fu' o' thum.

PASQUA:That's true. Oot ae the forty-thoosan sowels we hiv here, Ah'd wager thirty-thoosan are wummen.

LUCIETTA: And maist thum lookin fur men tae mairry!

PASQUA: Aye, so if Titta Nane scorns ye, that's how it'll no be easy fur ye tae fin' anither laud.

LUCIETTA: Whut've Ah duin tae Titta Nane?

PASQUA: No a thing, but thae clavers pit his birse up.

LUCIETTA: Gin he lo'ed me, he widnae believe a word o' it.

PASQUA: Kin ye no see he's jealous?

LUCIETTA: O' whit? Kin a body no speak? No laugh? No hiv some daffin? The men are awa' at sea ten month; are we jist tae sit here wi lang faces workin oor fingers tae the bane wi thir bits o' stick?

PASQUA: Wheesht, wheesht! Here's Titta Nane comin.

Most of the above comprises an accessible Modern Scots with, as the frequent use of phonetic representation suggests, a close attention to the rhythms of colloquial speech. The older or less common forms -- 'niffnaff', 'pang-fu', 'scorns', 'clavers', 'birse' -- are scattered sparingly with a care for comprehensibility. A word may be placed where its context helps to ensure intelligibility, as with 'pang-fu' and 'scorn'; or it may be that the word has, say, an onomatopoeic quality, as with 'niffnaff', that helps, along with context, to communicate meaning.

This concern for ready intelligibility is particularly important in a play where, as the title indicates, squabbles feature large; for, the dialogue should communicate the verbal energy typical of real exchanges of that kind without potentially obtrusive words or forms detracting from the dramatic and emotional moment. For that reason, my use of older language is generally even more restrained when 'flyting' is taking place, as seen in this short example taken from Act III, Scene 10:

LIBERA: The Lord pit a heid oan yir shooders, yese should yaise it.
LUCIETTA: Wid ye listen tae her! Mairrit wummen wi heids oan thir shooders shouldnae go stealin folks' fiancés.
ORSETTA: Whae've we stealed frae ye?
LUCIETTA: Titta Nane is ma chap.
CHECCA: Titta Nane flung ye ower.
PASQUA: Naehin ae the kind.
LIBERA: The haill street kens aboot it.
PASQUA: That's jist clish-clash.
ORSETTA: Aw, aye, we've goat ye thair,eh?!
LUCIETTA: You jist open yir mooth an lit yir belly rummle!
LIBERA: See whae's the "braw lass" noo! (*With irony and anger*)
LUCIETTA: Brawer nor your sister anyhow.
CHECCA: You're no even fit tae look ma length.
LUCIETTA: Big-heidit bizzum!
ORSETTA: Whut did you say? (*They are moving forward, ready for a fight*)
PASQUA: Waantin a fecht? C'mon, then, Ah'll fecht ye!

Although the dialogue draws, as here, on the accessibility of Modern Scots, I have attempted to avoid words that may seem to have overtly urban connotations today. For this reason I rejected my initial choice of 'gallus' in favour of 'brazen' in Act 3, Scene 21, where Toffolo now says: 'Wid ye look! He's brazen enough tae whisper in her lug!' I have, however, gone with 'nyaff' in Act I, Scene 10, when I could have opted for a choice of insulting terms in which Scots is rich. As *The Concise Scots Dictionary* notes, 'nyaff' dates from the nineteenth century, so it has a usage older than may be commonly appreciated.[53] Whether that is a sufficiently good reason to retain it is uncertain and I may yet revise that decision. A more problematic choice is 'rammy', whose usage *The Concise Scots Dictionary* gives as commencing only in the twentieth century. I have used it in the text and, more importantly, in the title. My original intention had been to avoid the word because of its modern and, to me, urban connotations (as in a tenemental 'stairheid rammy'). I had thought instead to opt in the title for one of a number of possibilities: *The Chioggian Carfuffles /Stushies/Stramashes/Collieshangies*. I was initially drawn to the latter word,

'collieshangies', because of the alliteration it allowed with Chioggian (the 'ch' is pronounced 'k'), and because of its onomatopoeic quality. On further reflection I felt that it was now too little-known a word and that it risked signalling a different kind of translation, one employing a Costume Scots. While the other options remained -- and remain, if a director wishes -- they did not, strictly speaking, render *baruffe* as closely as 'rammies'. Goldoni explained the word thus in his introduction to the published play:

> The term Baruffa [...] means confusion, a scuffle, a group of men and women shouting at each other and hitting each other. Such scuffles are common among the lower classes, and tend to be more common in Chioggia than anywhere.[54]

My four possibilities other than 'rammy' all contained the idea of uproar or commotion caused by quarrelling but not of the kind that entailed violence; 'rammy' did, however, contain this meaning of a dispute-induced scuffle that becomes 'a free-for-all, a violent disturbance'.[55] For this reason, and because I see a potential advantage in having such a vigorous and well-known Scots word in the title in the 'hook' that it may provide a theatre in promoting a production, I have now chosen the title *The Chioggian Rammies*.

It would have been a misrepresentation of Goldoni's original had I used imprecations of the kind that would be typical of a realistic 'rammy' in Modern Scots. This did, however, create a dilemma for me. Goldoni's oaths are difficult to render closely, since they translate literally as, for example, 'Blood of a water melon!', 'Blood of an eel!', and 'By Diana!' (the latter a goddess). In the absence of any other alternatives, and to be consistent with drawing on a traditional Scots with a period quality to it, I had no option but to use the kind of mild imprecations instanced in the 'Interjections'

section of *The Scots Thesaurus* and commonly used in work in Costume Scots, such as 'Certies!', 'Guid sakes!', 'Preserve us!', 'Michty!', and 'Deil tak ye!'.[56] I have, however, endeavoured to use these in a judicious manner and on limited occasions.

There are typical elements of Costume Scots that, notwithstanding my aversion in principle, I have similarly not been able wholly to avoid. To take examples drawn from the three earlier Goldoni translations, such typical elements found there include use of certain shibbolethic words such as 'whigmaleeries', 'clishmaclavers', 'houghmagandy', and 'dumbfoonered'; and employment of older forms today associated with a literary Scots, such as 'aiblins', 'byordinar', 'chaumer', 'ae' (as in 'the ae man'), 'twalmont', and 'corp'. To the latter can be added 'gin', 'ilka', 'maun', 'ava'', 'unco' (although, as I noted in my commentary on *The Weavers*, these have a more recent currency than is often recognised). One finds, too, shibbolethic collocations of words, such as 'Havers-clavers, thowless bletherskate!'; and older expressions are frequently worked in, such as 'come intae the fire an bou your houghs', and 'I keep my neb in my ain troke, an deil tak ony ither body'. So, too, are traditional Scots saws of the kind identified by David Murison,[57] such as 'a tongue wad clip cloots', 'keep a calm sough', and 'loupin lik a cock at a grosset'. The insistence with which these elements are incorporated in the three earlier Scots Goldonis contributes to the overall impression one gains with translations into a Costume Scots of the writer wishing to recreate an idealised eighteenth-century Scots in keeping with the relocated setting (though, as seen in the discussion of his work in Chapter 5, Victor Carin is less exercised by this than Stott and Greig).

My awareness of this has made me circumspect in the choices that I have made when combining elements of traditional Scots with my Modern Scots base. I may have drawn at times on a word ('flammygastered', II:3; 'dumbfoonered', III:24) and a collocation ('holus-bolus, hithery-tithery', III:15) that could be deemed shibbolethic or 'Costume', but in doing so I have judged them to be contextually appropriate and capable of being subsumed within natural dialogue, notwithstanding the risks. If I have used an older word that may prove unfamiliar, I have tried to ensure that the context will make its meaning clear, as with 'creesh':

> Thae fish-merchants are ticht-fistit. They gie us pair prices so's they kin mak muckle profits. We risk oor lifes at sea whiles thae merchant birkies wi thir velvet hats grouw creesh oan oor labours. (I:5)

Certain older forms, such as 'ava'', 'maun', 'eneuch', 'gin' and 'ilka', that, if chosen, would occur regularly throughout the text because of their frequent usage in ordinary speech, required some thought. I rejected 'ava'' from the outset as too anachronistic for my purposes, but my first version featured the others. Their effect, I decided, was too anachronistic, so I abandoned them with the exception of 'gin', and even then I have alternated 'gin' with 'if'.

The only overt Scots proverb I have used is at the end of the play, where the final lines read: 'We waant fowk in ither airts tae say: Here's tae the wummen o' Chioggia! Lang may thir lums reek!' In the literal translation these lines are rendered as: 'And we want everyone to be able to say: long live the women of Chioggia, long live the women of Chioggia.' The Scots proverb appositely conveys the sentiment here but does so in a more colourful form that I feel is consistent with the vibrant world of the dialect-speaking community in the play; as well, it does so in a more markedly celebratory manner that seems dramatically right for the conclusion of the play. The

sudden familiarity of the proverb will doubtless bring a smile of recognition to a Scottish audience and thereby assist me in communicating the upbeat, happy ending. Given that the happiness derives in large part from the marriages being celebrated, there is an added appropriacy in that 'Lang may yir lum reek' has conventionally been a card or telegram message at weddings -- as audience members may recognise, too.

Proverbs feature on two other occasions in response to proverbs in the original, but covertly because they are not familar ones. At one point (II:1) Toffolo is crowing to himself that he has got to the Depute-Magistrate before his assailants so he can put his story first. The literal translation, with my collaborator's parenthetical explication, runs: 'I got here first, and the man who gets there first, carries off the flag [reference to a regatta].' 'Regatta', in English, seemed in its connotations too grand a word to incorporate into Scots so, to convey the idea behind the Italian by different means, I made up a saying that seemed appropriate for a fishing community: 'The furst boat oot the herbour claims the best fishin grund.' At another point (III:25) Isidoro, the Depute-Magistrate, expresses his satisfaction that the women are making up after their squabbles, and concludes (in the literal translation), '[...] let it last until it's broken'. I decided that a little adaptation and expansion was warranted here, and rendered what Isidoro says thus: 'As you say hereabouts, "Ne'er tie a knot wi yir tongue that ye cannae lowse wi yir teeth".' This borrowed proverb is (like my invented one) accessible through being couched in a Modern Scots. It appealed to me because it is the women's tongues that have created ill-feeling between them, and because the reference to knots sits well with this being a fishing community and with the women working lace.

I based that last proverb, with its fishing associations, on one I found in Mary Murray's book on the Scots spoken in East Fife fishing villages before and after the Second World War, *In My Ain Words: An East Neuk Vocabulary*.[58] I consulted this work with a view to incorporating words and expressions where relevant so as to better convey a sense of Chioggia as a fishing community. In the event, there proved to be fewer opportunities to do this than I had first anticipated, partly because of the original text and partly because I decided not to use technical fishing terms which an audience might find abstruse. One term that I did use, however, because I judged that its meaning was clear, was an 'in-bye boat' (for fishing close to shore, as against an 'oot-bye' one for more distant fishing). Toffolo is described dismissively as having 'a skittery wee in-bye boat' (II:3; III:20), where the prefatory adjectives 'skittery wee' clarify the point being made. Also from Mary Murray's book, in addition to the above-mentioned proverb, I took the saying 'as thrawn's a whulk'. I used it in rendering what the literal translation gives as 'The problem is, that stubborn donkey Marmottina doesn't want to make peace, and without peace things can't be sorted out' (III:5):

> The flee in the 'intment is that beggar Titmoose. He's as thrawn as a whulk and disnae waant tae cry peace. 'Less he dis, naethin kin be settled.

In a similar vein, I worked in fishing or sea-related references at other places in the text where it could be done unobtrusively while respecting meaning in the original as conveyed by the literal translation, and as confirmed with my collaborator, as in these individual examples:

> Whut a haddie!
> She's jealous ae that fine catch!
> Ah'm waantin tae be here, so ye kin gan'n tak a dook.
> Ach, awa'n jump in the tide', baith the two ae yese.
> Ah'm shooglin lik a jeely-fish!

They're aw oot the same creel, that carnaptious crew.
Thur plenty mair fish in the sea; he'll fin' anither lassie.
Ah thraitened tae batter Titmoose but Ah'll gut you frae heid tae tail!
Skipper Fortunato, ahoy! Are ye in? Donna Libera, ahoy!
Nivir fear; this'll be plain sailin.
Ma boat's nixt in the herbour. [i.e. I'm next to be married.]

Paolo Bosisio has said of *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte* that it is 'a historically and socially specific universe, brought back to life at a particular point in time'.[59] Working in to my version references reflective of Chioggia as a sea-going community validly contributed, I felt, to suggesting this sense of a 'socially specific universe'. It also assisted my efforts to respect an aspect of Goldoni's work that is summed up by Frederick Davies: '[His] plays have one quality possessed by no other dramatist: their great charm'.[60] Charm is a difficult commodity to define, but in *Baruffe* it derives in part from the sense one has of looking in from the outside on a colourful and homogeneous small community, distinguished by its means of seeking a livelihood and its strict social conventions. The latter give rise to the 'rammies' of the title, but these squabbles cannot be depicted too violently, either in language or in action, if the charm -- and the gentle humour that contributes to it -- is to be preserved. This is further reason why my choice of Scots for the fisher-folk, as indicated above, resists the realism in language of modern 'rammying'. Moreover, the period and non-urban qualities in my hybrid Scots, deriving from the traditional Scots elements, are intended to contribute, too, to conveying charm and a sense of 'a historically and socially specific universe, brought back to life'; but without, one hopes, the reproduction-antique quality that tends to mark Costume Scots and serve a *broad* humour.

What I hope will be a further aid to this is my retention of some Italian words to lend the impression of looking in on another community, as well as to remind the audience that this is Chioggia, not Scotland. Those words are small in number but are sprinkled through the text like seasoning. Selection was dictated by a number of factors, one of which was the importance of titles, as explained by Linda Carroll:

> Titles in Venetian society were very precise indications of social standing. Although they were more commonly used among the aristocracy, the middle and lower classes also had their own. Goldoni makes special use of them in the *Baruffe chiozzotte*. There *donna* is applied to older or married working class women. *Siora* is the title used by the lower class people when addressing an older or married woman of higher social standing. *Lustrissimo* held for men in positions of authority and aristocrats. *Paron* was used by the fishermen for older men or those that owned their own boat. *Comare* and *compare* were used among members of the lower class for their equals in the absence of another more prestigious title.[61]

Accommodating all of these within a Scots text without adaptation is clearly difficult, particularly as regards avoiding incongruity and awkwardness of expression. It might have been possible to retain *Paron* in the form *Padron* but I opted to use the honorific 'Skipper', which acknowledges the men's position as captain-owners and allows, when employed, deference to be shown to their seniority. *Comare/compare* I have rendered as 'neebor', in the (still-contemporary) Fife usage of a form of address that can be used generally as well as to a work mate. *Lustrissimo* I have simply given as 'yir honour' (this addressed to the Depute-Magistrate, Isidoro). *Siora* I have omitted altogether, but *Donna* I have retained in its Italian form. The latter I could perhaps have rendered as 'Mistress', but that honorific is, in cultural terms, less neutral than 'Skipper', and risks the kind of identification with Scotland that I have in principle wanted to resist. The age and appearance of the characters addressed as *Donna*, their relationship with the younger, unmarried women, and the contextualised action, should make the idea behind the term clear to an audience.

In accordance with the community's strict social codes, the women dress in a particular manner. A young woman and her family signal that she has reached marriageable age when she wears a *donzelon*, a special skirt of caliman (silk or cotton from Utrecht). There is no obvious Scots -- or English -- equivalent for this word. One could explain it in a number of words but it is used quite often in the play and is important in relation to the theme of marriage and to Goldoni's depiction of the distinctiveness of Chioggia. I have therefore used the Chioggian word throughout but at its first mention in the play's opening scene I have added a gloss. In fact, this follows Goldoni, for at this first mention he devises a means of explaining the word to his Venetian audience; my gloss in Orsetta's speech is necessarily, however, a little fuller:

> LUCIETTA: Ohhh, Checca? Whut skirt's this ye're waantin?
> CHECCA: A new wan made oot o' silk.
> LUCIETTA: Awa'! Ye're gittin a 'donzelon'?
> CHECCA: Ah dinnae ken whit a 'donzelon' is.
> ORSETTA: Whut a haddie! Div ye no ken 'at when a young lassie comes tae a certain age she gits a silk skirt, a 'donzelon': and when she gits a 'donzelon', it's a sign her faimly waants tae mairry her aff, 'at she's in the mairriage mercat?

Two items of clothing of lesser importance, and mentioned less often, are the *ninzoletto* (a sort of white cloth headscarf covering the head and shoulders) and the *giubboncino* (a sort of waistcoat for women). These items were peculiar to Chioggia; for this reason, and to be consistent with retaining *donzelon*, I have kept the terms. In performance it should be clear through denotation what they mean.

The only other instance where I have incorporated Goldoni's Italian is when Fortunato, with his speech impediment, is describing a fracas he witnessed:

> Wey hame wi gui'wife and ma guid-shishas shaw Shkipp Toni, shaw Beppe, shaw Titta Nane Mulle' an Toffo' Shitmoosh. Shkip Toni gau' "tiff-taff" wi' shord, Beppe "alda-alda" wi' knife, an Shitmoosh "tuff-tuff" wi 'tanes. Ti'a Nane cam, Ti'a Nanne cam gi' frich' wi' big 'untin knife. Bi' commoshun. Shitmoosh faw doo'. Aw Ah ken. Follie me? (II:15)

His inimitable manner of speaking is cause for humour (as is, I hope, a related pun I have worked in on Titmoose/Shitmoose). Goldoni adds to this by having Fortunato use nonsense words to describe the fighting: "tiffe", "alda, alda", "tuffe, tuffe". As can be seen, I have more or less borrowed Goldoni's nonce-words. Unlike the other borrowings, there is, however, no gain here as regards signalling the play's 'otherness' for a Scottish audience.

While almost all of the characters in *Baruffe* speak in Chioggian dialect, Goldoni makes some use of register contrast. This is most marked in the case of the Depute-Magistrate, Isidoro. Linda Carroll describes his language as 'upper class Venetian, with some touches of Tuscan influence, somewhat restrained and cool'.[62] The linguistic gulf between Isidoro and the fisher-folk mirrors the social gulf between them and therefore has consequences for performance, as Giorgio Strehler recognised in his Italian production that came to the Royal National Theatre. Paolo Bosisio observed of that production:

> The Venetian language of the coadjutor [Depute-Magistrate] becomes pregnant with the difference in class and culture it symbolises. The director emphasises this contrast, and Mario Valdemarin stresses it too in his acting as he delivers his lines in a different register from the other actors in order to underline the solitude of the character.[63]

Following this example, and the clear division that there is in the play between the working-class Chioggians and Isidoro -- the middle-class outsider from Venice with intimidating judicial power over them -- I have Isidoro speak in a Standard-cum-Scottish-Standard English. This cleanly signals the gulf between him and the fisher-

folk; and it reflects his profession and status, as well as his tendency, as noted by Carroll, to 'restrained and cool' utterance.

Carroll also draws attention to a differentiation technique used by Goldoni:

> Goldoni hits upon an ingenious device for contrasting the speech (and thus mentalities and worlds) of the Venetian and the *ciozoti*. In speaking with his clients, Isidoro and the *ciozoti* frequently repeat words from one anothers' speech, each in his own form. Thus Isidoro's *poco* and *allegro* contrast with the *puoco* and *aliegro* in the response immediately following.[64]

This device finds a counterpart in the distinctions that are possible between Scots and Standard English/Scottish Standard English, and I have used it accordingly on a number of occasions (though not necessarily where Goldoni uses it, as signalled to me by my collaborator):

> ISIDORO: If you had a dowry, would you *get married*?
> CHECCA: Oh, aye, yir honour, Ah'd *git mairrit*. (II:12)
>
> ISIDORO: Bravo! And Titta Nane will *marry* Lucietta.
> TITTA: ... Ah mebbe will consent tae *mairry* her. (III:14)
>
> ISIDORO: ... He can board with you for a *while*.
> LIBERA: Hoo much o' a *whilie*, yir honour? (III:20)
>
> ISIDORO: ... She's *not* angry *anymore*.
> BEPPO: Ah'm *no* angry *onymair* neither. (III:22)

As well, on occasions where Isidoro refers to characters' nicknames he uses the anglicized forms, Tit*mouse*, Blether*mouth*, Dough-*head*, in contrast with the Chioggians, who say Tit*moose*, Blether*mooth*, Dough-*heid* (e.g. see II:13).

Although the distinction between Isidoro's standard language and the Chioggians' dialect represents an unbridgeable gap, it should be said that, since even middle-class Venetian could contain dialect vocabulary (as mentioned earlier), and since

Scottish Standard English contains Scotticisms, Isidoro's speech is peppered with a handful of Scots items, such as 'bide a wee', 'forwhy', 'forenoon', 'perjink', and 'bubblyjock'. The use of these sometimes sits with Isidoro's ambivalent attitude towards the Chioggians and his occasional attempts to ingratiate himself with them.

I have used a degree of register contrast in the speech of the Clerk. He is a dialect speaker but because of his position, and his need to convey official messages, I felt it would be appropriate to give him a thinner Scots and to have him sometimes switch to a more formal language. Both of these aspects can be seen at work in this exchange:

> CLERK: Are you Donna Pasqua, wife o' Skipper Toni Mackerel?
> PASQUA: Aye, sur. Whit kin Ah dae fur ye?
> CLERK: And she thair, is she Lucietta, sister tae Skipper Toni?
> PASQUA: She is, sur. Whitwey d'ye ask?
> CLERK: I summon you by order of the Depute-Magistrate to proceed forthwith to the Magistrate's office for to be examined.
> PASQUA: Examined aboot whut?
> CLERK: That's all Ah ken. Unless you obey forthwith, you'll be fined the sum o' ten ducats.
>
> (II:4)

Finally, Linda Carroll detects an element of register-switching in Toffolo's speech: 'Toffolo is trying to better his position, and thus he attempts to speak Venetian [...] But when [he] is drawn into a discussion with Fortunato, he loses his temper and reverts to his native *ciozoto*'.[65] Such code-switching is a common feature of Scots speech and would be straightforward to incorporate, but I have chosen not to do so. Toffolo may be aspiring and have hopes of acquiring a ferry-boat, but as the owner of a humble barge he is lower in status than the fishing-boat skippers (and is a figure of fun among the fisher-folk for his 'skittery wee in-bye boat' partly for that reason). It could be turned to humorous advantage to have him speak in a more standard, and

therefore would-be more refined manner than the fisher-folk but, equally, this could pose a potential problem of credibilty in Scots, in terms of his social status and linguistic realism. I have therefore chosen to depict him throughout as a dialect-speaker who does not code-switch. In this, one is, as throughout, attempting to balance realism and artistry to achieve a text that respects the original writer so far as versionizing makes possible, while remaining heedful of the pragmatic imperative to produce a script that is both linguistically and theatrically effective for its target audience.

1. Quoted in H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, *Goldoni: A Biography* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1914), p. 310.
2. Carlo Goldoni, *Four Comedies: The Venetian Twins, The Artful Widow, Mirandolina, The Superior Residence*, translated and introduced by Frederick Davies (London: Penguin, 1968), p. 9.
3. Chatfield-Taylor, p. 310.
4. Eugene Steele, *Carlo Goldoni: Life, Work, and Times* (Ravenna: Longo Editore, 1981), p. 131.
5. Emanuela Cervato, *Goldoni and Venice: A Study of Six Comedies in Dialect* (Hull: Department of Italian, University of Hull, 1993), p. 14.
6. Linda L. Carroll, *Language and Dialect in Ruzante and Goldoni* (Ravenna: Longo Editore, 1980), p. 141.
7. *The Works of Allan Ramsay*, Vol. IV, ed. by Alexander M. Kinghorn and Alexander Law, Scottish Text Society (Edinburgh-London: William Blackwood, 1970), p. 92.
8. Sydney Goodsir Smith, 'Introductory: Robert Fergusson, his Life, his Death and his Work', in *Robert Fergusson, 1750-1774: Essays by Various Hands to Commemorate the Bicentenary of his Birth*, ed. by Sydney Goodsir Smith (Edinburgh: Nelson, 1952), p. 45.
9. Quoted in Maurice Lindsay, *The Burns Encyclopedia*, 2nd edn (London: Hutchison, 1970), p. 110. See also the entry, 'Burns and the Drama', pp. 109-11.
10. Christopher Worth, '"A very nice Theatre at Edinr.": Sir Walter Scott and Control of the Theatre Royal', in *Theatre Research International*, 17:2 (Summer 1992), p. 93.
11. See R. D. S. Jack, *The Italian Influence on Scottish Literature* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1972), p. 215.
12. Worth, p. 93.
13. See Barbara Bell, 'The National Drama', in *Theatre Research International*, 17:2 (Summer 1992), pp. 96-108.
14. Louis Simpson, *James Hogg: A Critical Study* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1962), p. 27.
15. Quoted in Simpson, p. 27.
16. G. H. Needler, *John Galt's Dramas: A Brief Review* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1945), p. 9. For further discussion of Galt's plays and his interest in drama, see Ruth I. Aldrich, *John Galt* (Boston: Twayne, 1978), pp. 23-27.
17. From Galt's 'Remarks on *Love, Honour, and Interest*', in John Galt, *The New British Theatre*, Vol. 3 (London: Henry Colburn, 1814-1815), p. 286.
18. Chatfield-Taylor, pp. 376-78, pp. 505-8.
19. Thomas Carlyle, *Reminiscences* (London: J. M. Dent, 1972), p. 340.
20. Dates and titles are listed in Michael Coveney, *The Citz: 21 Years of the Glasgow Citizens Theatre* (London: Nick Hern Books, 1990), pp. 285-295. Some of those translations have been published: Carlo Goldoni, *Mirandolina and The Housekeeper*, translated by Robert David MacDonald (London: Oberon Books, 1988); Carlo Goldoni, *Don Juan, The Battlefield, Friends and Lovers, The Housekeeper*, translated by Robert David MacDonald (London: Oberon Books, 1994).
21. Coveney, p. 1.

22. Cordelia Oliver, *Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, Robert David MacDonald and German Drama* (Glasgow: Third Eye Centre, 1984), p. 11.
23. Coveney, p. 144.
24. From an interview in *ibid.*, p. 137.
25. From MacDonald's notes printed in the programme for the Citizens' Theatre's 1990 production of Goldoni's *The Housekeeper*. [Personal copy]
26. For production details see Donald Campbell, *A Brighter Sunshine: A Hundred Years of the Edinburgh Royal Lyceum Theatre* (Edinburgh: Polygon, 1983), p. 174.
27. The Stott-Greig translations have not been published, nor have they been deposited in public libraries or archives. I have therefore obtained typescript copies of the two translations from the authors. All quotations from the Stott-Greig translations, including page numbers cited, are taken from those typescripts.
28. The production details preface the scripts supplied by the translators.
29. The script of *The Servant o' Twa Maisters* is held by Carin's literary executor, the Scottish Society of Playwrights, from whom I obtained a photocopy. All quotations, including page numbers cited, are from that script. A copy is also held in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow at 884626/SD f 822.914 CAR 3/SER. See Charlotte Reid, *List of Plays in Scots: Compiled for the Scots Language Society* (Glasgow: Glasgow City Council Libraries Department, 1991), p. 36. Copies of the script have also been deposited in the Scottish Theatre Archive: STA J.b.Box1/1; STA G.o.39-48.
30. Quoted in Cervato, p. 18, note 14.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 14.
32. David Murison, 'The Historical Background', in *Languages of Scotland*, ed. by A. J. Aitken and Tom McArthur (Edinburgh: Chambers, 1979), p. 11.
33. Steele, p. 31.
34. For Goldoni's time in Chioggia see Chatfield-Taylor, p. 349, and Steele, pp. 130-31.
35. Steele, p. 131.
36. Quoted in Flavia Foradini, '*Baruffe* for Real', in commemorative programme for production at Royal National Theatre, London, 29 October-2 November 1992, of Carlo Goldoni's *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*, by Teatro D'Europa-Piccolo Teatro di Milano , p. 23. [Personal copy]
37. Foradini, p. 26.
38. Steele, p. 154.
39. Giorgio Strehler, '*Le baruffe chiozzotte*', in commemorative programme (see note 36 above), p. 12.
40. Strehler, p. 14.
41. The word 'masterpiece' is used by Joseph Spencer Kennard, *Goldoni and the Venice of His Time* (New York: Benjamin Blom, 1967; reissue of first, 1920 edn), p. 368, and by Chatfield-Taylor, p. 591.
42. Steele, p. 131.
43. Quoted in Foradini, p. 27.
44. 'Carlo Goldoni, *The Squabbles of Chioggia*', translated by Charles W. Lemmi, *The Drama*, 15 (1914), pp. 346-533. Carlo Goldoni, *It Happened in Venice*, translated and adapted by Frederick H. Davies, Kingswood Plays for Boys and Girls series (London: Heinemann, 1965). Translated excerpts can also

be found in Chatfield-Taylor, pp. 352-56. Biblographies listing translations of Goldoni's plays into English are given in Chatfield-Taylor, pp. 633-35 (up to 1912), and Steele, pp. 179-80 (up to 1976, but omits the 1965 translation *It Happened in Venice*).

45. I have confirmed this with the Playscripts' Desk, Department of Manuscripts, The British Library. The Department holds copies of scripts of all plays staged in Britain from the eighteenth century. However, while it is nominally obligatory for staged scripts to be deposited, in practice the process is voluntary. Reminders are sent to theatre companies but no action is taken if a script is not forthcoming. This means that the Department's records are not a wholly reliable guide to whether, say, a particular Goldoni play in translation has not been staged in Britain.
46. Strehler, p. 11.
47. *The Times*, 29 December 1997.
48. Strehler, p. 13.
49. *Ibid.*, p. 12.
50. Carroll, p. 139.
51. *Ibid.*, pp. 139-40.
52. Quoted in Foradini, p. 25.
53. *The Concise Scots Dictionary* (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1985), p. 445.
54. Quoted in Foradini, pp. 24-25.
55. *The Concise Scots Dictionary*, p. 541.
56. *The Scots Thesaurus* (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1990), Section 15.7, 'Interjections', pp. 470-76.
57. David Murison, *Scots Saws* (Edinburgh: The Mercat Press, 1981). The three saws instanced here feature on pp. 37, 52, 77.
58. Mary Murray, *In My Ain Words: An East Neuk Vocabulary* (Anstruther: Mary Murray/Scottish Fisheries Museum, 1982). I have adapted the proverb from the form she gives it in: 'Ye've tied a knot wi' yer tongue that ye winnae lowse wi' yer teeth' (p. 24). She also cites 'Lang may yer lum reek' and confirms its common usage in wedding telegrams (p. 29). Also consulted for fishing-related words and expressions, including the Scots names for varieties of fish, were relevant sections of *The Scots Thesaurus*, pp. 82-88, and Robert A. Watt, *A Glossary of Scottish Dialect Fish and Trade Names*, Department of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland, Scottish Fisheries Information Pamphlet Number 17 (1989).
59. Paolo Bosisio, 'Giorgio Strehler's poetic realism in *Le baruffe chiozzotte*', in commemorative programme (see note 36 above), p. 31.
60. Davies, p. 17.
61. Carroll, p. 145.
62. *Ibid.*, 146.
63. Bosisio, pp. 32-3.
64. Carroll, p. 146.
65. *Ibid.*, p. 147.

Chapter 10

PLAYSCRIPTS

1. ***THE WEAVERS*** by Gerhart Hauptmann

   (In a version by Bill Findlay)

2. ***THE CHIOGGIAN RAMMIES*** by Carlo Goldoni

   (Translated from the Venetian by Bill Findlay and Christopher Whyte)

THE WEAVERS

by

GERHART HAUPTMANN

In a version by Bill Findlay

CHARACTERS

DREISSIGER, a cotton manufacturer

FRAU DREISSIGER, his wife

PFEIFER, a manager

NEUMANN, a cashier

AN APPRENTICE, Dreissiger's employees

JOHANN, a coachman

SERVANT GIRL

WEINHOLD, tutor to Dreissiger's sons

PASTOR KITTELHAUS

FRAU KITTELHAUS, his wife

HEIDE, Police Superintendent

KUTSCHE, a policeman

WELZEL, an innkeeper

FRAU WELZEL, his wife

ANNA WELZEL, their daughter

WIEGAND, a carpenter

A TRAVELLING SALESMAN

A FARMER

A FORESTER

SCHMIDT, a physician

HORNIG, a rag-picker

OLD WITTIG, a blacksmith

BAECKER

MORITZ JAEGER

OLD BAUMERT

MOTHER BAUMERT, his wife

BERTHA BAUMERT, their daughter

EMMA BAUMERT, another daughter

FRITZ, Emma's son, 4 years old

AUGUST BAUMERT, Old Baumert's son

OLD ANSORGE

FRAU HEINRICH

OLD HILSE

FRAU HILSE, his wife

GOTTLIEB HILSE, their son

LUISE HILSE, his wife

MIELCHEN, their daughter, 6 years old

REIMANN

HEIBER

A BOY, 8 years old

DYEWORKERS

WEAVERS, a large crowd of young and old, men and women

The play is set in the 1840s in Kaschback in the Eulengebirge mountains, and in Peterswaldau and Langenbielau at the foot of the Eulengebirge.

ACT ONE

DREISSIGER's house in Peterswaldau. A large whitewashed room where the weavers deliver their finished cloth. On the left are windows without curtains; in the back wall a glazed door; and on the right a similar glazed door through which a constant traffic of weavers, and their wives and children, come and go. The right wall, like the others, is mostly obscured by wooden shelving for storing cotton. Along the right wall is a bench on which the weavers put down their finished cloth. In the order that they arrive, the weavers come forward to hand over their webs for inspection. PFEIFER, the manager, stands behind a large table on which the web is inspected. He uses a divider and a magnifying glass when carrying out the inspection. Once the inspection is finished, the weaver puts the web on a scale and an APPRENTICE checks its weight. The same APPRENTICE then puts the accepted cloth onto one of the storage shelves. PFEIFER calls out to the cashier, NEUMANN, who is sitting at a small table, the amount to be paid.

It is a sultry day towards the end of May. The clock indicates noon. Most of the weavers have the air of accused men at the bar of a court awaiting with tense anxiety the pronouncement of life or death. They give the impression of being bowed down by oppression. They are like supplicants for charity who have suffered humiliation upon humiliation, and who know that they are tolerated only so long as they cringe in docility. Their faces are engraved with a haunted, careworn, brooding expression. Most of them look like one another; half resembling a dwarf, half resembling a schoolmaster. Almost all are sunken-chested, cough-ridden, ashen-faced creatures, with knees permanently bent from sitting long hours at a loom. At first glance, their women folk seem less of a type. They look toil-worn, harassed, broken, whereas the men still manage to retain a sort of pitiful gravity. Also, while the men's clothes are at least patched, the women's are in rags. However, the young girls among them have certain appealing features: pale waxen skin, slender figures, and large protruding melancholy eyes.

CASHIER NEUMANN (*Counting out money.*) That leas sixteen siller groschen an twa pfennigs.

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN (*About thirty, very emaciated. Puts money away with trembling fingers.*) Thank you.

NEUMANN (*When the woman does not move on.*) Whit's wrang this time?

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN (*Agitatedly, begging.*) Could ye mebbe see yir wey tae lattin me hae an advance o' twa-three pfennigs? Ah'm in sair need.

NEUMANN An ah'm in sair need o' twa-three hunner thalers! Easy-bloody-peasy if a' we hid tae dae wis need! (*Already immersed in counting out money to another weaver. Curtly.*) A' requests fur advances are dealt wi by Herr Dreissiger personally.

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN Could ah mebbe hae a word wi him hissel then

PFEIFER (*Formerly a weaver. The typical characteristics are unmistakable. However, he is well-fed, well-groomed, well-clothed, clean-shaven, and is a heavy taker of snuff. He shouts across brusquely.*) Hoo the Christ div ye expec' Herr Dreissiger tae be arsed wi ivery pifflin request comes in here? It's oor joabs tae deal wi thum. (*He measures and examines a cloth with a magnifying glass.*) Damn't-tae-hell! Wha's lat that draught in? (*He wraps a thick scarf around his neck.*) Steek thon door when yese come in here!

APPRENTICE (*Loudly to PFEIFER.*) Micht as weel tak tae that wa'.

PFEIFER Ach, fling it oan the scales!

The WEAVER lifts his cloth onto the scales.

PFEIFER Nae peynt me even lookin at it. Ca' yirsel a weaver? Thon's a' raivelled intae lumps. Ah've tellt ye afore aboot that. Nae weaver worth his sa't wid alloo his yairn git fankled lik yon.

BAECKER enters. He is a young weaver, exceptionally strong, with a self-assuredness bordering on the impertinent. PFEIFER, NEUMANN and the APPRENTICE exchange knowing looks when he enters.

BAECKER Whooch, ah'm sweatin like a dug in heat.

FIRST WEAVER (*In a quiet voice.*) The rain's no faur awa'.

OLD BAUMERT pushes through the glazed door on the right. Outside can be seen waiting WEAVERS, crowded together shoulder to shoulder. OLD BAUMERT has hobbled forward and put his bundle down on the bench near BAECKER's. He sits down beside it and wipes the sweat from his face.

OLD BAUMERT Ah'm needin a sit-doon eftir humphin this.

BAECKER Aye, wha needs money whan ye kin aye plump yir erse doon fur a rest, eh?

OLD BAUMERT Ah widna say no till a puckle money an a'. Hoo's yirsel, Baecker?

BAECKER Nae bad, Faither Baumert. Looks like wur in fur anither lang wait here, eh?

OLD BAUMERT It's a' wan til thaim gin we hae tae hing oan here fur an hoor or a day. We're jist weavers, we coont fur nothin.

PFEIFER Pipe doon back thair! Ah kin scarce hear masel think!

BAECKER (*Quietly.*) Haein wan o' his sair-heid days again.

PFEIFER (*To the WEAVER standing before him.*) If ah've tellt ye wance ah've tell ye a hunner times! Yuv goat tae redd up yir wabs better nor this! Look at the state o' this claith! Hit's fu o' durt, bits o' strae as lang's ma finger...a' kinna muck an fulth.

WEAVER REIMANN Ah canna help stoor gittin intil it.

APPRENTICE (*Has weighed the cloth.*) The wecht's shoart an a'.

PFEIFER Ca' thumsels weavers? It's a sheer waste o' guid yairn. In ma time, bi Christ, ma maister wid've chowed ma ba's aff fur less. Weavin wis an a' thegither different trade in thae days. Standards wur set. Ye taen pride in yir wark. But noo? Naebdy bathers a damn. Reimann, ten groschen.

WEAVER REIMANN A pund is aye allooit fur waste.

PFEIFER Ah've nae time tae argie. Shift yirsel. (*To the next WEAVER.*) Show's yours.

WEAVER HEIBER (*Offers his cloth. Whilst PFEIFER is inspecting it, HEIBER comes up close to him and speaks in a low, urgent voice.*) Forgie me fur askin, Herr Pfeifer, but, cud ye mebbe see yir wey, ken, dae us a favour like, an no tak ma advance pey affa ma money this time, eh?

PFEIFER (*Measuring and inspecting, sarcastically.*) Weel, weel, wid ye credit that! Whit a braw joab! Hid ye wan o' yir een steekit whan ca'in yir shuttle?

WEAVER HEIBER (*Continues as before.*) Ah'll be shair'n mak it up the comin week. Ah loast twa days last week. Ah wes forced pit twa days in warkin oan the Coont's estate. Forbye, ma wife's lyin seek at hame...

PFEIFER (*Putting the cloth on the scales.*) Here's anither richt hash. *(Already starting to examine another web of cloth.*) Ca' this a selvage? Broad wan meenit, nairrie the nixt! A richt dug's brekfast! It's full o' scobs an a' -- yir shuttle's bin passin oan the wrang side o' the waarp threids. Thurs scarce seeventy threids tae a inch. Whar's the rest gan? Ah've nivir clapped een oan sic pair craftsmanship in a' ma boarn days.

WEAVER HEIBER stands humiliated and helpless, fighting back tears.

BAECKER (*In a low voice to BAUMERT.*) The bastart wid hiv us pey fur the yairn tae if he cud git awa' wi it.

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN (*Who has only withdrawn a few steps from the cashier's table. She has remained rooted to the spot, but from time to time her eyes have stared helplessly around. She now plucks up courage and turns imploringly toward the CASHIER again.*) Ah canna mak ends meet...Ah dinna ken whar...Ah jist canna ging oan like this...If you dinna gie me an advance then...Oh, Jesus, Jesus...

PFEIFER (*Calls across.*) Whit's a' this Jesus, Jesus! Lea him in peace! Yiv niver gien muckle thocht tae the Lord Jesus afore noo, sae steek yir gab. Gin ye peyed mair attention till that man o' yours, ye widna be in the queer street yir in the day. Ye'd be better advised tae save yir braith fur huntin him oot that den o' a tavern whar he sits flingin drink doon his neck ilkae day. We canna gie oot advances. We hae tae accoont fur ivery pfennig here. Hit's no oor money. If sae much as a pfennig is missin, it's us his tae foark oot. Hard-workin, God-fearin fowk hae nae need o' advances. Neither a borrower nor a lender be. Ah waant tae hear nae mair oot ye.

NEUMANN Even supposin a weaver frae Bielau wur peyed fower times as much, he'd jist squaander it fower time ower an land up till his lugs in debt as he aye dis.

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN (*In a loud voice, as if appealing to everyone's sense of justice.*) Naebdy kin accuse me o' bein lazy -- It's jist ah canna gan oan this wey onymair. Ah've hid twa miscairrages, an ma man's no fit tae wark mair nor half a week. He tried tae see gin the shepherd up at Zerlau cud cure him but it wis ayont his pooers even...A boady'll only staun sae much...We wark a' the hoors wur able. We div a' we kin. Ah've no slept a nicht through fur weeks, but ah'll be a'richt again gin ah kin jist git this weakness oot ma boady...git ma strength back. (Imploring.) Fur the love o' God, hae some peety! Oot the goodness o' yir hert ye'll shairly see yir wey tae lat me hae twa-three groschen jist this yince, eh?

PFEIFER (*Unmoved.*) Fiedler, eleeven groschen.

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN Jist twa-three groschen so's we kin buy some breid, eh? The fermer'll no gie us ony mair tick. Wuv oor bairns tae feed...

NEUMANN (*In a low voice and with mock seriousness to the APPRENTICE.*)
Ilka year his pregnant dame
Keeps the weaver douce an tame

APPRENTICE (*Completing the rhyme.*)
Frae the cradle tae the loom
Chaavin till the crack o' doom

WEAVER REIMANN (*Not touching the money the CASHIER has counted out for him.*) Wuv aye hid thurteen an a hauf groschen a web.

PFEIFER (*Calls over.*) Gin hit's no till yir likin, Reimann, a' ye need dae is say the word. Weavers ur ten a penny. Specially wans lik you. Ye'll git full pey whan yir wab's the full wecht.

WEAVER REIMANN Ah canna see hoo thur kin be onyhin wrang wi the wecht.

PFEIFER The day you bring a wab in here wi nae fa't in it, thur'll be naehin wrang wi yir pey.

WEAVER REIMANN But thur're nae fa'ts in this claith.

PFEIFER (*As he inspects.*) Him 'at weaves weel, lives weel.

WEAVER HEIBER has stayed near PFEIFER awaiting a favourable moment. He smiled with the others at PFEIFER's remark, and now he comes forward and speaks to him as before.

WEAVER HEIBER Herr Pfeifer, whut ah wis waantin tae ask ye wis if ye cud mebbe see yir wey tae no deductin the five groschen advance affen ma pey this week. Ma wife's been bedridden sin Easter. She's no been fit fur tae wark. Ah've hid tae pey a lassie fill the bobbins fur me. That's hoo...

PFEIFER (*Taking snuff.*) Heiber, thurs ithers here waitin thur turn. Ah've mair nor you tae 'tend tae, ye ken.

WEAVER REIMANN That's hoo the yairn wes gien me. Ah filled ma bobbins wi it in the same condeetion, an taen it aff ma loom in the self-same condeetion. Ah canna fetch back better yairn nor ah'm gien hame in the furst place.

PFEIFER Gin it's no till yir likin, ye ken whit ye kin dae. Thurs umpteen here queuein up fur it.

NEUMANN (*To REIMANN.*) Ye waantin the money or no?

WEAVER REIMANN Ah canna accept sma' pey like thon.

NEUMANN (*No longer bothering with REIMAN.*) Heiber, ten groschen...Minus five groschen fur the advance...Leaves five groschen.

WEAVER HEIBER (*Steps forward, looks at the money, shakes his head in disbelief, then slowly and carefully takes it and pockets it.*) Dear God Almichty! (*Sighing.*) Dear God...

OLD BAUMERT (*To HEIBER.*) Aye, aye, Franz, yuv guid reason tae seek his help.

WEAVER HEIBER (*Wearily.*) Ah've a lassie lyin no weel at hame. She's needin a boattle frae the doactir.

OLD BAUMERT Whit's wrang wi her?

WEAVER HEIBER She's niver been richt frae the day she wis boarn. Ah canna pit a name till it. A' ah kin tell ye is it wis wi her when she cam intae the warld. Bad blood o' some kind, if ye ask me. She breks oot intae sairs athoot warnin.

OLD BAUMERT Thurs aye a somethin, eh? A'bdy suffers the same wey. Misfortune follies pair fowk lik us. Thurs nae end till it. Nae joukin it.

WEAVER HEIBER Whut ye goat thair in yir bundle?

OLD BAUMERT We hidna a crumb left in the hoose tae eat. Ah'd nae option but

hae oor wee dowg killt. No thit thur wis much tae him, he wis hauf-sterved an a'. He wes a richt guid wee dowg...ah hidna the hert tae kull him masel...ah'd somedy else dae it.

PFEIFER (*Having inspected BAECKER's web, calls out.*) Baecker, thurteen'n a half groschen.

BAECKER Ca' that pey? Mair liker chairity.

PFEIFER Thaim 'at's been dealt wi, shift thur carcases oot o' here. We canna git movin here fur yese.

BAECKER (*To those standing about, not lowering his voice.*) This money's doonricht insultin. Wur expectit tae ca' oor pans oot trampin oor treadles moarnin, noon an nicht fur this pittance? Yir thirled till a loom echteen days athoot a brek, deid duin, yir heid birlin wi the heat an stoor, an thuv the neck tae turn roond an oaffer ye thirteen an a half groschen?

PFEIFER Ah'm waantin nane o' your snash.

BAECKER Ah'll no haud ma tongue fur you.

PFEIFER (*Leaps up, shouting.*) Wull see aboot that*!* *(Goes to the glazed door and calls into the office.*) Herr Dreissiger! Herr Dreissiger, could ye spare a meenit, sur!

DREISSIGER (*Enters. Early forties, stout, asthmatic, stern-faced.*) Aye, Pfeifer, what is it?

PFEIFER (*Angrily.*) Baecker's tongue's batherin him.

DREISSIGER (*Draws himself up, throws back his head and stares at BAECKER with quivering nostrils.*) His name's Baecker, eh? (*To PFEIFER.*) That him? (*PFEIFER nods.*)

BAECKER (*Impudently.*) Got it furst go, Herr Dreissiger! (*Pointing to himself.*) This is him. (*Pointing to DREISSIGER.*) An that's a him an a'.

DREISSIGER (*Indignantly.*) Jist who dis he think he's ta'kin till?

PFEIFER He disna ken whit side his breid is buttered oan. He'll open his mooth wance ower aften.

BAECKER (*Aggressively.*) You shut it, ya erse-sooker. Yir mither musta grat tae've gien birth tae sic a twistit faced gett!

DREISSIGER (*Loses his temper and bellows.*) Cut that oot! Cut that oot this instant or ah'll... (*He trembles, takes a few steps forward.*)

BAECKER (*Standing his ground determinedly.*) Nae need tae bawl. Ah'm no daif.

DREISSIGER (*Controls himself, and asks with apparent business-like calm.*) Is he no wan o' thae...?

PFEIFER Weavers frae Bielau. Aye, thur richt trouble-makers.

DREISSIGER (*Trembling.*) Jist so. Well, ah'm gien you a warnin: if it happens again, like last nicht, thit a gang o' drunken young hooligans come by ma hoose singin that seditious sang...

BAECKER 'The Sang o' Blood and Justice', ye mean?

DREISSIGER Fine you ken the sang ah mean. An ah'm warnin you, if ah iver hear it again, ah'll catch wan o' ye an hand him ower tae the State Prosecutor. An if ah iver fund oot wha wrote that abomination o' a sang...

BAECKER Hit's a braw sang!

DREISSIGER Anither word oot o' you an ah'll send fur the polis -- ye hear! An that's no an empty threat! Ah've dealt wi your type afore. Ah kin eat young toe-rags lik you fur brekfast.

BAECKER That ah kin believe. Factory owners like you are weel yaised tae feedin aff the corpses o' weavers... aye, and aff the flesh ae the leevin wans an a'. Yese pick oor banes clean like vultures. Ah kin weel believe ye'd eat young "toe-rags" like me.

DREISSIGER (*To PFEIFER.*) See this yin gits nae mair wark frae us.

BAECKER It's nae skin aff ma nose whither ah sterve ower a loom or at the back o' a dyke.

DREISSIGER Clear oot o' here this instant! March!

BAECKER (*Firmly.*) Ah'm waantin ma pey furst.

DREISSIGER Whut's he due, Neumann?

NEUMANN Twel' groschen an five pfennig.

DREISSIGER (*Grabs the money from the CASHIER in such haste that a few coins roll onto the floor when he throws the money down on the counter.*) Thair's yir pey! Noo clear oot ma sicht! Move!

BAECKER Ah'm waantin ma pey furst.

DREISSIGER There's yir pey. Tak it an git oot o' here wance an fur a'...Shift yirsel or...It's twel' a'cloack an ma dyers are lowsin fur thur denners...

BAECKER Ma pey is handit tae me. Ah git it here. (*Points to the palm of his left hand.*)

DREISSIGER (*To the APPRENTICE.*) Pick it up, Tilgner

The APPRENTICE picks up the money and places it in BAECKER's hand.

BAECKER Thur's a richt wey o' daein things. (*Without hurrying, he puts the money in an old purse.*)

DREISSIGER Weel? (*Impatiently, as BAECKER still does not leave.*) Ye waant a push?

A commotion arises among the crowd of WEAVERS.
A long, deep sigh is heard and then someone falls.
Everyone's attention is drawn to this occurrence.

DREISSIGER Whut's adae thair?

VARIOUS WEAVERS AND WEAVER WOMEN Somedy's faintit. -- It's a wee laddie. He's no weel. -- Whit's wrang wi him? -- Is it the pneumonie?

DREISSIGER (*Going up closer.*) Whit's adae ower here? Wha's faintit?

OLD WEAVER He's oan the flair.

They make room for DREISSIGER. An eight-year old BOY can be seen lying on the floor as if dead.

DREISSIGER Dis somedy ken wha this laddie is?

OLD WEAVER He's no frae oor village.

OLD BAUMERT He looks lik wan o' the Heinrich bairns. *(He looks at him more closely.)* Aye, 'at's whae he is richt aneuch. 'At's Heinrich's wee lauddie, Gustav.

DREISSIGER Where dis his faimly bide?

OLD BAUMERT Up aboot us at Kaschbach, Herr Dreissiger. The faither gans roond the hooses at nicht entertainin wi his fiddle tae eke oot thir livin...in the daytime he slaves ower his loom. Thuv nine bairns an anither ain oan the wey.

VARIOUS WEAVERS AND WEAVER WOMEN Thuv no goat thir troubles tae seek, the pair sowls. -- The waater poors through thir ruif whan it rains. -- The bairns've hairdly a stitch o' claes oan thir backs.

OLD BAUMERT (*Shaking the boy.*) Come oan, noo, laddie. Wak up! Whit's wrang wi ye?

DREISSIGER Catch a haud o' him. Wull lift him up. Hoo could a mither or faither alloo a seek bairn like this wa'k a' this wey? It's a doonricht disgrace! Pfeifer, fetch some waater!

WEAVER WOMAN (*Helping him sit up.*) Noo, dinna gan an dee oan us, bairnie.

DREISSIGER Or brandy, Pfeifer. Brandy'd be better.

BAECKER (*Forgotten by everyone, he has stood watching. Now, with his hand on the door-handle, he calls across, loudly and mockingly.*) Pit some breid in his mooth an he'll perk up fast aneuch. (*He exits.*)

DREISSIGER That wan'll git his comeuppance. Grup him bi the oxter, Neumann. Gently dis it...Tak it easy...That's the stuff...There noo...Wull tak him intill ma oaffice. Eh? -- What wis that?

NEUMANN He tried tae say somethin, Herr Dreissiger! Look, his lips ur movin.

DREISSIGER What is it, lad?

THE BOY (*Whispering.*) Stervin -- Ah'm stervin!

DREISSIGER (*Turning pale.*) Ah canna mak him oot.

WEAVER WOMAN Ah think he's sayin he's...

DREISSIGER Wull fund oot suin enough. Dinna haud us back. Thurs nae time tae loass. He kin lie doon oan ma settle. Then wull see whit the doactir his tae say.

DREISSIGER, NEUMANN, and the WEAVER WOMAN carry the BOY into the office. Excitement arises among the WEAVERS like among school children when the teacher has left the classroom. They stretch their limbs, shift from one foot to the other, and begin whispering. Within a few seconds there is loud and general conversation.

OLD BAUMERT If ye ask me, Baecker is richt.

VARIOUS WEAVERS AND WEAVER WOMEN Whut he said wes true. -- It's naethin new aroon here, fowk faintin wi stervation. -- Aye, an thull be mair o' it this winter gin they keep cuttin back oor pey lik this. -- Wi a' the wat wuv hid it's gauntae be a bad year fur the tattie hervest forbye. -- Thull no lift a finger tae help us, even supposin wur streetched deid oan the grun.

OLD BAUMERT Micht as weel end it a' lik thon weaver frae Nentwich done -- pit a rope ower yir heid an hing yirself frae yir loom. Here, tak a pinch o' snuff. It's richt guid...frae Neurode...ma guid-brither warks in the factory thair..he gien me a puckle tae tak awa'. That a hanky or a poke yir hingin oan ticht tae thair?

OLD WEAVER A hanky. Ah've a puckle berley in it. The miller in Ullbrich's cairt wes in front me oan the road an thur wes a wee hole in wan o' the secks. Even a haunfie's worth the haein, ah kin tell ye.

OLD BAUMERT Twinty-twa mill thur ur in Peterswaldau yit we hae tae gan wi'oot breid in oor mooths.

OLD WEAVER Dinna git dooncast. Somehin aye cams alang tae gie us hert tae trachle oan.

WEAVER HEIBER When wur hungry we hae tae pray till the Fourteen Saints, an if that disna full up wur belly, thurs naehin fur it but tae pit a chuckie in wur mooth an sook awa' oan it. That no richt, eh, Baumert?

DREISSIGER, PFEIFER and NEUMANN return.

DREISSIGER It wes naethin serious. The laddie's richt as rain again. (*Walks about, excited and puffing.*) Still an a', it's a doonricht disgrace. The bairn's jist a skelf, thurs nuthin o' him. Hoo onybody kin ca' thumsels a mither an faither an treat thir bairns that wey ah jist don't know -- treatin the pair laddie like a beast o' burden, hivin tae humph twa bundle o' claith a' that distance. From noo on the rule is that goods brought here by minors are not to be accepted. (*He paces back and forth in silence.*) Ah earnestly hope there'll be nae repeat o' this kinna thing again. Who shooders the blame fur it in the end, eh? -- The factory owners, plain an simple. We cairry the blame fur everythin. If some pair wee laddie collapses in the sna' in the wintertime, some reporter's shair tae come hurryin tae the scene, an twa days eftir the tragic story's splashed a' ower the newspapers. The faither an mither 'at sent a bairn like that oot in the furst place, aw no, they're niver the guilty yins, are they? Naw, naw, it's aye the factory owner's made oot the bad yin. The weaver's aye the innocent; it's the factory owner's aye the guilty pairty -- the wan 'at's made oot tae be hertless, the wan wha's name ony Tom, Dick or Harry o' a newspaper reporter feels free tae blacken. The factory owner's made oot tae be rollin in clover whiles peyin his pair weavers stervation wages. But thae self-same pen-pushers say no a cheep aboot hoo sic a man hes his ain troubles tae contend wi or aboot the risks he's obliged tae tak an 'at keep him awak' nicht eftir nicht...or aboot hoo his heid birls tryin tae balance his books -- addin, subtractin, multiplyin till he's near dementit...nor aboot the hunner an wan things he's responsible fur, the constant need tae keep up wi his competitors, the constant fight fur ivery profit...Thurs no wan single day in his life but he his tae thole loasses an setbacks, but thae newspaper reporters mention nocht a jot aboot that! An as fur a' thae hingers-oan the factory owner his roond his neck, 'at bleed him dry and mak thur livin aff him -- div they iver think o' a' that? Naw! You ains should try daein ma joab sometime -- that'd scunner yese suin enough! Ah kin assure ye o' that! (*Pause for reflection.*) Jist look at hoo that...that galoot, Baecker, cairried oan earlier. Noo he'll gan aroon misca'in me tae a'bdy he meets, sayin ah'm hard-hertit, 'at ah gie the heave tae ma weavers at a whim. Ah ask ye, is that true? Am ah cald-hertit lik that?

MANY VOICES No, Herr Dreissiger!

DREISSIGER Naw, that's no the wey ah see masel neither. And yit thae young hooligans ging roon here singin wicked sangs 'boot us factory owners. They complain thur stervin but thuv aye money tae fill thur bellies fu' wi drink. They think thur sufferin but they should go'n see the

distress amang the linen weavers. That'd fairly open thur een. You cotton weavers dinna ken yese're boarn -- yese should be doon oan yir knees thankin the Lord fur yir guid fortune. The auld, hardworkin, daicent weaver bodies' here 'mangst yese'll tell ye ah'm richt: kin a guid tradesman mak a livin wage workin fur me?

VERY MANY VOICES Aye, Herr Dreissiger!

DREISSIGER See! Of coorse, that wid be beyond the under-standin o' somedy like that Baecker troublemaker. But ah'm gien ye fair warnin, 'less ye keep him an his gang o' hooligans in check, ah'm flingin the hail thing in. Ah'll fold ma business lock, stock'n barrel, an then yese'll learn whar yir breid's been buttered. See then wha'll gie ye wark. It's a certainty it'll no be that impudent loon Baecker.

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN (*Has made her way up to DREISSIGER and with obsequious humility brushes some dust off his coat.*) Ye've rubbed against somehin, Herr Dreissiger, sur. Thurs a wee mairk oan yir coat. Lit me dicht it awa', sur.

DREISSIGER Trade's in a fell bad wey the noo, as yese weel ken. Ah'm no earnin money, ah'm loassin it haund ower fist. Yit, no'withstandin that, ah mak shair ma weavers aye hiv wark. The least ah'm entitled till is a wee bit gratitude in return therefore. Ah've thoosans o' wabs sittin oan shelves but ah stand here the day wi nae guarantee o' iver sellin thum...But because o' hearin aboot the great number o' weavers hereaboots in waant o' wark, ah've taen risks ah shouldna hiv...Is that no richt, Pfeifer? (*He nods vigorously.*) It's mebbe no fully appreciated the efforts ah mak oan your behalfs, but be assured ah've yir best interests at hert. As much as ah'd like till, ah'm no in a poseetion tae hand oot chairity -- ah'm no wealthy enough fur that. But as far as it's in ma pooers, ah kin gie idle hands the opportunity tae mak at least a wee somethin. Ah micht pit ma ain livelihood at great risk in daein that, but ah'm happy tae shooder the worry. Ma belief is, gin a a man kin wark tae provide a crust o' breid fur hissel ilkae day, better that than he sterves. Am ah no richt?

MANY VOICES Aye, Herr Dreissiger! Aye, sur!

DREISSIGER And therefore ah'm prepared tae tak oan anither twa hundred weavers. Pfeifer will explain tae ye the conditions o' employment. (*He is about to leave.*)

FIRST WEAVER WOMAN (*Steps into his path; her tone is anxious, imploring, urgent.*) Herr Dreissiger, sur, ah ken hoo kind ye are, so ah waantit tae ask gin ye could mebbe see yir wey tae grantin me...See, sur, ah've hid twa miscairrages an ma man...

DREISSIGER (*In a hurry.*) Aye, aye...speak tae Pfeifer aboot it, guidwife. Ah've loast enough time as it is. (*He leaves her standing there.*)

REIMANN (*Steps into his path; he speaks in an injured and accusing tone.*) Herr Dreissiger, ah'm sorry tae hiv tae raise the maitter, but ah've a complaint tae mak. Herr Pfeifer here has gien me...See, ah've aye been accustomed tae bein peyed twal an a half groschen a wab, but...

DREISSIGER (*Interrupts him*) Ma manager's the man tae ta'k tae. He's in chairge here. There he's ower thair.

HEIBER (*Stops DREISSIGER.*) Herr Dreissiger, sur. *(Stuttering, in nervous haste.*) Ah waantit tae ask if...mebbe, ken, ye cud see yir wey tae...like, sur, ken, you cud...cud hiv Herr Pfeifer...like, tell him ...tell him mebbe if he cud...

DREISSIGER Whit is it yir eftir, man?

HEIBER Weel, see, that advance pey ah goat the time afore, ah wis wonderin if...

DREISSIGER Ah dinna ken whit yir oan aboot.

HEIBER Ah wis in sair need, fur ma wife...

DREISSIGER Maitters like that are Pfeifer's responsibility. Pfeifer'll deal wi it. Ah canna be expectit tae... Speak you wi Pfeifer. (*He escapes into the office.*)

The supplicants look helplessly at one another.
One after another they retreat, sighing.

PFEIFER (*Resumes inspecting again.*) So, Annie, whit's this ye've brocht fur us the day?

OLD BAUMERT Hoo much ye peyin fur a wab the day then, Herr Pfeifer?

PFEIFER Ten groschen the wab.

OLD BAUMERT That's jist as ah jaloosed!

A stir of whispering and grumbling among the weavers.

Curtain.

ACT TWO

A room in the cottage of WILHELM ANSORGE in Kaschbach in the Eulengebirge mountains. It is a narrow room, less than six feet high, with a floor in an advanced state of decay and with rafters blackened with soot. Two young girls, EMMA and BERTHA BAUMERT, are sitting at their looms. MOTHER BAUMERT, a decrepit old woman, is sitting on a stool by her bed working at a spooling wheel. Her son, AUGUST, an idiot boy with a small body and head and long spidery limbs, is sitting on a foot-stool, also spooling yarn. He is twenty years old.

The weak, rose-tinged light cast by the setting sun filters through two small windows, which are no more than holes in the left wall partially stuffed with paper and straw. The light falls onto the girls' pale blond, loose hair; onto their bare, skinny shoulders and thin waxen necks; and onto the folds of their coarse blouses, which, along with a short skirt of the roughest linen, constitute their entire clothing. The warm glow falls fully upon the face, neck and chest of the old woman. Her face is wasted away to a skeleton, and her unhealthily pale skin is lined and wrinkled. Her sunken eyes are red and watery from the lint, the smoke, and from working by lamplight. She has a long goitrous neck with folds and sinews. Her sunken chest is wreathed in rags and scarves.

Part of the right wall is tinged with light, as are the stove, stove bench, bedstead, and several gaudily tinted holy pictures. There are rags hanging up to dry on the bar of the stove, and behind the stove can be seen a pile of junk. On the stove bench are some old pots and cooking utensils, as well as a quantity of potato peelings which have been placed there on paper to dry. Skeins and reels of yarn hang from the rafters. Baskets with bobbins stand beside the looms. In the back wall there is a door without a lock; and a bundle of willow switches leans against the wall next to it. Several damaged quarter-bushel baskets lie about near them. The room is filled with the noise of the looms: the rhythmic movement of the lathe which causes the floor and walls to vibrate, and the shuffle and clicking of the shuttle moving rapidly back and forth. Added to this is the constant dull whirring sound of the spooling wheels, which resembles the buzzing of bumblebees.

MOTHER BAUMERT (*In a pitiful, exhausted voice as the girls stop weaving to bend over their webs.*) No broken again?

EMMA (*Aged twenty-two. She is the older of the two girls. She is knotting the broken yarn.*) This yairn is yisless!

BERTHA (*Fifteen years old.*) Oor wabs'll be jist a mess o' thrums.

EMMA Whar kin he've goat till? He set oot frae here at nine a'cloack this moarnin.

MOTHER BAUMERT Ah'm gittin seek wi worry! Jist whar kin he be?

BERTHA Dinna start gittin upset, mither.

MOTHER BAUMERT Ah canna help masel!

EMMA continues weaving.

BERTHA Stoap, Emma!

EMMA Whey?

BERTHA Ah thocht ah heard a fitstep.

EMMA It'll be Ansorge comin hame.

A small, barefoot boy of four, dressed in rags, comes in crying.

FRITZ Mither, ah'm stervin...

EMMA Jist haud oan a wee bittie, Fritzie. It'll no be lang noo till yir Gran'faither's here. He's bringin breid an oats.

FRITZ But ah'm sair hungert, mither!

EMMA Ah'm jist new done tellin ye, he's oan his wey. He'll be here in a wee whilie. He'll hiv some bra' fresh breid wi him an a big bag o' oats. Suin's ma wark's feenished, ah'll tak the tattie peelins ower tae the fermer an he'll gie me a big bowel o' milk fur ye, eh?

FRITZ Whar's Granda' awa' tae?

EMMA He's awa' tae the factory, Fritzie, tae deliver a wab.

FRITZ The factory?

EMMA Aye, Fritzie, the factory! Dreissiger's factory doon in Peterswaldau.

FRITZ 'S 'at whar he gits the breid frae?

EMMA Soart o'. 'At's whar he gits the money frae so's he kin buy the breid.

FRITZ Dae they gie Granda' a loat o' money?

EMMA (*Impatiently.*) Och, wheesht, laddie. Lea aff pesterin me wi yir questions.

She continues weaving, as does BERTHA.
Then both stop again.

BERTHA August, gan an ask Ansorge gin we kin hae a wee bit licht.

AUGUST leaves. FRITZ goes with him.

MOTHER BAUMERT (*With increasing childlike fear, almost whining.*) Oh, ma lassies, whar cud he be till this time o' nicht?!

BERTHA Och, he'll jist hiv cried in oan Hauffen.

MOTHER BAUMERT (*Crying.*) As lang as he's no in that tavern!

EMMA Dinna git wrocht up, mither! Ye ken oor faither's no like that.

MOTHER BAUMERT (*Beside herself with worry.*) That's easy said...but supposin...jist supposin he lands hame fu' here wi his poackets empty...hes drunk a' the money...? Thurs no as much as a spuinfie o' sa't in the hoose, far less a moothfie o' breid...an wuv no a hing left tae pit oan the fire...

BERTHA Dinna upset yirsel, mither! It's a full muin the nicht. August kin cam wi us tae gaither firewid.

MOTHER BAUMERT Yese'll git catched bi the forester!

ANSORGE, an old weaver of huge build, who has to bend low to enter the room, sticks his head and shoulders through the doorway. His hair and beard look very unkempt.

ANSORGE Whut ye eftir?

BERTHA Wur needin some licht in here!

ANSORGE (*In a low voice, as if speaking in the presence of someone who is ill.*) Thurs licht aneuch tae be gittin oan wi.

MOTHER BAUMERT Wid ye hae us sittin in the dark noo even?

ANSORGE Ah hiv tae ca' canny. (*He exits.*)

BERTHA He's as meeserable as git oot!

EMMA Aye, noo we hiv tae sit here hingin oan till he thinks fit.

FRAU HEINRICH enters. She is thirty years old and pregnant. Her tired face is anxious and tense.

FRAU HEINRICH Hullo, a'body.

MOTHER BAUMERT Hullo, Frau Heinrich. Whit's adae?

FRAU HEINRICH (*Limping.*) Ah've a skelf o' wid in ma fit.

BERTHA Come here'n sit doon. Ah'll see if ah kin git it oot fur ye.

FRAU HEINRICH sits down. BERTHA kneels in front of her and busies herself with the foot.

MOTHER BAUMERT Hoo're hings at hame, Frau Heinrich?

FRAU HEINRICH (*Despairingly.*) Ah canna thole much mair, ah'm at ma wit's end. (*She struggles in vain against a flood of tears; then she weeps silently.*)

MOTHER BAUMERT The best thing cud happen till fowk lik us, Frau Heinrich, wis gin the Guid Lord wur tae tak peety oan us an remove us frae this warld a'thegither.

FRAU HEINRICH (*Losing her self-control, she cries out, weeping.*) Ma pair bairns are stervin! (*She sobs and moans.*) Ah'm at ma wit's end. Ah dinna ken whit tae dae. Ye jist rin frae pillar tae post till yir worn oot an fit tae drap. Ah feel lik daith waarmed up but ah've goat tae force masel keep gaun. Ah've nine stervin mooths tae feed but whut wi? Last nicht we hid jist a wee bit o' breid atween us a', less even than wid o' fed the twa wee-est ains alane. Ah hid tae decide which wan tae gie it tae. They a' shouted at yince: "Me, mither! Mither, me! Me!"...This is whit happens noo, when ah'm still able tae git aboot -- but whut's gauntae happen the day ah canna rise oot ma bed ony mair? The puckle tatties we hud left wur waashed awa' bi the spate. We hivna a scrap left tae eat.

BERTHA (*Has removed the splinter of wood and washed the wound.*) Ah'll tie a rag roon it noo. (*To EMMA.*) Look an see if ye kin fund wan, eh?

MOTHER BAUMERT We're nae better aff here neither, Frau Heinrich.

FRAU HEINRICH At least you've aye yir lassies tae help...an ye've a man aye fit tae wark forbye. Mines took a turn an collapsed again last week. It pit the fear o' daith in me. Ah didna ken whit tae dae wi him. When he's hid wan o' his attacks lik thon, he hes tae stey in his bed fur a full week.

MOTHER BAUMERT Mines is no muckle better. He's oan the brink o' a collapse an a'. He gits pains in his chist an back. We hivna a pfennig left in the hoose. If he disna pit some money oan the table the nicht, ah jist dinna ken hoo we kin ging oan.

EMMA That's the God's honest truth, Frau Heinrich. Wur in that bad a wey ma faither hid tae tak oor wee dowg, Ami, tae hiv somedy kull him so's we cud git somethin solid in oor stomachs again.

FRAU HEINRICH Div ye no mebbe hiv a haunfie o' floor ye could spare even?

MOTHER BAUMERT No even, Frau Heinrich. Wuv no as much as wan grain o' sa't left in the hoose.

FRAU HEINRICH Weel, ah've jist nae idea whit mair ah kin dae. (*She gets up, and stands pondering.*) Ah'm at the end o' ma tether! Whit's tae become o' us? (*Crying out in anger and fear.*) Fur-the-love-o'-God, we'd eat pig's swill even! But ah jist canna gan hame empty-handit! Ah canna! May the Guid Lord forgie me, but ah kin dae nae mair. (*She limps out quickly, placing weight on the heel of her left foot only.*)

MOTHER BAUMERT (*Calls after her, warning.*) Frau Heinrich! Frau Heinrich! Dinna you go'n dae somehin daft noo!

BERTHA Dinna git fashed. She'll no dae hersel a herm.

EMMA She aye cairries oan lik thon. (*She sits at her loom again and weaves for a few seconds.*)

AUGUST enters, carrying a candle to light the way for his father, OLD BAUMERT, who is dragging a bundle of yarn.

MOTHER BAUMERT In the name o' God, whar've ye been till this time o' nicht, faither?

OLD BAUMERT Ah've scarce set ma fit ower the door an a'ready yir bitin ma heid aff. Gie me a chaunce git ma braith back, wull ye? Hiv a keek an see wha's comin in at the back o' me.

MORITZ JAEGER enters, stooping to get through the doorway. He is a well-built, red-cheeked reservist of average height. His Hussar's cap is set at a jaunty angle on his head, and he is wearing smart clothes and shoes, and a clean, collarless shirt. Having entered, he draws himself to attention and gives a military salute.

MORITZ JAEGER (*With military manner.*) Good evening, Auntie Baumert!

MOTHER BAUMERT Weel, weel, is this no a surprise noo! Yir hame again? Ye hidna forgoatten us eftir a'! Come oan an sit yirsel doon ower here.

EMMA (*Wipes a wooden stool with her skirt and pushes it over to JAEGER.*) Hullo, Moritz! Ye back hame fur tae see hoo pair fowk exist?

JAEGER Can this be Emma? I'd hardly have guessed! And is this you with a laddie vernear old enough tae be a sodger? Where did ye find him, I'm wonderin?

BERTHA (*Takes the little food her father has brought, puts the meat in a pan and places it in the oven, while AUGUST builds a fire.*) Div ye mind the weaver cried Finger?

MOTHER BAUMERT He bade here wi us at wan time. He wis keen tae mairry her, but his lungs wur in a bad wey even afore... Ah warned that lassie time and again, but wid she listen? He's been deid an awa' a lang time past noo an she's left tae bring up the lauddie as best she kin. But come oan, Moritz, tell us a' your news.

OLD BAUMERT Dinna be sae nebbie, mither. Yiv een in yir haid -- kin ye no see he's weel-fed an dressed lik a prince? An that's no tae mention the siller timepiece and the ten thalers in his pooch. He's lauchin up his sleeve at us.

JAEGER (*Adopts a boastful posture, with a pleased, self-important smile on his face.*) I can't complain. The army's been good tae me.

OLD BAUMERT He wes an orderly tae a cavalry Captain nae less. Jist listen tae him -- he ta'ks fantoosh like a richt gentleman!

JAEGER I picked up the way they talk...Now it jist comes natural like!

MOTHER BAUMERT Weel, it's a richt surprise! Ah waant ye tae tell me hoo a haunless lauddie like you wur cud cam intill money lik thon. Fair yissless, ye wur. Ye cudna spool mair nor wan bobbin athoot gittin the yairn a' fankled. Ye wur aye doadgin aff tae set traps fur robins an fieldmoose That wis aboot yir limit. Noo, is that no the truth?

JAEGER The truth it is, Auntie Baumert. But it wasna robins I caught, it wis swallows.

EMMA Even though we yaised tae warn him swallies are peysonous.

JAEGER I wasn't carin. So, how are you all, Auntie Baumert?

MOTHER BAUMERT Oh, dear God, ye needna ask! It's been affa bad, fell bad this past fower year. Ah've been crippled wi pains. Jist tak a look at ma fingers here. Ah dinna ken gin hit's rheumatics or whut. It's been sheer meesery! Ah kin scarce move a muscle. Naebdy kens the pains ah've hid tae thole.

OLD BAUMERT She's sair afflictit wi thum noo. She'll no be lang fur this warld.

BERTHA Wuv goat tae pit her claes oan fur her in the moarnin, tak thum aff again at nicht. Wuv tae spuinfeed her like a wee bairn.

MOTHER BAUMERT (*Continuing in a plaintive, tearful voice.*) They hiv tae dae iverythin fur me. It's bad aneuch bein seek athoot bein a burden an a'. Ah've prayed an prayed an prayed till the Guid Lord Above tae tak me awa' oot the road. O Jesus, hae mercy an tak me oot this vale o' tears! Ah canna staun this ony mair...Ah jist canna. Ah ken fowk'll think... But ah've wrocht hard a' ma days -- sin when ah wis a wee lassie jist. Ah've aye been a hard worker, aye duin ma day's darg, but noo, a' o' a sudden...(*She tries in vain to get up.*)...Ah'm no able dae a thing. Ah'm blessed wi a guid man and guid bairns, but if a' ah kin dae is sit by an waatch... Look at the state o' thae lassies! Thur as white as sheets; thurs scarce a drap o' blood left in thum. They wark an wark, trampin thon treadle wi'oot complaint. That's nae life tae speak o'. Thur yokit tae that loom the haill year athoot a brek. Thuv slaved an slaved an slaved yit they huvna a dress tae pit oan thur backs so's they kin git oot the hoose a whilie, or gan tae the church even. Young bit lassies o' fifteen an twinty, yit they look like thir no lang fur thur coaffins.

BERTHA (*At the stove.*) It's startit reekin again.

OLD BAUMERT Wid ye look at that reek! But div you think we kin git somethin duin aboot it?! That stove's fa'in tae bits; it's past soartin. Wuv jist tae pit up wi it an swaallie the soot. A' o' us his bad chists, ilk'ain worse nor the ither. We a' coaugh fit tae dee. It widna maitter supposin we did choke tae daith -- no a sowl wid care.

JAEGER But it's Ansorge's responsibility. He has tae sort it.

BERTHA Try tellin him that. He's aye girnin at us.

MOTHER BAUMERT He thinks we tak up ower muckle space in here as it is.

OLD BAUMERT Gin we wur tae say somethin, he'd pit us oot. He's hid nae rent frae us this six month past.

MOTHER BAUMERT Ye'd think a man lik him, bidin oan his ain, wid be a bit mair freenly-like.

OLD BAUMERT He's strugglin an a', mither. Things are as bad wi him as weel. He jist disna ta'k aboot it.

MOTHER BAUMERT He hes his hoose though.

OLD BAUMERT Dinna be daft, mither. Thurs scarce a flairboard he kin ca' his ain.

JAEGER (*Sits down. Takes a short pipe hung with a tassel from one pocket and a bottle of brandy from the other.*) Things canna go on like this. I'm fell shocked tae see how bad things are. I've seen dugs in the city livin in better conditions than you folk here.

OLD BAUMERT (*Eagerly.*) You've hut the nail oan the haid! You've seen it wi yir ain een an you ken it's true. But if ony o' us complain, they jist tell us times is bad.

ANSORGE enters with an earthenware bowl of soup in one hand and a half-finished basket in the other.

ANSORGE Welcome hame, Moritz! This you back wi us again?

JAEGER Thank you, Father Ansorge; aye.

ANSORGE (*Pushing his bowl into the oven.*) Wid ye look at him! Ye'd think he wes a Coont nae less!

OLD BAUMERT Lit him see yir bra' timepiece. He hes a split-new suit tae, *and* ten siller thalers in cash!

ANSORGE (*Shaking his head.*) Weel, weel, weel, wid ye credit that!

EMMA (*Putting the potato peelings into a little sack.*) Ah'm takkin the tattie peelins ower noo. It'll mebbe be enough fur a wee drap milk. (*She exits.*)

JAEGER (*While they all watch him attentively and admiringly.*) Mind the hard time ye used tae give me? Just you wait till yir in the army, Moritz, ye used tae say...they'll take ye in hand. And so they did, as ye can see. The army's good tae ye if yir willin work, as I was. In six month I got ma first stripe...I polished the sergeant's buits, groomed his

horse, fetched his beer -- and always at the trot. I did things in double-quick time. Ma uniform wes always spick and span, ma tackle clean an shinin. I wes first in the stable, first tae roll-call, first in the saddle; an when it wes time tae ride intae attack, hell's bells, I was intae the stramash like a wildman! I wes as keen as mustard. I watched like a hawk, learned as much as I could. I knew once I wes in the army I had nobody tae help me an that it wes up tae me tae make a go o' it -- and so I did. I made my mark: wan time the captain singled me out in front the haill squadron and says, "This man is all that a Hussar should be." (*Silence. He lights his pipe.*)

ANSORGE (*Shaking his head.*) So ye landit oan yir feet, eh? Wha wid hae thocht it! Weel, weel, weel!

He sits down on the floor with the willow switches beside him. Holding the basket between his legs, he goes on with mending it.

OLD BAUMERT Lit's hope ye brocht some o' that guid fortune wi ye. -- Hoo's aboot a wee drink tae celebrate yir return?

JAEGER Aye, certainly, Father Baumert. When this is finished, there's more where it came frae. (*He throws a coin onto the table.*)

ANSORGE (*With a stupid grin of amazement.*) Michty me, whit cairryins-oan!...A roast in the oven ower thair, an a boattle o' brandy here -- (*He drinks from the bottle.*) -- Yir guid health, Moritz! Weel, weel, weel! Wha wid o' thocht it, eh?

From now on the bottle of brandy is passed around.

OLD BAUMERT Ah'd settle fur a bit meat oan Holy Days jist, insteed o' haein tae wait months an months as we dae. Eftir this, it'll likely be a year till anither wee dowg chances by like this wan did fower week past. It's no oaften that guid fortune comes oor wey nooadays.

ANSORGE Ye hid Ami killt?

OLD BAUMERT He wid've sterved tae daith onyhows...

ANSORGE Weel, weel, weel.

MOTHER BAUMERT He wes sich a braw, freenly wee dowg.

JAEGER You're still partial to roastit dug around here then?

OLD BAUMERT Oh, Jesus, aye. We'd stap oorsels fu' wi it gin we cud git aneuch.

MOTHER BAUMERT Aye, a wee bit meat dis ye guid.

OLD BAUMERT Ye loast yir taste fur that kinna thing? Weel, gin ye bide oan here, Moritz, ye'll git it back suin aneuch.

ANSORGE (*Sniffing.*) My, my, my!...That's a bra' smell...Ah'll wager it tastes bra' an a'.

OLD BAUMERT (*Sniffing.*) Aye, that's real meat, richt aneuch.

ANSORGE Moritz, you've bin oot in the wide warld. Whit's yir opinion? -- Kin things cheynge fur us weavers here or no?

JAEGER I would hope so.

ANSORGE We kin neither live nor dee up here. Wur in a fell bad wey, ah kin tell ye. Ye fecht an trachle oan but in the end ye hae tae gie in. The poverty grinds yir speerit doon. In the a'ld days whan it wes still worth warkin oan the looms, ye cud jist aboot squeeze by, 'spite o' the stervation an meesery. But nooadays, month eftir month kin pass athoot ony bit o' wark comin forrit. The basket weavin's duin fur noo tae. Ah sit daein basket eftir basket till weel intae the nicht, an bi the time ah cra'l intill ma bed ah've made the princely sum o' wan groschen six pfennigs. You've hid a education; kin you tell me hoo fowk are meant tae manage whan the coast o' a' thing's gan up a' the time? Ah hiv tae fund three thaler fur hoose tax, wan thaler fur land tax, an three thaler fur interest. Wi luck ah kin mak fourteen thaler, so that lea's me seevin thaler tae live oan a' year. Oot o' that ah hiv tae feed masel, buy firewid, claes an shuin, keep a ruif ower ma heid,

forbye meet God kens whit ither soarts o' ootlays. Is it ony wunner a body canna pey the interest?

OLD BAUMERT Somedy should gan tae Berlin an lit the King ken the distress wur in.

JAEGER That wouldna do much good, Father Baumert. People know about it a'ready through the newspapers -- they've been full o' it. But the rich twist an turn that much they kin get the better o' the cleverest Christians.

OLD BAUMERT (*Shaking his head.*) An Berlin kin dae naehin?!

ANSORGE Div you think that's richt, Moritz? Is thur nae law we kin appeal tae? Gin ye wark yir fingers tae the bane but still canna meet yir interest peyment, kin the fermer tak ma hoose awa' frae me? He's chasin me fur his money an ah'm feared fur the ootcome. If ah hiv tae shift oot ma hoose...(*Speaking through tears.*) Ah wis boarn in this place; here ma faither sat at his loom fur forty year an mair. Aften he wid say tae ma mither: "Gin ah dee afore ye, niver lit this hoose go." "Ah've wrocht lang an hard fur it", he wid say. "Ivery last nail an beam ah've sterved an sweatit bluid fur". Widn't ye no think they'd...

JAEGER If it comes tae the bit, they'd take the shirt aff yir back.

ANSORGE Weel, gin it comes tae pass, ah'd raither be cairrit oot in a boax than be evictit frae here in ma auld age. Ah'm no feart fur deein. Ma faither lookit daith full in the face -- it wes only at the hinnerend a bit fear cam ower him. But when ah cra'led intil the bed aside him, he quaietened doon again. Tae think ah wes jist a thirteen year auld laddie then. Ah wis sae tired ah dovered aff richt aside him -- an whan ah roused he wis lyin up against me, stane cald.

MOTHER BAUMERT (*After a pause.*) Bertha, gie Ansorge his soup oot the oven.

BERTHA Here ye are, Father Ansorge!

ANSORGE (*Weeping as he eats.*) Aye, weel! Aye, weel!

OLD BAUMERT has begun to eat the meat out of the pan.

MOTHER BAUMERT Noo, faither, jist haud oan a meenutie till Bertha gits the table set.

OLD BAUMERT (*Chewing.*) It's twa year past sin ah went the church. That day ah mairched strecht oot an sellt ma guid Sunday claes. We bocht a wee bit pork wi the money. This is the furst moothfie o' meat's passed ma lips sin then.

JAEGER That's because the factory owners eat it for us. They choke in the stuff. If you dinna believe me, go doon tae Bielau and Peterswaldau and take a look. Mansion eftir mansion, wi big glass windaes and wee towers like in castles and fancy wrought iron railins. I'm tellin you, the factory owners arena sufferin hardship -- far from it. They can afford no jist big drippin roasts but cakes an pastries, carriages and coaches, governesses and God knows what else! They're reekin o' money. They hiv that much they don't know whut tae dae wi it.

ANSORGE It wes a'thegither different in the a'ld days. Then they yaised gie the weavers sufficient tae git by. Nooadays they keep it a' till thirsels. Ah pit it a' doon tae the fac' 'at fowk in high places believe in nuthin nae mair, neither the Deevil nor God. They cudna care less aboot the ten Commandments and punishment. They steal the vera breid oot oor mooths then stand by an watch us sterve. A' oor troubles stems frae them. Gin the factory owners wur daicent men, we widna be sufferin the distress we are.

JAEGER Here's something good. Listen to this. (*He takes some pieces of paper from his pocket.*) August, go you and run tae the tavern fur another quart o' brandy. What're you laughin at? What's sae funny?

MOTHER BAUMERT He's aye smilin, aye happy. Ah dinna ken whit's wrang wi him. Disna maitter whit happens, he jist lauchs an lauchs fit tae burst. (*To AUGUST.*) Aff ye go noo! Be quick! (*AUGUST exits with the empty bottle.*) Ye're fair enjoayin that, eh, faither?!

OLD BAUMERT (*Chewing, animated by the food and drink.*) You're jist the man, Moritz. You kin read an write. You ken the poverty we weavers are livin in. Ye hiv sympathy fur pair weaver fowk lik us. You should fecht oan oor behalfs...champion oor cause in this locality.

JAEGER Well, I suppose I could. I'd certainly like tae gie thae leeches a fright. Aye, I'll have a go. I'm no easy riled but once ma dander's up, look oot! If I'm angered, I could take on Dreissiger *and* Dietrich wi the one hand! We would need tae band thegither and unite, though. That way we could really put the wind up the factory owners. We don't need the King or the Government to help us; all we need do is say, "These are our demands: We want this, this and this, and we don't want that." They'd soon change thir tune! Soon as they see we've the guts tae confront them, they'll jump. I know their kind. Those bastards are a pack o' yellie-bellies.

MOTHER BAUMERT That they are. Ah'm no wan tae think bad o' fowk. Ah've aye bin the furst tae say the warld hes tae hae rich fowk an a'. But when things gang as faur doonhill as they hiv here...

JAEGER They can all go tae burnin hell so far as I'm concerned. They deserve nae mercy.

BERTHA Whaur's faither gaen?

OLD BAUMERT has quietly gone out.

MOTHER BAUMERT Ah've nae idea whar he cud've gan.

BERTHA Mebbe it wis the meat?

MOTHER BAUMERT (*Beside herself, crying.*) See? See? A bit o' meat at last an he canna even git the guidness frae it. His stamack's that no yaised tae meat he'll be bowkin it back up again.

OLD BAUMERT (*Returns, crying in anger.*) This is nae guid! Ah jist canna cairry oan this wey nae langer. Months athoot meat an when ah div git some, ah canna keep it ower ma throat. Ah'd be as weel daid! (*He sits down on the stove bench, weeping.*)

JAEGER (*In a sudden fanatical outburst.*) And tae think there are people no far frae here, like judges, who sit in the lap o' luxury twiddlin thur

thumbs and stuffin thur fat bellies, and yet thuv the cheek tae say the weavers could manage fine if they wurna sae lazy!

ANSORGE They're no people, thur swine!

JAEGER They'll get what's comin tae them, don't you worry. Before we left Dreissiger, 'Red' Baecker and me told him where tae get off. And before we left, we sang intae his face "The Sang o' Blood and Justice".

ANSORGE Oh, Jesus Christ, no that sang?

JAEGER The self-same. I've a copy here.

ANSORGE That's the yin aboot Dreissiger, intit?

JAEGER I'll read you it.

MOTHER BAUMERT Wha writ it?

JAEGER Nobody knows. Listen. (*He reads haltingly, like a schoolboy, putting the stress in wrong places, but his strength of feeling is unmistakable. His voice expresses despair, pain, anger, hatred, and a thirst for revenge.*)

Nae natural justice triumphs here,
Nae courtroom laws observit;
The innocent a' are guilty here,
Their lives they maun be forfeit.

Injustice is the sentence clear:
"Slow daith, they hae tae thole it."
Nae judge or witnesses do care
-- Oor torture's clean ignorit!

OLD BAUMERT (*Roused and deeply affected by the song, he has had difficulty containing himself from interrupting JAEGER. But now he stammers out to his wife, amid tears and laughter.*) "Injustice is the sentence clear" The man 'at writ thae words kent the truth. "Slow daith..." Hoo dis it gan? "Slow daith, they hae tae thole it" Wis that it?

JAEGER (*Reads.*) Injustice is the sentence clear:
"Slow daith, they hae tae thole it."
Nae judge or witnesses do care
-- Oor torture's clean ignorit!

OLD BAUMERT That's us, is it no, mither? Moarnin, noon an nicht, day in day oot, month eftir month, we hiv tae thole oor afflictions, and nocht a boady in authority cares gin we live or dee.

JAEGER (*Continues reading. ANSORGE, who has stopped working, is deeply moved. MOTHER BAUMERT and BERTHA wipe their eyes constantly.*)

Dreissiger is the torturer,
His lackies are his henchmen,
"Ye'll get nae mercy here," they jeer
-- They treat us like condemned men!

You tyrants a', you Godless crew...

OLD BAUMERT (*Trembling with rage and stamping his foot.*) Aye! That's jist whit they are! -- "Tyrants!" "Tyrants!"

JAEGER (*Reads.*) Your cruelty kens nae limit,
Oor curses may they gar ye grue,
Your gluttony gar ye vomit!

ANSORGE Aye, curse thum tae Kingdom come!

OLD BAUMERT (*Clenching his fist, threateningly.*) "Your cruelty kens nae limit!" --

JAEGER (*Reads.*) Tae a' appeals their lugs are deif,
Though on oor knees we beg them.
"Ye dinna like it? -- Tak yir leaf!
Gae sterve elsewhere and dee then!"

OLD BAUMERT Wis it, "Tae a' appeals their lugs are deif"? Aye, ilkae word, ivery single word's as true as the Bible! "Though on oor knees we beg them!"

ANSORGE Aye, that's richt, naehin we dae maks ony difference.

JAEGER (*Reads.*) O, ilka man tak tent oor need,
Oor meesery and oor pain;
Whar kin we fund a crust o' breid
Tae fill an empty wame?

Pity? -- a word tae you unkent!
Mercy? -- an empty lee!
Yir cruel ambition is weel kent
-- Tae bleed us till we dee!

OLD BAUMERT (*Jumps up, almost in a frenzy.*) "Till we dee!" "Bleed us till we dee!" That's whit thur daein, bleedin us till we dee! Here am ah, Robert Baumert, master weaver frae Kaschbach; ah've grafted a' ma days, yit whit hiv ah goat tae show fur it? Whar his it goat me? Look at the state o' me! Ma boady's wastit! It's thaim's duin this tae me! "Slow daith, they hae tae thole it!" (*He puts out his arms.*) Here, feel thir...naethin but skin an bone. "You tyrants a', you Godless crew!" (*He collapses onto a chair, weeping with anger and despair.*)

ANSORGE (*Flings his basket into the corner, rises up, shaking with rage, and stammers out.*) Things's goat tae cheynge! And thuv goat tae cheynge here'n noo! Wur no pittin up wi it onymair! Come hell or high water, wur jist no acceptin it!

Curtain.

ACT THREE

The taproom of a tavern-cum-inn in Peterswaldau. It is a large room with a beamed ceiling supported by a wooden pillar in the centre of the room; a wooden table has been built around the pillar. To the right of the pillar, in the rear wall, is the entrance door; one of the door jambs is obscured by the pillar. Through the door can be seen another large room in which are stored barrels and brewing implements. In the corner of the taproom, and to the right of the door, is the bar. The bar comprises: a wooden, partition-like piece of furniture, the height of a man, with compartments for bar paraphernalia; behind that, a cupboard containing rows of spirit bottles; and between the two a small area for the barman. In front of the bar there is a table with a brightly coloured cloth over it. Above the table hangs a decorative lamp; around the table stand a number of cane-chairs. Nearby, to the right, a door marked "Weinstube" leads to a saloon for the exclusive use of guests staying at the inn. Downstage right stands an old grandfather clock. To the left of the entrance door in the rear wall, and against the wall, is a table with bottles and glasses on it. In the corner beyond the table is a large tiled stove. In the left wall are three small windows, below which runs a bench; and in front of each window is a large table at right angles to the wall. A single wooden chair sits at the window end of the tables; benches with backs sit by the sides of the tables. The walls are painted blue, and are adorned with public notices, posters, coloured prints, and reproductions of oil paintings, including a portrait of King Freidrich Wilhelm IV.

SCHOLZ WELZEL, a good-natured giant of over fifty years old, is drawing beer from a barrel into a glass. FRAU WELZEL is ironing at the stove. She is a dignified-looking, neatly dressed woman of almost thirty-five. ANNA WELZEL is a nicely-dressed, pretty girl of seventeen, with beautiful golden-red hair. She is sitting embroidering behind the table with the brightly coloured cloth. She looks up from her work for a moment to listen to the distant sound of schoolchildren singing a funeral hymn. MASTER WEIGAND, the carpenter, is sitting at the same table, dressed in his working clothes, with a glass of beer in front of him. Just by looking at him, one can see that he is a man with an eye to getting on in the world, and that he possesses the qualities of cunning, quick-wittedness and ruthless determination. A TRAVELLING SALESMAN is sitting at the pillar table, heartily consuming a steak. He is a hail-fellow-well-met type, of average height, well-fed, plump, cheery, with the gift of the gab. He is fashionably dressed. On the chair beside him is his baggage, comprising valise, sample case, umbrella, overcoat and travelling rug.

WELZEL (*Aside to WIEGAND as he carries a beer to the SALESMAN.*) Some commotion in the toon the day, eh? No like Peterswaldau.

WIEGAND (*With a sharp, trumpeting voice.*) It's acause it's delivery day up at Dreissiger's.

FRAU WELZEL Fur usual it's no as noaisey, though.

WIEGAND It'll likely be cause o' the twa hunner extra weavers Dreissiger's takkin oan.

FRAU WELZEL (*Continuing ironing.*) Aye, ah suppose that'll be it. If he wes eftir twa hunner, six hunner's boond tae've turnt up. Thurs nae shoartage o' thum.

WIEGAND Christ, aye, ye kin say that again. They breed like rabbits. Nae maitter hoo stervin they git, they keep breedin...bringin mair'n mair o' thur bairns intil the warld, and fur whut? Wuv mair'n eneuch tae pit up wi as it is. (*For a moment the hymn becomes louder.*) Thurs been a funeral oan the day an a', of coorse. The weaver Fabish hes dee'd.

WELZEL He taen lang enough aboot it. Fur years he shachled aboot lookin lik a ghaist.

WIEGAND Ah'm tellin ye Welzel, in a' ma life ah've niver nailed thegither sich a wee coaffin fur a man. His corpse cudna've weyed mair nor ninety pund.

SALESMAN (*Chewing.*) What I cannae understand is this -- it disnae matter what paper ye look in, aw ye read is disturbin stories aboot the hardships the weavers are sufferin. The impression ye get is that everybody in this locality is three-quarters-wey deid fae starvation. Yet I arrive in Peterswaldau here and the first thing I see is a big fancy funeral! Brass band, schoolmaisters, weans, the minister, and a haill procession ae folk walkin behind. My God, you'd actually think the Emperor o' China was bein buried! If ye ask me, if thae people can afford tae pay for somethin like that, well...(*He drinks his beer. Putting down his glass, his tone lightens.*) Isn't that right, young miss? Am I right or am I no?

ANNA smiles in embarrassment and goes on with her embroidery.

SALESMAN Must be a pair ae baffies for yir daddie, eh?

WELZEL Ye'll no catch me pittin ma feet in thae kinna things.

SALESMAN Get away! Listen, I'd gie half ma worldly goods if thae baffies were for me.

FRAU WELZEL He's jist nae appreciation o' things lik thon.

WIEGAND (*After having coughed several times and moved his chair about in an attempt to say something.*) The gentleman here seems tae've bin taen aback bi the size o' the funeral, but wid ye no agree, missie, 'at it wes actually a sma' funeral?

SALESMAN Is that so? Well, whatever, the point is funerals arenae cheap. Where dae those people find the money?

WIEGAND Weel, dinna think me forrit fur sayin it, sur, but the hummler classes hereaboots arena muckle blessed wi brains or coammon sense. Gin ye'll pairdon me sayin, in ma opeenion, they hae misguidit notions aboot the respect and obligation due til thir deceased. 'Deed, gin the deceased is wan o thur faithers or mithers, thur misguidit behaviour boarders oan the supersteetious. The nixt o' kin scrape thegither ony money they micht hiv, and if that's no enough they tap onybody wi money -- even supposin it pits thum up tae thur oxters in debt. They borrie frae the meenister, the beadle, or wha-ever's near at haund. Then they fling the money awa' oan drink an haein a big spread, and a' ither kinna falderals. It's only richt, aff coorse, 'at sons an dochters maun show thur respect fur thur mithers an faithers -- but no if thur then saiddled wi debt fur the rest o' thur days. That's a piece o' noansense...sheer stupeedity!

SALESMAN But surely the minister should persuade them tae cheynge?

WEIGAND Dinna misunderstand me, sur, but a meenister depends oan his congregation. The clergy benefits frae big funerals. The mair fowk attends a burial service, the mair siller in the oafferin plate. Speak

tae wha ye will roon aboot here, thull confirm whit ah'm sayin: meenisters look doon thir nebs at sma' funerals.

HORNIG enters. He is a small bow-legged man with a rope drawn round his chest and shoulders. He is a rag-picker.

HORNIG Aye, aye, fine day. A wee gless o' schnapps, if ye please. Weel, young Miss Anna, hae ye ony rags fur me? Oot in ma cairt ah hae bonny ribbons, hairpins, clips, garters, buttons, hooks an eyes -- a' yours in return fur a puckle rags. (*Changing his tone.*) Oot the rags ye gie me, thull mak fine white paper fur yir sweethert tae pen ye a love letter.

ANNA No thank you. Ah'm no lookin fur ony sweethert.

FRAU WELZEL (*Putting a hot rod into her flatiron.*) She'll no hear a word aboot mairryin. It's jist the soart o' lassie she is.

SALESMAN (*Jumps up, apparently surprised and pleased, and goes over to the table and offers his hand to ANNA.*) It's the best way tae be, miss. I have the same policy. Shake hands on it! And may you an me stay single!

ANNA (*Blushes; gives him her hand.*) Ah thocht you wur mairrit.

SALESMAN God, no! 'Cause ah wear this ring? I only wear it so's tae frighten off fortune-huntin chisellers from takin advantage of my good nature. But I'm no feart o' you. (*He puts the ring in his pocket.*) Aw jokin aside, miss, would you no like to get even a wee tottie bit married?

ANNA (*Shaking her head.*) Awa' wi ye!

FRAU WELZEL Ah canna see her mairryin. It'd tak some man gey oot the oardinary tae turn her haid.

SALESMAN Well, you never know. I know o' a wealthy Silesian merchant married his mither's maid. And look at that rich factory owner, Dreissiger; he married an innkeeper's doater. She rides aroond in a carriage wi servants in livery yet she's naewhere near as bonny as young miss

here. So ye never kin tell! (*He walks about, stretching himself.*) A cup o' coffee wid be maist welcome, if ye please.

ANSORGE and OLD BAUMERT enter, each carrying a bundle. They sit down quietly and humbly beside HORNIG at the table downstage left.

WELZEL Weel, if it's no, Father Ansorge! It's guid tae see ye again!

HORNIG Ah'm surprised ye fund yir wey oot that reekin howff ye bide in; ye've loackit yirsel awa' in it that lang.

ANSORGE (*Awkwardly, and visibly embarrassed.*) Ah decidit tae tak a wab again.

OLD BAUMERT He's prepared tae wark fur ten groschen.

ANSORGE Ah'd nivir hae duin it hid the basket weavin no cam tae an end an a'.

WEIGAND Ye should coont yirsels lucky. Dreissiger's gien yese wark oot the guidness o' his hert. Him an me ken each ither weel. Ah soartit his windaes fur him jist a week past. The subject cam up then durin oor blether. He's gien yese wark oot o' peety.

ANSORGE Aye, well.

WELZEL (*Setting down schnapps in front of the weavers.*) Guid health! Ansorge, when wis it yir beard last seen a razor? That gentleman ower thair wid like tae ken.

SALESMAN (*Calls over to them*) Now, now, Herr Welzel, ye know ah said nae such thing. I merely passed comment on the good weaver's distinguished appearance. It's no oaffen ye see a big-built man the size o' him.

ANSORGE (*Scratching his head in embarrassment.*) Aye, weel...

SALESMAN No, you seldom see strong-built giants o' men like that nowadays. Civilization's turned us intae safties. It's good tae see men still in thur natural state: big hairy eyebrows, big shaggy beard...

HORNIG Listen, sur! Fowk lik thaim hinna money fur barbers nor razors. Whit grouws his tae be left grouw. They canna afford tae squaander money oan hoo they look.

SALESMAN My apologies, sir, it wisnae my intention tae...(*Quietly to the innkeeper.*) Would it be in order tae buy the big hairy yin a drink?

WELZEL Ah widna advise it. He'd turn ye doon. He's goat some queer notions.

SALESMAN I better no try then. May I join you, miss? (*He takes a seat at ANNA's table.*) On my word of honour, from the time I stepped in here I've been mesmerised by the beauty of your hair! So velvety, so radiant, so abundant! (*He kisses his fingertips in rapture.*) And the colour...like ripening wheat! Come tae Berlin wi hair like that and you'd fair make heads turn. Indeed, without a word of a lie, hair like that could even open doors to get you presented at Court...(*Leaning back, admiring her hair.*) Ravishing! Just ravishing!

WIEGAND It's her hair gien rise tae her byname.

SALESMAN Oh, and what's that then?

ANNA (*Giggling away to herself.*) Och, pey nae heed till him!

HORNIG She's ca'ed "The Red Queen". That no richt?

WELZEL Noo, noo, thair's an end! Her heid's full o' enough noansense as it is! She's no needin tae add mair daft notions. Wan day she waants tae mairry a coont, the nixt a prince.

FRAU WELZEL Lea the pair lassie alane, faither! Thur naehin wrang wi waantin tae better yirsel. If a'bdy wes lik you, they'd niver git oot the bit; jist aye be stuck in the wan place. Gin Dreissiger's granfaither hed thocht the same wey you dae, they'd a' stull be pair

weavers. Noo thur as weel-aff as git oot. Look at a'ld Tromtra tae. He wis jist a pair weaver an a', an noo he's goat twelve estates an' the King's gien him a title.

WIEGAND Fair's fair, Welzel; ye hae tae admit that oan this occasion yir wife's richt. Gin ah'd thocht lik you, ah widna be sittin here the day wi seevin journeymen warkin till me.

HORNIG Ye've gleg een, shair enough. A weaver's only goat tae coaugh an you've his coaffin ready.

WIEGAND Tae git oan in this warld, ye've goat tae keep yir ears an eyes open.

HORNIG Aye, an you're fell sherp at daein that! Ye kin tell better nor ony doactir when a weaver's bairn's at daith's door.

WIEGAND (*No longer smiling; suddenly furious.*) And you ken better than the polis the thievin 'at gans oan amang the weavers; you ken wha amang thum pauchles a pirn o' yairn here an thair. You ging chappin at doors fur rags but ye dinna objec' if ye cam awa' wi a wheen yairn forbye, div ye?

HORNIG 'Least ah dinna mak ma leevin oot o' graveyairds. The mair o' us ye squeeze intill yir boaxes, the mair siller ye wring oot us. Ye maun rub yir hauns whan ye coont the bairns's graves, an lauch till yirsel: "Anither guid year; the wee beggars've been drappin lik flees...the mair they drap, the mair ah mak."

WIEGAND At least ah dinna trade in pauchled gear.

HORNIG Naw, a' you dae is chairge a rich manufacturer twice, or lift a wheen planks frae Dreissiger's new hoose under cover o' dark.

WIEGAND (*Turning his back on him.*) Ah've better things tae dae wi ma time than staun here listenin tae you. (*Suddenly.*) You're a bare-faced leear, Hornig!

HORNIG An you're a bare-faced robber!

WIEGAND (*To the others.*) He's far ben wi the Deil, that ain.

HORNIG Aye, an you waatch ah dinna ca' up the earl o' Hell tae tak you awa'.

WIEGAND turns pale.

FRAU WELZEL, who had gone out, returns with coffee for the SALESMAN.

FRAU WELZEL Wid ye raither hiv yir coaffee in the parlour?

SALESMAN Certainly not! (*Looking longingly at ANNA.*) I will sit here until I die.

A young FORESTER and A FARMER enter.
THE PEASANT is carrying a whip.

BOTH Aye-aye. (*They stand at the bar.*)

FARMER Twa ginger ales.

WELZEL Aye, comin up! (*He pours their drinks. They lift their glasses, clink them together, take a mouthful, and set their glasses down again.*)

SALESMAN Had a long walk, young forester?

FORESTER Lang aneuch...frae Steinseifersdorf.

Two OLD WEAVERS enter and sit beside ANSORGE, OLD BAUMERT and HORNIG.

SALESMAN Excuse me for askin, but you're one o' Count Hochheim's foresters, aren't ye?

FORESTER Ah wark tae Count Keil.

SALESMAN Och, aye, of course; that's what ah meant. It's fair confusin aw the counts an barons an gentry ye have here. Ma brain cannae cope. If ye dinnae mind me askin, how're ye carryin that axe?

FORESTER Ah taen it aff fowk ah catched thievin wid.

OLD BAUMERT Oor lords an maisters waant ivery stick o'firewid accoontit fur.

SALESMAN Well, we'd be in a sorry state if everybody jist helped themsels tae what they wantit.

OLD BAUMERT Mebbe so, but thurs a difference made here atween big thiefs an wee thiefs 'at's no richt. Thurs some timmer-merchants aroon here git rich aff the wid they steal, but a pair weaver boady's only goat tae...

FIRST OLD WEAVER (*Interrupting BAUMERT.*) Gin we daur touch sae muckle as a twig, thur lords an highnesses hae the flesh fleyed affae oor backs. An the same yins fleece us fur levvies oan this, that, an the nixt thing; hiv us gie oor labour gratis, daein estate wark; hiv us rinnin hither an yont at thair pleesure whither we waant till or no.

ANSORGE That's the God's hoanest truth. The puckle the factory owners lea us, thur lordships steal oot o' oor poackets.

SECOND OLD WEAVER (*Has taken a seat at the next table.*) Ah said the same in as mony words tae his lordship. Ah says, "Ah'm sorry, ma lord, but this year ah'm no able tae gie ye the nummer o' days warkin yir fields as ah've duin in the past." "And why's that?" asks he. Ah says, "Weel, ah'm sorry, ma lord, but the hellish weet wither we've bin haein hes left me in ruination. The muckle spate cairrit awa' ma wee bit field; noo ah've nae option but tae toil at ma loom day an nicht tae try an provide fur ma faimly." -- Oh, yon wes an affa storm! A' ah cud dae wis staun an waatch ma guid sile be waashed doon the hill stracht intae ma hut...A' the precious seeds ah'd cast, awa' jist lik that. Ah jist stuid an grat. Ah grat fur the best pairt o' a week afore ah wis able summon the will tae try an rescue whut ah could o' the sile. It taen me echt back-brekkin journeys humphin heavy loads ae eard back up the mountain.

FARMER (*Roughly.*) Ach, stoap yir girnin! We a' hae misfortunes tae thole. An onyhow, ye've naebdy tae blame but yirsel gin ye git intill deeficulty. Look at whit ye did when trade wes guid -- lashed yir money oot oan gamblin an drink. Gin ye'd pit somehin by then, ye'd hiv somehin tae fa' back oan noo, no be thievin yairn an wid.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER (*Standing with some friends in the hallway; calls loudly through the door.*) Fermers ur the yins ken a' aboot thievin!

FIRST OLD WEAVER The fermers an the gentry are twa o' a kind. Whan the weaver's in waant o' a ruif ower his heid, the fermer says till him, "Ah'll gie ye a wee howff tae cra'l intae, an in return ye'll pey me a bra' rent an help me gaither in ma hey an coarn; and gin ye refuse, ye better look oot." Fermers an gentry? --wan's as bad as the ither.

OLD BAUMERT (*Bitterly.*) A weaver's like a aipple -- they a' tak bites oot us.

FARMER (*Flaring up.*) A', the shame! Yese're a pack o' yisless shites, that's whit yese are! Yese hivna the skill tae haunnle a ploo or the strength tae lift a hunnerwecht bag o' oats oantill a cairt. A' yese're guid fur is sloongin aboot an liftin a lig ower yir weemen! Yese're hert-lazy! Jist a bunch o' bluidy mumpin parasites!

He pays and leaves. The FORESTER, laughing, follows him. WELZEL, WIEGAND and FRAU WELZEL laugh out loud; the SALESMAN chuckles to himself. When the laughter subsides, there is a moment of silence.

HORNIG Thae fermers are as stupit as thir coos. Tae hear that wan ta'k, ye'd think he'd seen nae destitution roon here. Gan intae ony village hereaboots an the distress tae be seen wid gar ye greet.

SALESMAN (*In a mildly rebukeful tone.*) But let's be fair, ma guid man, there's a lot o' divided opinion aboot the degree o' distress in the mountains here...If you were able tae read the papers...

HORNIG Oh, ah kin read; and ah keep abraist o' whit the newspapers say. But ah git ma informaton frae the evidence o' ma ain een, no frae whut ah read in newspapers. Ah gan amang thae fowk -- ah hiv duin fur forty year -- sae ah ken whit ah'm ta'kin aboot. Stervation hes claimed hunners o' lifes.

SALESMAN But if, as ye say, you dae read the newspapers, you'll know that the government has investigatit the claims and has found...

HORNIG Aw, aye, we ken, we ken. The government sends a chappie kens a' the answers afore he even sets fit hereaboots. He taks a daunner aboot the village, doon bi the burn whar the bra' hooses are. He disna waant tae durty his braw shiny shuin venturin further, sae he tells himsel: "The rest o' the place must be as weel-daein as this so ah micht as weel climb back in ma cairriage an git awa' hame again." Then he writes tae Berlin an tells thum thurs nae destitution here. But gin he'd ventured a wee bit further, though, an won up higher in the village tae whar the burn bends, and either croassed it or turnt aff the road tae whar the durty, broken-doon howffs are -- the wans ye widna even pit kye in -- mebbe then he'd hiv sent an a'thegither different report tae Berlin. Thae flunkies frae the government wi thur een ticht-steekit tae poverty an stervation shoulda socht me oot. Ah'd've shown thum destitution till they wur seek-scunnert.

The "Weavers' Song" is heard from outside.

WELZEL Thur singin that hellish sang again.

WIEGAND Aye, thur tryin tae stir up the haill toon.

FRAU WELZEL It's as if thurs somethin in the air.

JAEGER and BAECKER, arm-in-arm at the head of a band of YOUNG WEAVERS, enter the hallway noisily and then come into the bar.

JAEGER Company, halt! At ease!

They take seats at the various tables where the weavers are already sitting, and engage them in conversation.

HORNIG (*Calling to BAECKER.*) Whit's a' this aboot -- mairchin aroond in a mob?

BAECKER (*Conspiratorially.*) Mebbe somethin's gaun tae happen. That no richt, Moritz?.

HORNIG That'd mak fur a cheynge. Jist dinna dae onythin daft, eh?

BAECKER The furst blood's a'ready been spilt. Waant tae see?

He pulls up his sleeve to reveal bloody tattoo marks on his upper arm. Some of the young WEAVERS at the other tables do likewise.

BAECKER Barber Schmidt did the tattoos fir us.

HORNIG Must've been sair! Noo ah unnerstaun whit a' the shoutin'n bawlin in the streets wis!

JAEGER (*Showing off, in a loud voice.*) Two quarts of brandy here, Welzel! They're on me! Don't look at me like that! Think I've no the money? Listen, if I wantit, we could sit here wi oor feet up till the morn, drinkin brandy an coffee good style like one o' thae travellin salesman!

Some of the young WEAVERS laugh.

SALESMAN (*With comic surprise.*) Surely that's no me you're referrin tae?

WELZEL, FRAU WELZEL, ANNA, WIEGAND, and the SALESMAN all laugh.

JAEGER You'll best know the answer tae that.

SALESMAN If I may say so, young man, your business seems tae be thrivin.

JAEGER I canna' complain. Ma business is ready-made garments. I go fifty-fifty wi the factory owners. The more the weavers starve, the more I'm in clover. The more their distress, the higher my profits.

BAECKER Bull's-eye, Moritz! Bull's-eye!

WELZEL has brought the brandy. On the way back to the bar he stops and slowly turns to the WEAVERS. He addresses them calmly and emphatically.

WELZEL You'll lea that gentleman alane. He's duin nae ill tae you.

YOUNG WEAVER Naebdy's lain a finger oan him.

FRAU WELZEL has exchanged a few words with the SALESMAN. She carries his coffee cup and coffee pot through to the saloon. The SALESMAN follows her and suffers the WEAVERS laughter.

YOUNG WEAVERS (*Singing.*) Dreissiger is the torturer,
His lackies are his henchmen...

WELZEL Wheesht! Yese kin sing that sang wherever yese waant but ah'll no alloo it in my tavern!

FIRST OLD WEAVER He's gey richt. Wur no waantin tae hear it.

BAECKER (*Shouts.*) Mebbe no, but Dreissiger's gantae hear it lood an clear. Wur gauntae mairch past his hoose singin it again.

WIEGAND Ye better no gan ower the score. Ye'll push him ower faur, then see whut happens tae yese.

Laughter and cries of "Like tae see him try", etc.

OLD WITTIG enters. He is grey-haired and bareheaded. A blacksmith, he wears a leather apron and clogs, and is sooty as if he has just come from his smiddy. He stands at the bar and waits for a glass of brandy.

OLD WITTIG Best lea thum be. Dugs 'at bark, dinna bite.

OLD WEAVERS Wittig, Wittig!

WITTIG Here ah'm. Wha waants him?

OLD WEAVERS Wittig, ower here! Come'n jine us!

WITTIG Ah'll hiv tae waatch masel sittin wi you pair o' a'ld rascals.

JAEGER Have yir drink on me.

WITTIG Keep yir money. Ah pey fur ma ain drink.

He takes his glass of brandy and sits with BAUMERT and ANSORGE. Patting ANSORGE on the belly.

WITTIG That's some kyte oan ye. Whut're weavers leevin aff nooadays? Cabbage an worms?

OLD BAUMERT (*Ecstatically.*) Supposin ah tellt ye we wurna pittin up wi that onymair?

WITTIG (*Stares dumbly at them, with feigned surprise.*) That canna be you ta'kin, Heinerle, is it? (*Laughing.*) You fowk fair gar me lauch! A'ld Baumert waantin tae stert a revolution! Nixt thing we ken it'll be the tailors mannin the barricades wi thur needles'n shears, then the meh-meh-lambs'll be risin up, takkin tae the streets alang wi the rats an mice. Christ, some sicht yon'll be! (*Beside himself with laughter.*)

OLD BAUMERT Listen tae me, Wittig, ah'm the same man ah've aye bin. Ah'd stull raither this cud a' be warked oot peaceful-like.

WITTIG Aye, an pigs kin flee. When his gan doon this road iver warked oot peaceful-like? Look at whut happened in France. D'ye think Robespierre jist pattit the rich oan the heid? Na, it wes "Tak thum tae the guillotine!" an "Aff wi thur heids!" Cairryin oan that wey's no gantae fill yir bellies.

OLD BAUMERT Gin ah could even jist hauf-fill ma belly...

FIRST OLD WEAVER The dye's a'ready cast, Wittig.

SECOND OLD WEAVER Thurs nae peynt onymair in bidin at hame tholin it. It disna maitter gin we wark or sit idle, we sterve baith weys.

FIRST OLD WEAVER Bidin at hame drives ye dementit.

ANSORGE Ah'm passed carin whit happens tae me. Whit's fur ye 'ull no gan passed ye.

OLD WEAVERS (*With mounting excitement.*) Wur gaen oot oor minds wi hunger. -- We hinna the strength left tae wark. -- Thurs a man up oor wey in Steinkunzendorf sits bi the burn a' day lang, bare-nakit, waashin an waashin hisel. He's gan clean gyte.

THIRD OLD WEAVER (*Rises, moved by the spirit, and begins to "speak with tongues", raising his finger threateningly.*) Judgement Day is at hand! The rich and the dirt of the gentry will be cast into perdition! The Day of Judgement is nigh! The Lord God Almichty will...

Some of the WEAVERS laugh as he is pushed back into his seat.

WELZEL Wan gless an he's awa'.

THIRD OLD WEAVER (*Leaps up again.*) Alas, alas! They believe not in God, nor in Heaven nor Hell! They mock religion...

FIRST OLD WEAVER That's enough noo. Settle doon.

BAECKER Lea the man gie his sermon. Thurs some cud benefit frae it.

WEAVERS (*In a tumult.*) Gie him leave tae speak! Lea him speak!

THIRD OLD WEAVER (*In a raised voice.*) And then the jaws of Hell shall open,

gaping wide to receive all those who do trample on the poor and force them live in wretchedness -- Yea, they shall descend into eternal damnation! saith the Lord.

Commotion.

THIRD OLD WEAVER (*Suddenly declaiming like a schoolboy.*)
Is it no gey unco queer,
Hoo weavers are despisit fowk
Yit thir linen is prizit gear?!

BAECKER But we're cotton weavers.

Laughter.

HORNIG The linen weavers are worse aff nor youse even. At least you ains hiv the pluck tae mak a stand.

WITTIG It'll no dae thum ony guid though. The wee bit smeddum thuv left in thir boadies, the factory owners'll thrash oot thum in nae time.

BAECKER Mind whit he said: "Afore ah'm duin wi thae weavers, thull wark fur nae mair nor a crust o' breid."

Commotion.

WEAVERS Wha said that?

BAECKER Dreissiger.

YOUNG WEAVER That bastart should be strung up!

JAEGER Wittig, you're aye harpin on tae us aboot the French Revolution... makin yirsel out tae be a right revolutionary. Mebbe ye'll get yir chance afore long tae show us yir mettle...show us if yir as good as yir word or jist a blaw.

WITTIG (*Furious.*) Wan mair word oot o' you, laddie! Hiv you iver faced the whistle o' bullets? Hiv you iver stood guaird a' alane in enemy territory?

JAEGER I wisna suggestin ye were feart. Dinna take offence. Eftir all, we're a' comrades here, aren't we?

WITTIG Ah'm nae bluidy comrade o' yours, ya jumped-up wee shite.

POLICEMAN KUTSCHE enters.

WEAVERS Shhht! Shhht! The polis!

There is a prolonged period of hissing until complete silence descends. Amid the silence, KUTSCHE sits down by the centre pillar.

KUTSCHE A sma' brandy, please.

Again, complete silence.

WITTIG So, Kutsche, ye'll hiv cam tae see a's weel wi yir flock?

KUTSCHE (*Taking no notice.*) A guid day tae ye, Herr Wiegand!

WIEGAND (*Still in the corner of the bar.*) And a guid day till you, Kutsche.

KUTSCHE Hoo's business?

WIEGAND Graund, thanks.

BAECKER The Constable's come tae check wur no daein herm tae wursels sittin here stappin oor stamacks fu' tae burstin wi the big wages wur gittin.

Laughter.

JAEGER Aye, we've been sittin back here dinin oan roast pork, dumplins, sauerkraut...We've jist asked Welzel bring some champagne tae waash it doon...That no right, Welzel?

Laughter.

WELZEL Aye, that'll be the day!

KUTSCHE Even supposin yese ett pork an champagne, yese'd stull be wheengin. Ah canna afford drink champagne neither, yit ah manage git by.

BAECKER (*Referring to KUTSCHE's nose.*) He kin afford belt doon brandy an beer though. That's hoo his neb is sae rid an bealin.

Laughter.

WITTIG Polis lik him hae a hard life o' it. Wan time he's nae option but tae loack up some stervin wee beggar laddie; anither time he his tae force his leg ower a bonny young weaver lassie; then he's nae choice but git roarin fu' so's he kin roll hame an batter his wife, wha then gans rinnin till her neebors in terror fur her life. Aw aye, it's a hard life fur a polis, ridin aboot oan his hoarse, long lies till nine a'cloack...Aye, it canna be an easy joab.

KUTSCHE Your mooth's aye gan. Wan o' thir days it'll lead tae a rope roon yir neck. We've hid your number fur a lang time. The magistrate's been informed aboot that sedeetious tongue o' yours. It's a man wi fine principles hings aboot a tavern drinkin till a' hoors, riskin jile fur hisel and the poor-hoose fur his wife an bairns. Agitators like that aye git thur deserts in the end.

WITTIG (*Laughs bitterly.*) Aye, wha kens, eh? Mebbe ah will end up in the jile. (Angered.) But if it comes tae pass, ah ken wha tae thank fur it: the same wan clyped tae the factory owners an the gentry, an wha's ill-tongue blackened ma name left, richt an centre so's naebdy wid bring me wark...Aye, him 'at turnt the fermers an the millers agin me sae that week in week oot ah hiv niver a hoarse tae shoe nor a wheel tae soart. But ah ken wha he is, though. Yin time ah pullt the sleekit

bastart aff his hoarse when he wis layin intill a wee bit laddie wi his whip fur plunderin a puckle scruntit pears frae an oarchard. Ah'm gien you guid warnin, sur, gin ah iver land up in the jile acause o' you, you better mak oot yir will -- an that's nae idle threat. Mair stull, if iver ah hear sae much as a whisper 'at your schemin agin me, ah'll sieze whitiver's at haund, be it a hoarseshoe or a hammer, a wheel-spoke or a metal pail, and ah swear tae God, as true as ma name is Wittig, ah'll hunt you high an low -- aye, even supposin yir in yir bed ridin yir wife -- an ah'll melt yir heid in. (*He has leapt up and is about to attack KUTSCHE.*)

WEAVERS (*Restraining him.*) Calm doon, Wittig, calm doon!

KUTSCHE has stood up involuntarily, his face drained. During what follows, he backs away. The nearer he gets to the door, the braver he becomes. His last words are spoken on the threshold so that he can get out immediately.

KUTSCHE Ah don't know whut a' that wis aboot. Ah've niver hid ony dealins wi you. Ah've niver duin ye nae herm, sae whey ta'k tae me lik that? Ma business here is wi the weavers: the Chief o' Police is bannin ye frae singin that song -- "Dreissiger's Song", or whativer it is yese ca' it. 'Less ye cease singin it in the streets forthwith, he'll be obliged tae exercise the condeetions o' the ban and ye'll forfeit yir freedom indefinitely. Yince in jile, ye kin sing awa' tae yir hert's content oan breid an watter. (*He exits.*)

WITTIG (*Shouting after him.*) He kin ban bugger a'! It's naebdy's business but oors gin we shout oor heids aff till the windaes rattle an they kin hear us ower in Reichenbach! Naebdy'll stoap us singin -- wull sing till the factory owners' mansions come doon aboot thur heids an the polis's helmets dance oan thur skulls.

In the meantime BAECKER has stood up and given the signal for singing to begin. He leads off the singing and the others join in.

BAECKER & OTHERS Nae natural justice triumphs here,
Nae courtroom laws observit;
The innocent a' are guilty here,
Their lives they maun be forfeit.

WELZEL tries to quiet them but they pay no heed.

WIEGAND puts his hands over his ears and takes to his heels. The WEAVERS rise and, while singing the following verse, fall in behind WITTIG and BAECKER, who by nods and gestures have signalled the time for action.

Injustice is the sentence clear:
"Slow daith, they hae tae thole it."
Nae judge or witnesses do care
-- Oor torture's clean ignorit!

Most of the WEAVERS are out in the street when they sing the following verse; only a few younger WEAVERS are still inside the tavern settling up for their drinks. By the end of the last line, the room is empty except for WELZEL, FRAU WELZEL, ANNA, HORNIG, and OLD BAUMERT.

You tyrants a', you Godless crew,
Your cruelty kens nae limit,
Oor curses may they gar ye grue,
Your gluttony gar ye vomit!

WELZEL (*Calmly gathers up the glasses.*) The gypes are clean oot thur reason the day.

OLD BAUMERT is about to leave.

HORNIG What-in-God's-name are they gan tae dae noo, Baumert?

OLD BAUMERT They'll be headin fur Dreissiger's tae demand he pits up thur wages.

WELZEL Dae you go alang wi a' this daftness?

OLD BAUMERT Ah've nae choice, Welzel. A young man kin pick'n chaise but an a'ld man canna; he his tae dae whit's richt. (*A little embarrassed, he leaves.*)

HORNIG (*Rises.*) Mark ma word, this'll hae a sorry end.

WELZEL Ah widna've thocht thae auld yins wid've taen leave o' thur senses an a'.

HORNIG Aye weel, ilka man hauds till 'im a dream.

ACT FOUR

Peterswaldau. A private room in the house of DREISSIGER, the textile manufacturer. It is decked out in that sumptuous but soulless style which was prevalent in the first half of the century. The ceiling, stove and doors are white; the wallpaper is of a cold, lead-grey hue, with lines of small flowers in straight rows. The mahogany furniture, including the cupboards and chairs, is heavily carved and decorated; the upholstery is in red. The furniture is placed as follows: on the right, between two windows with cherry-red damask curtains, is a secretaire with a drop-front; directly opposite, and close by an iron safe, stands a sofa; in front of the sofa are a table, armchairs, and other chairs; and against the back wall is a gun-cabinet. All of the walls are hung with tasteless pictures in gilt frames. Above the sofa hangs a mirror with a heavily gilded rococo frame. A door on the left leads into the hall; an open double door in the rear wall leads into a drawingroom decorated in the same stiff, ostentatious style. In the drawingroom can be seen FRAU DREISSIGER and FRAU KITTELHAUS engaged in looking at the pictures; as well as PASTOR KITTELHAUS, in conversation with WEINHOLD, the tutor and theology student.

KITTELHAUS, a small, friendly man, enters the front room chatting amiably with WEINHOLD; both are smoking. KITTELHAUS looks around and, finding no-one there, shakes his head in surprise.

KITTELHAUS It isn't really surprising, I suppose, Herr Weinhold, given your age. You're young yet. When we oldtimers were your age, we had -- I wouldn't say the same views exactly -- but similar, or sort of similar, views. There's something uplifting about the idealism of youth...something touching. Alas, however, it is fleeting -- as fleeting as April sunshine. Just you wait till you reach my age. When a man has delivered sermons from the pulpit fifty-two Sundays a year for some thirty years -- and that's not counting the Holy Days in the calendar -- of necessity he acquires a sense of proportion. When your time comes, Weinhold, remember it was me advised you it would.

WEINHOLD (*Nineteen years old, pale, thin, tall, with long, blond hair. He is nervy and restless in his movements.*) With all due respect, Herr Pastor...I'm not sure...People have different temperaments...

KITTELHAUS My dear Herr Weinhold, you may be possessed of a restless temperament -- (*Reprovingly.*) and you surely are -- but no matter how immoderately and vehemently you criticise the status quo, in due course you will calm down. Oh, certainly, I freely admit that among our fellow clergymen are a number who, despite their advanced

years, still indulge in youthful follies. There one preaches against the evils of alcohol and founds temperance societies; there another writes polemical tracts which are undeniably stirring. But they accomplish nothing. The distress among the weavers, so far as it exists, is alleviated not one jot, but the stability of society is threatened. No, no, so far as men of the cloth are concerned, they should stick to religious matters. A shepherd of souls shouldn't dabble in politics! He should be content to preach the Holy Word of God and leave all other matters to Him who provides shelter and food for the birds of the air and who will not suffer the lily of the field to perish and die. -- And now, I should like to know where our kind host disappeared to so suddenly.

FRAU DREISSIGER enters the front room with FRAU KITTELHAUS. She is in her thirties, pretty, robust and healthy-looking. There is a certain disjunction between her manner of speaking and moving and the expensive and elegant way in which she is dressed.

FRAU DREISSIGER Ye need well ask, Herr Kittelhaus. Wilhelm makes a habit oot o' that. An idea comes intill his haid, an he's aff -- and ah'm left sittin malane. If ah've spoken tae him wance aboot it, ah've spak tae him a hunner times. He disna tak a blin' bit o' notice.

KITTELHAUS That's just the way men of business are, Frau Kittelhaus.

WEINHOLD I suspect something has happened.

DREISSIGER enters. He is flushed and excited.

DREISSIGER Well, Rosa, hiv ye the coaffee in hand?

FRAU DREISSIGER (*Sulkily.*) Whey's it ye ayeways hae tae rin awa' like that?

DREISSIGER (*Lightly.*) Ah didna rin!

KITTELHAUS Excuse me for enquiring, Herr Dreissiger, but have you had a spot of bother?

DREISSIGER Aye, hiv ah no -- ivery day the Good Lord sends. But ah'm weel

yaised tae dealin wi it, Herr Kittelhaus. Weel, Rosa, is it comin?

FRAU DREISSIGER, in bad humour, goes to the broad, embroidered bell-pull and tugs it fiercely several times.

DREISSIGER Herr Weinhold, ah wish...(*After pacing about a little.*)...Ah jist wish, Herr Weinhold, thit you'd bin wi me the noo thair. You wid've hid yir een opened. Ye wid've learnt...Aye, weel, how aboot a game o' whist, eh?

KITTELHAUS Yes, indeed! A capital idea! Come join our merry band, Herr Dreissiger, and cast off the cares and woes of the day.

DREISSIGER has gone over to the window and pulled aside one of the curtains.

DREISSIGER (*Involuntarily.*) Hooligans! -- Rosa, cam here a meenit! (*She comes.*) See thon tall, rid-heidit ain ower thair?

KITTELHAUS That's the one they call 'Red' Baecker.

DREISSIGER Is he bi ony chance the yin 'at gien you cheek twa days back? Mind, when ye said Johann wis helpin ye intill the cairrage?

FRAU DREISSIGER (*Sulkily.*) Ah canna mind.

DREISSIGER Dinna act huffy lik that! Ah've goat tae ken. Ah'm seek fed up wi his impudence. Gin he is the wan, ah'll mak him pey fur it. ("*The Weavers' Song" is heard.*) Ye hear that?! Ye hear it?!

KITTELHAUS (*Extremely indignant.*) When will this nonsense come to an end? I really do think it is high time the police force intervened. Permit me! (*He goes to the window.*) Take a good look, Herr Weinhold! That rabble comprises not just young people but old weavers -- weavers I've known for years and believed to be steady, decent, God-fearing men, yet here they are running with the herd...taking art and part in this abominable nonsense. They are trampling God's law into the dirt. And you still insist on defending these people?

WEINHOLD No, sir...But, *cum grano salis* -- there is reason for their behaviour. They are hungry, illiterate people. They're showing their discontent in the only way they know how. I wouldn't expect them to...

FRAU KITTELHAUS (*Small, thin, faded, looks more like an old maid than a married woman.*) Herr Weinhold! How can you talk like that!

DREISSIGER Herr Weinhold, ah regret the need tae point oot tae ye 'at ah didna tak ye under ma ruif so's ye cud gie me lectures oan human nature. Ah'd be obliged gin ye'd concern yirsel solely wi educatin ma sons and keep yir neb weel oot o' my business! Dae ah mak masel clear?

WEINHOLD (*Stands frozen to the spot for a moment, deathly pale, and then bows with a forced smile. Speaking softly.*) Of course; perfectly. I have been expecting this to happen -- which is why I intend to leave.

He exits.

DREISSIGER (*Brutally.*) Then clear oot wi'in the hoor! Tak a' yir gear wi ye!

FRAU DREISSIGER Oh, Wilhelm, please dinna! Wilhelm!

DREISSIGER Hiv you turnt daft? Are you actually standin up fur a man supports the vicious, criminal words o' that defamatory sang?

FRAU DREISSIGER Och, Wilhelm, he didna dae that...

DREISSIGER Herr Kittelhaus, did he or did he no defend that sang?

KITTELHAUS You have to bear in mind his age, Herr Dreissiger. He's just a youth.

FRAU KITTELHAUS I can't understand it; that young man comes from a good, respectable family. His father was a public servant for forty years and never a murmur was cast up at him. His mother was delighted he had secured such an excellent position here...But he doesn't seem to have any appreciation of how fortunate he is.

PFEIFER (*Flings open the hall door and shouts into the room.*) Herr Dreissiger, Herr Dreissiger! Thuv nabbed him! Thuv nabbed him! Come'n see!

DREISSIGER (*Excited.*) Hes somedy gan fur the police?

PFEIFER The Superintendent's oan his wey up the stairs at the back o' me.

DREISSIGER (*In the doorway.*) Muckle obliged tae ye fur comin sae promptly, Superintendent.

KITTELHAUS gestures to the ladies that it would be best if they withdrew. KITTELHAUS, FRAU KITTELHAUS, and FRAU DREISSIGER go into the drawingroom.

DREISSIGER (*In great excitement, to the SUPERINTENDENT, who has meantime entered.*) Ah've hid ma dye-workers nab wan o' the ringleaders o' that rabble. Ah finally decidit ah'd taen enough. Thur impudence wis clean oot o' hand...doonricht scandalous. Ah hiv veesitors in ma hoose yit thae hooligans hid the audacity tae...Ivery time ma wife sets fit oot the door they gie her abuse; ma laddies gan in fear o' thur lifes. Ah'm feart even fur ma veesitors bein attacked. Thurs somethin far wrang gin innocent, law-abidin fowk like ma faimly an me canna gan aboot thur richtfu' business athoot bein subjectit tae abuse, time an time again, and the culprits no be apprehendit an punished...The proper exercise o' law an order wid seem tae be brekkin doon.

SUPERINTENDENT (*About fifty, of average height, corpulent, red-faced. He wears a cavalry uniform, long sabre and spurs.*) No, no, Herr Dreissiger! I can assure you it isn't, sir! I am here to be at your service. I can put your mind at ease, sir, that we have been surveilling developments...Indeed, I'm glad that things have come to a head and you've apprehended one of the chief offenders. There are a few trouble-makers around here I've been keeping an eye on for some time now.

DREISSIGER Troublemakers indeed! They neither work nor waant, that shiftless set o' wasters. Thur jist malingerers sit aboot a' day in taverns throwin drink doon thur throats. But ah'm determined tae learn thaim

a lesson aince an fur a'. They'll defame ma name nae mair. It's no jist in ma interest, it's in the public interest.

SUPERINTENDENT I couldn't agree more, Herr Dreissiger! You've been more than patient. Nobody could complain. And so far as it's within my power...

DREISSIGER That pack o' hooligans needs a guid whippin!

SUPERINTENDENT That they do, sir. We must make an example of them.

KUTSCHE enters and stands at attention. From the hallway is heard the sound of heavy footsteps coming up the stairs.

KUTSCHE It's ma duty tae report, sir, we've catched wan o' the men.

DREISSIGER D'ye waant tae tak a look at this man, Superintendent?

SUPERINTENDENT Most certainly, sir. I'd like to have a good look at his face. But I would be most obliged, Herr Dreissiger, if you would remain silent in his presence. I give you my personal guarantee that the matter will be resolved to your complete satisfaction.

DREISSIGER But it canna end thair; ah'll no be satisfied till that man is handit ower tae the magistrate.

JAEGER is led in by five DYE-WORKERS. Having come directly from work, their faces, hands and clothes are covered with dye. The prisoner, his cap at a jaunty angle on his head, behaves with cheerful impudence. Because of his earlier consumption of brandy, he is in high spirits.

JAEGER Erse-lickers! Ye ca' yirsels workers yet you'd do that tae a comrade? I'd cut ma right hand aff afore ah'd do the dirty oan a fellow-worker!

On a signal from the SUPERINTENDENT, KUTSCHE indicates to the DYE-WORKERS to release their captive and guard the door. JAEGER, now free, stands defiantly.

SUPERINTENDENT (*Shouts at JAEGER.*) Take your hat off, you!

JAEGER takes it off very slowly and continues to smile ironically.

SUPERINTENDENT Your name?

JAEGER What's it tae you? I'm no your dug.

His response causes a stir among those present.

DREISSIGER The impudence!

SUPERINTENDENT (*Changes colour, is about to explode, but contains himself.*) No? Well, we'll see about that later. I asked you your name! (*In a rage, as he gets no response.*) You answer me or I'll have the flesh whipped off your back!

With unperturbed cheerfulness at the Superintendent's fury, JAEGER calls over the heads of those present to a pretty SERVANT GIRL who is about to serve coffee. She stands wide-eyed and open-mouthed looking at the unexpected scene.

JAEGER Well, if it's no Emily! Workin wi the toffs now are ye? Take ma advice and get away frae here. There's a storm gettin up will blow this hoose tae kingdom come!

The SERVANT GIRL gawks at JAEGER. When it dawns that JAEGER was addressing her, she reddens with embarrassment, covers her face with her hands and runs out, leaving the coffee things as they are.

SUPERINTENDENT (*Almost speechless with anger, to DREISSIGER.*) I have never in all my life come across impudence like that...

JAEGER spits on the floor.

DREISSIGER This isna a byre!

SUPERINTENDENT I've reached the limit of my patience. I'm asking you one last time: What is your name?

During this last scene KITTELHAUS has been watching and listening through the slightly ajar door to the drawingroom. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he comes forward to intervene, trembling with agitation.

KITTELHAUS His name is Jaeger, Superintendent. Moritz, if I'm not mistaken...Moritz Jaeger. (*To JAEGER.*) Do you remember me, Jaeger? Well, do you?

JAEGER (*Seriously.*) You're Pastor Kittelhaus.

KITTELHAUS Yes, Jaeger, the guardian of your soul! The same pastor who baptized you into the Community of the Saints when you were just an infant, and from whose hands you first received Holy Communion. Do you remember that? I toiled and laboured to instil the Word of God in your heart and soul; and is this the gratitude you show?

JAEGER (*Glumly, like a scolded schoolboy.*) I put a thaler in the collection plate.

KITTELHAUS Money! Money! Do you really believe that a grubby, miserable coin...How ludicrous! Keep your money! Be pure-in-heart! Behave like a Christian! Think on the promises you once swore to uphold...To honour the Lord's Commandments!...To be good!...To fear God! Money...really!

JAEGER I'm a Quaker now, Herr Kittelhaus. I don't believe in any of that.

KITTELHAUS A Quaker! What nonsense! The Quakers are pious people, not pagans like you! You should get down on your knees and repent for profaning their name! A Quaker indeed!

SUPERINTENDENT With your permission, Pastor Kittelhaus. (*He steps between*

him and JAEGER.) Kutsche, tie his hands!

VOICES (*Shouting from outside.*) "Jaeger! Jaeger! We waant Jaeger!"

DREISSIGER (*A little alarmed, as are the others, instinctively he goes over to the window.*) Whit's a' this aboot?

SUPERINTENDENT They're after this lout. They want him back, but they're out of luck. He's going to jail. Isn't that right, Kutsche?

KUTSCHE (*With rope in hand, hesitating.*) A' due respect, sur, but it'll no be easy. That's a fell big mob doon thair...some vicious beggars amang thum...like Baecker, an that blacksmith...

KITTELHAUS If I may make a suggestion, Superintendent: so as not to incense the crowd further, might it not be wiser if we were to try and find a peaceful solution? Perhaps Jaeger would give an undertaking to go on his way quietly, or...

SUPERINTENDENT Do you know what you are suggesting?! I would respectfully remind you that I shoulder the responsibility! I could never agree to such a proposal! Right, Kutsche! We've wasted enough time!

JAEGER (*Puts his hands together and holds them out, laughing.*) Tie them tight -- as tight as ye like. It'll no be fur lang.

KUTSCHE, with the help of the DYE-WORKERS, ties his hands.

SUPERINTENDENT Right, march! (*To DREISSIGER.*) If you're worried he'll escape, let six of your dye-workers come with us. They can form a guard around him. I'll ride in front and Kutsche will bring up the rear. If anybody dares stand in our way, he'll be cut down.

Mocking cries from outside: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and "Meh, meh, meh!"

SUPERINTENDENT (*Threateningly, toward the window.*) Rabble! See what

happens to hens and sheep! Forward, march! (*He strides out with sabre drawn; the others follow with JAEGER.*)

JAEGER (*Shouts as he goes out.*) Dreissiger! -- That Lady Muck of a wife o' yours acts the madam but she's no better than the likes o' us! She served ma faither wi his schnapps hundreds o' times! Squadron, left, march! (*He goes out laughing.*)

DREISSIGER (*After a pause, seemingly calm.*) So, Herr Kittelhaus, what d'ye think? Will we hiv oor game o' whist at last? Ah think wur safe frae interruptions noo. (He lights a cigar, chortling; as soon as it is lit, he laughs out loud.) When ye think aboot it, it's quite coamical! First, thur wis the blaw-up wi Weinhold. Five meenits later he walks oot an leaves us -- Praise be! Then this collieshangie! I think we deserve oor game o' whist!

KITTELHAUS Yes, but...(*Roars from downstairs.*)...but...that crowd down there's getting very rowdy.

DREISSIGER Well, we'll jist tak wursels intill anither room whar we canna hear thum.

KITTELHAUS (*Shaking his head.*) I wish I knew what has got into these people. I have to give Weinhold, your tutor, his due. He was right in one respect: until very recently I had assumed that the weavers were humble, uncomplaining, docile souls. Weren't you of the same mind, Herr Dreissiger?

DREISSIGER Of coorse they wes uncomplainin an docile -- they kent thur place so wur easily-handled. But then thae ootsiders came alang an stertit stirrin things. Thae busybody dae-gooders've drummed intae thur heids thur hard done bi. Societies here, committees thair -- "for the relief of distress among the weavers", as they pit it...Is it ony surprise thuv swaallied a' thuv bin tellt? Thir heids are turnt ...they're past reasonin wi. A' thir fit fur is complainin aboot this, that, an the nixt thing. Thurs nae pleasin thum. Noo they think naethin but the best is guid enough fur thum.

Suddenly a loud, swelling roar of "Hurray!" is heard.

KITTELHAUS So, with all their fine theories of humanitarianism they have but succeeded in turning lambs into wolves.

DREISSIGER Ah widna go sae far as tae say that, Pastor Kittelhaus. In the lang rin, some profit micht arise frae this business. Mebbe cognisance will be taken in higher circles o' thir disturbances. Mebbe at last they'll tummle tae the fac' things canna gan oan this wey ony longer. Somethin his tae be duin gin oor local industries arena tae be left sink intill utter wrack an ruin.

KITTELHAUS To what do you attribute this lamentable slump in trade?

DREISSIGER Foreign countries hiv pit up high import tariffs against oor goods. Oor best merkets are cut aff frae us, and here at hame the competition's cut-throat. We've bin left tae fend fur oorsels. The government's jist wiped its hands an wa'ked awa'.

PFEIFER (*Staggers in, pale and breathless.*) Herr Dreissiger, Herr Dreissiger!

DREISSIGER (*Standing in the doorway, about to enter the drawingroom; he turns round, irritated.*) What is it noo, Pfeifer?!

PFEIFER It's...it's...hellish bad!

DREISSIGER Whut's happened?

KITTELHAUS Why're you so alarmed? Speak up!

PFEIFER (*Not recovered yet.*) Ah niver thocht it wid cam tae this! It's hellish bad! They'll pey fur this! The Superintendent...

DREISSIGER Fur God's sake, man, spit it oot! His somebody been killt?

PFEIFER (*Almost crying with fear, bursts out.*) Thuv freed Moritz Jaeger! They set aboot the Superintendent... layed intill him left, richt, an centre...gien the polisman Kutsche a guid doin an a'...broke thur sabres an wastit thur helmets...chased baith thum awa'...Oh, Christ!

DREISSIGER Git a grip o' yirsel, Pfeifer!

KITTELHAUS This is tantamount to revolution.

DREISSIGER Ca' thon a police force?!

PFEIFER (*Sitting down in a chair, whimpering, his whole body trembling.*) It's serious, Herr Pfeifer, gey serious!

DREISSIGER Damn't-tae-hell, Pfeifer, keep quiet!

FRAU DREISSIGER (*Enters from the drawingroom with FRAU KITTELHAUS.*) This is awfie, Wilhelm. Oor soirée hes been ruined; and noo Frau Kittelhaus says she waants tae gae hame.

KITTELHAUS My dear Frau Dreissiger, perhaps that would be the wisest course of action in the circumstances...

FRAU DREISSIGER Wilhelm, how could you no've pit a stop tae that business?

DREISSIGER You hiv a go! Go'n, you try! Go'n! (*Standing in front of PASTOR KITTELHAUS, helplessly.*) D'you think ah'm a tyrant? Kin you see me as a slave-driver?

JOHANN the coachman enters.

JOHANN If ye please, Madam, the cairrage is ready. Herr Weinhold's pit yir twa laddies in the cairrage. Gin things turn nestier still, we kin mak a rin fur it.

FRAU DREISSIGER How d'ye mean, turn nestier?

JOHANN Ah dinna ken fur certain they wull, Madam, but the mob's grouwin bigger bi the meenit...And thuv a'ready chased aff the Superintendent an Kutsche.

PFEIFER It's like ah said, Herr Dreissiger, it's serious, gey serious!

FRAU DREISSIGER (*With mounting fear.*) How? -- what's gantae happen? What're they eftir, that crowd? They shairly widna attack us, wid they, Johann?

JOHANN Thur some coorse bruits amang thum, Madam.

PFEIFER It's serious, gey serious!

DREISSIGER Stoap slaverin, man! Are the doors barred?

KITTELHAUS If you'd permit me...Indulge me just one favour...I've been thinking...I've come to a decision...(*To JOHANN.*) What is it those people want?

JOHANN (*Embarrassed.*) They waant mair pey, the stupit half-wits.

KITTELHAUS Very well, I shall go out and do my duty. I shall have a serious talk with them.

JOHANN Ah widna dae that, Pastor Kittelhaus. They're weel past the stage o' listenin tae words.

KITTELHAUS I've just one more favour to ask of you, Herr Dreissiger. I would like you to station some men behind the door and have them lock it the minute I go out.

FRAU KITTELHAUS Oh, Joseph, you mustn't.

KITTELHAUS I must, I must. I know what I'm doing. Fear not, the Lord will protect me.

FRAU KITTELHAUS presses his hand in hers, steps back, and wipes tears from her eyes.

KITTELHAUS (*While from below can be heard the muffled din of a large mob.*) I shall act as if...I shall act as if I'm on my way home. I want to see whether my holy office...whether I still command the respect of these people...I want to see...(*He takes his hat and walking stick.*) Forward then, in God's name.

He goes out, accompanied by DREISSIGER, PFEIFER, and JOHANN.

FRAU KITTELHAUS Oh, Frau Dreissiger! -- (*She bursts into tears and clasps her arms around her.*) -- I hope he'll come to no harm!

FRAU DREISSIGER (*Lost in thought.*) Ah jist don't know what the warld's comin tae, Frau Kittelhaus...Ah jist don't know what tae feel. How kin things like this happen? If this is the wey things are tae be, then ye micht as weel say it's a sin tae be rich. Ah actually think, Frau Kittelhaus, if somedy hid tellt me this is how it wid turn oot, ah'd better hiv steyed servin in ma faither's inn.

FRAU KITTELHAUS Believe me, my dear Frau Dreissiger, you find troubles and tribulations in all walks of life.

FRAU DREISSIGER Aye, well, that's true enough. Jist because we hiv mair nor maist folk...and it's no as if we stole it, God's sake. A' we hiv, we cam by honestly. It's no ma man's fault trade's bad. Shairly they widna resort tae violence against us?

A tumultuous roar is heard from below. As the two women stand petrified, looking at each other, DREISSIGER rushes into the room.

DREISSIGER Quick, Rosa, throw a coat oan an git doon intae the cairrage! Ah'll be richt eftir ye!

He rushes to the safe, opens it, and removes several valuables.

JOHANN (*Entering.*) Iverything's ready! Wull hiv tae hurry afore they git tae the back gate!

FRAU DREISSIGER (*Panic-stricken, embraces JOHANN.*) Oh, Johann! Guid Johann! Save us, Johann! Save ma bairns! Oh, oh....

DREISSIGER Control yirsel! Lea go Johann!

JOHANN Noo, madam, madam! Dinna be feart, mistress. Oor hoarses are fast an strang. Naebdy'll catch us; an gin onybody stauns in oor wey, wull rin thum ower. (*He goes off.*)

FRAU KITTELHAUS (*Helpless with fear.*) But my husband? What about my husband? Where is he, Herr Dreissiger!

DREISSIGER He's a' richt, Frau Kittelhaus. Niver fear, jist calm yirsel. He's a' richt.

FRAU KITTELHAUS Something terrible's happened to him. You're not telling me, I know, you're not telling me!

DREISSIGER They'll pey fur it, niver fear! Ah ken wha amang thum wis responsible. Blasphemous behaviour lik thon'll no gan unpunished. Tae think a congregation wid lay haunds oan its pastor -- it's scandalous! ...Behavin nae better nor wild beasts! Aye, but they'll be treatit like wild beasts, jist you wait! (*To FRAU DREISSIGER who is standing transfixed.*) Shift! Move! (*Pounding against the front door is heard.*) D'ye no hear?! They're berserk! (*The sound of smashing glass is heard.*) Thull stoap at nuthin! Wuv nae choice but tae leave this minute!

VOICES shouting: "We waant Pfeifer! We waant Pfeifer!"

FRAU DREISSIGER Pfeifer! Pfeifer! They're waantin Pfeifer ootside!

PFEIFER (*Rushes in.*) Herr Dreissiger, some're at the back gate a'ready, an we canna haud thum oot the front door mair nor twa-three meenit langer. Wittig's bangin oan it wi a pail like a madman.

VOICES shouting even louder: "Bring oot Pfeifer! Bring oot Pfeifer!"

FRAU DREISSIGER rushes off, as though being chased. FRAU KITTELHAUS follows.

PFEIFER listens. Once he makes out what the shouts are saying, he pales and panics. He utters the following words frantically; crying, whimpering, pleading, and whining all at the same time. He siezes DREISSIGER and smothers him in childish caresses, stroking his cheeks and arms, and kissing his hands. He finishes up clinging to him like a drowning man so that DREISSIGER cannot escape.

PFEIFER Ye're a guid, kind-hertit man, Herr Dreissiger! Dinna leave me here! Ah've served ye faithfully. Ah aye treatit the weavers fairly -- ah couldna gie thum higher rates nor you'd set. Dinna abandon me here! Please! They'll kill me if they fund me here! They'll murder me! Oh, God Almichty! In the name o' mercy! Ma wife, ma bairns...

DREISSIGER (*As he tries in vain to free himself from PFEIFER.*) Lea go o' me, min! It'll be a'richt!

DREISSIGER goes out with PFEIFER. The room is empty for a few seconds. Noise of a window in the drawingroom being smashed is heard. A loud crash shakes the house, followed by a roar of "Hurray!", and then silence. A few seconds pass, then light, tentative footsteps can be heard on the stairs leading to the first floor. Subdued and half-timid VOICES can be heard, exclaiming: "Oan the left!" -- "Git up-the-stairs!" -- "Shh!" -- "Wait!" -- "Stoap shovin!" -- "Watch yir feet!" -- "Git a bluidy move oan!" -- "Dinna hing back!" -- "In!" -- "Go'n!"

Young WEAVER BOYS and GIRLS appear in the hallway door. They are reluctant to enter, and each tries to push the other in. After a few moments, they overcome their timidity, and the poor, thin figures -- some sickly-looking, some dressed in rags or patched clothes -- spread out through the two rooms. At first they gawp at things in curiosity, but then they begin to touch them. The girls try out the sofas; groups form to admire their reflections in the mirror; some climb up on chairs to inspect pictures and to take them down. Meanwhile, more poor wretches stream in from the hallway.

OLD WEAVER (*Enters.*) This is madness! Ah waant nae pairt in this! Doonstair is a'ready turnt upside doon. Thurs neither rhyme nor reason till it; nae guid'll cam o' it. Nae man wi ony sense wid coontenance this. Ah'm keepin masel weel oot o' this destruction!

JAEGER, BAECKER, WITTIG with a metal pail, BAUMERT, and a number of YOUNG and OLD WEAVERS come storming in as if chasing something, shouting to one another with hoarse voices.

JAEGER Where is he?

BAECKER Where's that bastart o' a slave-driver?

OLD BAUMERT Gin we're expeckit tae eat gress, he'll kin eat eshes.

WITTIG When we fund him, wull pit a rope roon his neck.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER Wull tak him bi the ligs an fling him haid furst oot the windae -- he'll niver wa'k again.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER (*Enters.*) He's gaen.

ALL Wha?

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER Dreissiger.

BAECKER And Pfeifer?

VOICES Lit's fund Pfeifer! Lit's git him!

OLD BAUMERT Puss, puss, puss, c'mon Pfeifer, puss, puss, puss -- here a weaver fur ye tae eat! (*Laughter.*)

JAEGER Even supposin we canna get oor hands on Dreissiger, we'll leave him poor.

OLD BAUMERT Aye, as poor as us -- as pair as a weaver!

They all rush to the drawingroom with the intention of destroying everything.

BAECKER (*Runs ahead, turns around, and stops the others.*) Wait! -- Listen tae me! This is jist the stert. Wance wur duin here, we'll gan oan tae Bielau -- tae Dietrich's, him wi the power looms. A' oor miseries stem frae thae factories.

ANSORGE (*Enters from the hallway. Takes a few steps forward, stands still, looks around him incredulously, shakes his head, hits his forehead, and says.*) Where am ah? -- Is this the weaver Anton Ansorge? Kin this be him? Are ye oot yir mind, Ansorge? -- "Ma heid's birlin fit tae burst," noo ye say. -- An whut're ye daein here? -- "Ah'm daein onything ah waant." -- D'ye ken whar ye are, Ansorge? -- (*He hits his forehead again.*) -- "Ah'm fell doitrified! Ah'm no richt in the heid! Ah'm no responsible fur ma actions! -- Here, whut're you agitators daein in ma hoose? Git oot! Go'n, git oot! Ah'll report yese tae the polis! Ah'll hae yir haunds cut aff!" An eye fur an eye and a tooth fur a tooth! So, you tak ma howff an ah'll tak yours! Richt, lit's tak yours!

With a yelp, he goes into the drawingroom. The others follow him amid shouts and laughter.

Curtain.

ACT FIVE

Langenbielau. The small weaving room of OLD HILSE. To the left is a small window, in front of it a loom. To the right is a bed with a table pushed up close to it. In the right corner is a stove with a bench. Sitting around the table on a footstool, the bed, and a wooden stool are: OLD HILSE; his equally old, blind, and almost deaf wife, MOTHER HILSE; his son, GOTTLIEB; and Gottlieb's wife LUISE. They are at their morning prayers. A spooling wheel with bobbins stands between the table and the loom. Stored on top of the smoke-browned rafters are all kinds of spinning, winding and weaving implements; and from the rafters hang long hanks of yarn. All sorts of worthless odds and ends litter the room. In the back wall of this very narrow, low, and shallow room is a door leading into the entrance passage. Opposite this door, on the facing wall of the passage, another door lies open, through which can be seen a similar weaving room. The passage has a stone floor and crumbling plasterwork; and a flight of rickety wooden stairs leads up into the attic. A washtub on a stool is partly visible; ragged items of clothing and some pathetic household implements lie scattered about. The light falls from the left into all the rooms.

OLD HILSE is bearded, heavy-boned, and bent and gaunt through age, over-work, illness and hardship. A war-veteran, he has lost an arm. He has a sharp nose and pale face, and he trembles. He has been reduced to skin and bone, and he has the deep-set sore eyes characteristic of the weavers. OLD HILSE, GOTTLIEB and LUISE rise to their feet; OLD HILSE prays.

OLD HILSE Our Father, we offer up our thankfulness that in Thy almichty grace and goodness Thou have this nicht cast your benevolence upon us. We offer our thankfulness, too, that this nicht Thou have protected us from misfortune. Lord, Thy grace is infinite: we stand here before you, poor hummle sinners, wicked and corrupt flesh unworthy of your graciousness, yet Thou, dear Faither, bestow your goodness on us for the sake of Thy dear son, Oor Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Jesus's blood and righteousness are our golden robe of glory. If at times we surrender to despair under the justifeed burden of your chastisement, when the raging fires of purification purge our souls of sin, forgie us oor mortal flesh. Our Faither, who art in Heevin, forgie us our trespasses, and grant us the strength to bear these present sufferings so that we may enter intil Thy eternal bliss. Amen.

MOTHER HILSE (*Who has been bending forward straining to hear; weeping.*) Ye aye say sic bonny prayers, faither.

LUISE goes to the washtub; GOTTLIEB goes into the other weaving room across the passage.

OLD HILSE Whar's the lassie?

LUISE She's awa' ower tae Peterswaldau, till Dreissiger's. She feenished windin a puckle mair bobbins last nicht.

OLD HILSE (*Loudly.*) Wull ah bring ye yir wheel noo, mither?

MOTHER HILSE Aye, aye, faither, c'wa'n bring it tae me.

OLD HILSE (*Placing the spooling-wheel down in front of her.*) Ah'd gledly dae it fur ye.

MOTHER HILSE No, no...Whit wid ah dae tae fill ma time? Ah'd jist weary.

OLD HILSE Ah'll gie yir fingers a wipe so's ye'll no git grease oan the yairn -- ye hear me? (*He wipes her hands with a rag.*)

LUISE (*From the washtub.*) Frae where exactly could she've goatten grease oan her fingers? No frae whut we've etten, that's fur shair.

OLD HILSE When thur's nae lard, we eat oor breid dry -- When wuv nae breid, we eat tatties -- And when wuv nae tatties left, wull eat bran...dry bran.

LUISE (*Insolently.*) An when that rins oot, wull dae like that Wengler faimly duin -- dig up an auld scabby cuddy buried bi a fermer an live aff its maggots fur a month -- wulln't we, eh?

GOTTLIEB (*From the back room.*) Is thur nae wark gingin oan ben thair?

OLD HILSE You watch that Godless tongue o' yours! (*He goes to the loom and calls.*) Gottlieb, wull ye gie me a haund? -- ah've a puckle threids tae dra' through.

LUISE (*From the wash-tub.*) Gottlieb, yir faither waants ye help him!

GOTTLIEB enters.

GOTTLIEB and OLD HILSE commence the laborious job of drawing up the threads. The threads of the warp are pulled through the eyes of the comb or the shaft of the loom. They have scarcely started when HORNING appears in the passage.

HORNIG (*In the doorway.*) Guid speed tae yir shuttles!

OLD HILSE and GOTTLIEB Guid day tae ye, Horning!

OLD HILSE Div ye niver sleep? Durin daylicht hoors ye're oan the stot daein yir roonds and at nicht ye stan' guaird.

HORNIG Ah've gien up sleep!

LUISE Hullo, Hornig!

OLD HILSE Hiv ye ony news?

HORNIG Aye, and guid news it is tae. The weavers in Peterswaldau his risen up an huntit Dreissiger an his haill faimly oot the toon.

LUISE (*With a hint of excitement.*) Hornig's makkin up stories again.

HORNIG No this time, ma dearie, no this time -- By the by, ah've some bra' bairns' peenies oan ma cairt -- Na, na, ah swear hit's the God's truth ah'm tellin ye. Thuv huntit thum richt oot the toon. Last nicht they goat as far as Reichenbach but the fowk thair widna lit thum stey fur fear o' the weavers, so they heided aff hell-fur-leather fur Schweidnitz.

OLD HILSE carefully takes up the threads of the warp and holds them close to the combs, while from the other side GOTTLIEB uses a wire hook to pull them through one of the eyes.

OLD HILSE Noo, Hornig, nae mair!

HORNIG May ah be struck doon gin ah'm tellin a lee. Even the very bairns in Peterswaldau ken it's the truth.

OLD HILSE Is it me's daft, or is it you?

HORNIG What ah've tellt ye is as true as the Bible. Ah seen it wi ma ain een -- wi thur twa een 'at see you here in front me noo, Gottlieb. They rampaged through Dreissiger's hoose frae tap tae boattom, smashin iverythin. They flang his guid chinie oot the attic windae an it's lyin scaittered a' ower the ruif. Hunners o' rolls o' claith wur dumped in the burn -- that mony the watter's a' dammed up an floodit ower the banks. Worse still, the watter's a' dyed blue frae the buckets o' indigo they flang oot the windaes...the air wis chokin wi cloods o' blue pooder. Fur it wisna jist the hoose they rampaged through but the dye-works an warehoose an a'. Oh, but the hoose wis taen apairt! The banister wis ca'ed tae hell, the flair ripped up, mirrors smashed tae smithereens, chairs an sofies torn an slashed, the haill place left in utter ruination. Ah'm tellin ye, it wis worse nor ye see in a war.

OLD HILSE They wur weavers frae roond aboot here? (*He shakes his head slowly and incredulously. A group of curious neighbours has gathered at the door.*)

HORNIG Whar else wid they be frae? Ah could pit a name till ivery wan o' thum. Ah taen a Commissioner here tae investigate oor condition through the hoose, so ah spak till maist o' thum -- they wes thur yaisyal freenly sels -- but that didna stoap thum gaun aboot thur wark o' destruction slow an methodical-like. The Commissioner ta'ked wi a loat o' thum fur his report tae the high-heid-yins. They wes polite till him, as they aye are, but they refused tae ca' a halt. They went hell-fur-leather at smashin up bonny bits o' furniture like they wur oan piece-wark.

OLD HILSE Ye taen the Commissioner through the hoose?

HORNIG Howfurno? Ah'd naehin tae be feart fur. They a' ken me. Ah've niver duin thum ony herm. Ah've aye goat oan fine wi thum. Ah swear tae ye, as shair as ma name's Hornig, ah gaed through that hoose. And div ye ken this? -- ye kin believe it or believe it no -- the tears welled up in ma een -- an in the Commissioner's an a', fur ah seen it. An d'ye ken whey? They went aboot thur wark wi'oot a

word passin atween thum, not a single word. The silence as they pair stervin sowls taen thur revenge sair rugged at yir hert.

LUISE (*Affected, wiping her eyes with her apron.*) This hid tae happen! Whut thuv did is richt!

VOICES OF THE NEIGHBOURS We've a wheen slave-drivers roond here an a' -- Thurs wan jist acroass the street -- He's sittin wi fower hoarses an six cairrages in his stables yit he lits his weavers sterve tae daith.

OLD HILSE (*Still incredulous.*) Whit triggered it aff?

HORNIG Wha kens? Wha kens? Wan tells ye wan hing, wan anither.

OLD HILSE Whut kinna things div they say?

HORNIG As faur as ah could mak oot, the hert o' it is 'at Dreissiger seems tae've said, gin the weavers are stervin, they kin eat gress.

There is a commotion among the NEIGHBOURS as they pass the information on to one another with indignation.

OLD HILSE Noo, you listen tae me, Hornig, gin ye wur tae tell me the King o' Prussia wis tae pey me a veesit the moarn, ah'd believe ye. But fur you tae staund thair and expeck me tae believe 'at weavers -- men like me an ma son -- wid dae hings lik yon...Na, na, ah wid niver believe that!

MIELCHEN, a pretty seven-year old girl with long, loose flaxen hair, runs in carrying a basket. She holds out a silver spoon to her mother.

MIELCHEN See this, mither, see this! You kin buy me a dress wi it!

LUISE Whit's adae wi ye, bairn? (*With rising excitement and tension.*) Whit's this yir comin hame wi noo? Ye kin scarce catch yir braith...the bobbins are still in yir basket...Whit's this a' aboot, lassie?

OLD HILSE Whar did that spuin in yir haund cam frae?

LUISE Mebbe she fund it.

HORNIG It'd fetch twa-three thalers, ah'd wager.

OLD HILSE (*Enraged.*) Git oot o' here this instant! Git oot! You dae whit yir tellt an git oot or ah'll tak ma haund tae ye! An tak that spuin back tae whar ye goat it! Wull you git oot! Div ye waant tae mak thiefs oot o' a' o' us?! Ya wee imp, ah'll learn ye no tae lift things! (*He looks for something to hit her with.*)

MIELCHEN (*Clinging to her mother's skirt, crying.*) Dinna hit me, granda, dinna hit me...ah fund it...we a' fund thum...a' the bobbin lassies taen yin.

LUISE (*Torn between fear and anxiety, she bursts out.*) There, see! -- She said she fund it! Whar did ye fund it?

MIELCHEN (*Sobbing.*) In Peterswaldau...we fund thum ootside Dreissiger's hoose.

OLD HILSE God preserve us! You clear oot o' here like ye wur tellt or ah'll tan yir backside fur ye.

MOTHER HILSE Whut's gan oan?

HORNIG The best coorse o' action, Faither Hilse, is hiv Gottlieb pit oan his coat an tak the spuin tae the police.

OLD HILSE Fling oan yir coat, Gottlieb!

GOTTLIEB (*Already eagerly putting it on.*) Ah'll tell thum she didna dae it deliberate-like...A bairn that age canna be expectit tae understand thae kinna things...Ah'll hand back the spuin tae thum. Stoap that greetin, wull ye!

MIELCHEN, crying, is taken into the back room by her mother, LUISE, who then closes the door and returns.

HORNIG Aye, it wid fetch three thalers at least.

GOTTLIEB Luise, gie me a bit o' claith tae wrap it up in. Tae think a wee thing lik this is worth sae much, eh! (*He has tears in his eyes as he wraps the spoon.*)

LUISE If we sellt it, we could live aff it fur a fortnicht.

OLD HILSE Go'n, git oot o' here as fast as yir ligs kin cairry ye! Sell stolen goods! Ah'd dee furst! Tak that Divil's wark oot o' ma hoose aince an fur a'!

GOTTLIEB leaves with the spoon.

HORNIG Weel, ah'd best be oan ma wey an a'. (*He goes out, stopping for a few seconds on the way to have a word with the neighbours in the passage.*)

SURGEON SCHMIDT enters the passage. He is a brisk, stout little man, with a pawky face and a high-coloured complexion caused by over-imbibing.

SURGEON SCHMIDT Good morning to you all! I've been hearing about this fine carryings-on. You better watch yourselves! (*Shaking a warning finger.*) You're sleekit devils, so you are. (*In the doorway, without entering the front room.*) Good morning, Father Hilse! (*To a woman in the passage.*) Well, Mother, is the pain easing up yet? Good, see, just what I told you! So, Father Hilse, I thought I should drop by and see how you're faring. How's Mother Hilse?

LUISE The veins in her een are an awfie state, Doactir. She canna see naethin.

SCHMIDT It's because of the dust and from weaving by candlelight. Can you tell me, Father Hilse, what is behind this business? The whole of Peterswaldau is on its way here. I started out on my rounds this

morning, not aware anything was amiss, but then I began to hear the strangest stories. What on earth has gotten into these people? They're rampaging like mad dogs -- rioting and pillaging -- it's like a revolution was underway...Mielchen! Where's my wee Mielchen? (*MIELCHEN, her eyes still red from crying, is pushed in by her mother.*) Here, Mielchen, come and have a lookie in my coat pocket. (*MIELCHEN does so.*) The ginger-snaps are for you -- but don't wolf them all at once...In fact, I'll have a song first! "The tod run aff..." Come on! "The tod run aff wi...the bubbly, bubblyjock, bubbly, bubblyjock..." Oh, just you wait, young lady! You called the speugs sitting on the Pastor's fence a bad word and they went and clyped to the Pastor and now you're for it, so there! (*To the others.*) Near fifteen hundred people are on the march, would you believe. (*Distant ringing of bells.*) Listen to that -- they're ringing the warning bells in Reichenbach. Fifteen hundred people -- it's as if the end of the world were at hand. I have a sense of foreboding!

OLD HILSE Ye shair thur oan thir wey here tae Bielau?

SCHMIDT Of course I am -- I've just come from driving through them; I drove right through the middle of the whole mob. What a picture of misery they looked! They shuffled along, one behind the other, like the risen dead, singing a song as they went -- it fair made my flesh creep, I can tell you. My driver Friedrich started bubbling like an old woman. I should've got out and given them all a spoonful of tonic! As soon as we were past them, we had to go in search of our own revivifying tonic in a hostelry! I'll tell you this, I wouldn't like to be in a factory owner's shoes -- not for all the tea in China. (*Singing is heard in the distance.*) Hear that? It's like the knuckles of corpses chapping on coffin lids. Another five minutes and they'll be here. Goodbye, my friends, don't do anything rash. There'll be soldiers hard on their tails. Don't lose your heads like those people from Peterswaldau. (*Bells begin ringing close by.*) God Almighty, they're ringing our bells now! -- That'll stir our people into a frenzy as well! (*He goes upstairs.*)

GOTTLIEB (*In the passage, breathless.*) Ah seen thum, ah seen thum! (*To a woman neighbour in the passage.*) Thur here, thur here! (*In the doorway.*) Faither, thur here, thur here! Thur cairryin poles an hooks an aixes. Thur a'ready up at Dietrich's hoose bawlin an cursin. Ah think he's gien thum money tae try an pacify thum. It's some size o' a mob -- wance they snap, oor factory owners'll suffer fell bad, ah'm tellin ye. It disna bear thinkin aboot. Dear Lord, whar'll it a' end up?

OLD HILSE Whey did ye rin sair like that? Ye ken ye risk a relapse gin ye gar yirsel gasp fur braith. Yull end up haein wan o' yir bad turns again.

GOTTLIEB (*With rising excitement and elation.*) Ah hid tae rin or they'd've seized haud o' me. They wur shoutin at me tae jine thum. Even Old Baumert wis thair. He tellt me tae line up an git ma five groschen frae Dietrich tae. "You're a pair, stervin weaver an a'," says he. "Gan an tell yir faither tae come an help us pey back the factory owners fur cuttin oor wages." (*Passionately.*) "Things are cheyngin," says he. "Frae noo oan, things'll be different fur us weavers." He waants us a' tae come an dae oor bits. Frae noo oan, we'll hae meat oan Sundays and Holy Days athoot fail. "Things is a' gan tae cheynge," says he.

OLD HILSE (*With suppressed indignation.*) And tae think he ca's himsel your godfaither and asks ye tae dirty yir hands wi sic evil deeds! You stey weel oot o' that hellish business, Gottlieb. It's the Deevil's wark.

LUISE (*Overcome with excitement and passion, vehemently.*) Aye, Gottlieb, that's richt, go you an coo'er at the back o' the stove -- cra'l intae the coarner -- kneel doon an say yir prayers -- act like yir daddie's wee bairnie -- a' jist tae please yir faither. A' ye need's a froack oan yir back an a dummy-tit in yir mooth! Ca' yirsel a man?!

Laughter from the neighbours in the passage.

OLD HILSE (*Trembling with suppressed rage.*) And ah suppose you kin ca' yirsel a guid wife, eh? -- incitin yir man tae commit crimes and brek God's laws! And as fur ca'in yirsel a mither, hoo kin ye expeck tae learn yir dochter richt frae wrang when ye've an evil tongue lik that in yir heid?!

LUISE (*Losing her head.*) You an yir self-richteousness! When did your fine principles iver pit a bite o' meat in even wan o' ma bairns's bellies? Acause o' your thrawnness a' fower o' ma infants've lain in dirt an pishy wet rags. Oh, aye, ah ca' masel a mither a'richt! An ah'll tell ye somethin else, it's because ah ca' masel a mither ah wid see thae factory owners burn in hell! Jist exactly how wis ah expectit tae keep ma infants frae deein? You tell me, how? Frae the meenit wan o' thae pair wee things cam intill this warld till whan daith smiled oan it an taen it awa' oot this misery, ah've gret mair nor ah've taen braiths. But you? -- you niver shed wan tear. Ah wa'ked the flesh affa ma feet till they wur bleedin, beggin hither an 'yont fur a drap o'

milk, but you jist sat here prayin an singin yir hymns. Hunners o' nichts ah've sat up, at ma wit's end, driven dementit tryin tae save even jist wan o' ma bairns frae the grave. Whut sin did a wee bairnie iver commit tae deserve a terrible daith lik yon, eh? You tell me! And a' the time, ower thair in Dietrich's mansion they wur waashin thirsels in milk, livin in the lap o' luxury. Naw, ah'm tellin you tae yir face, if things blaws up here, wild hoarses widna haud me back. Ah'll tell ye this tae, if they ding doon Dietrich's door, ah'll be the furst through, and naebdy need try an git in ma wey! Ah've hid it up tae here -- thurs nae gaun back!

OLD HILSE You're a loast soul -- yir past helpin.

LUISE (*In a frenzy.*) Youse're the yins past helpin! Youse're no men, yese're mice! Yese're jist saps! Yese hivna a backbone atween yese! Yese're a pair o' feardiegowks! Yese lit yirsels be wa'ked a' owre...They shite oan ye an ye jist smile an say "we deserved it". They've sucked that much blood oot yese, yese canna even ridden wi shame. Somedy should tak a whip an leather yese back intae life. (*She goes off quickly.*)

An embarrassed pause.

MOTHER HILSE Whut's adae wi Luise, faither?

OLD HILSE Naehing, mither. Whit wid be adae wi her?

MOTHER HILSE Tell me, faither, am ah hearin things or is that the bells ringin ah hear?

OLD HILSE It maun be a funeral, mither.

MOTHER HILSE It's niver mines though. Hoo is it ah kin niver git lea tae dee?

Pause.

OLD HILSE (*Leaves his work, draws himself up, solemnly.*) Gottlieb! -- that your wife should speak o' us in that wey! Tak a look here, Gottlieb! (*He bares his chest.*) There wis wance a bullet in here, big as a thimble;

and the King kens whar ah loast ma airm -- it wisna the mice ett it aff. (*He walks back and forth.*) That wife o' yours -- ah wis gien ma bluid fur King an country afore she wis even thocht o'. She kin ba'l her heid aff as much as she waants, ah dinna gie a fig -- ah ken whut ah've duin. A feardiegowk? Me feart? What wid ah be feart fur, ah'd like tae ken? -- the haunfu' o' sodgers'll likely be chasin eftir that mob? Guidsake, that's naethin tae be feart o'. Ah'm mebbe ower the hill but ah'll no rin frae the sicht o' twa-three bayonets. Aye, and even supposin ah meet ma end, ah'd gledly dee. Ah'm no feart o' daith -- gin it disna tak ye the day, it'll tak ye the moarn. Aye, ah'd be gled tae meet ma end -- whit's thur tae hing oan fur here? Wha'd greet tae cast aff this a'ld rickle o' banes, this life o' meesery an torment? Ah'd be gled tae pass frae this vale o' tears. But mind, Gottlieb, that's no the end o' it -- the eftir-life lies in wait fur us. We ignore it at oor peril.

GOTTLIEB Naebdy kens whut happens aince yir deid. Naebdy's cam back an tellt us.

OLD HILSE Gottlieb! -- Hoo kin ye ta'k lik that? Hoo kin ye cast doot oan the wan thing pair fowk lik us hae left? Whey else but fur that wid ah hiv tholed slavin ower this loom fur forty year? Whey else wid ah hiv tholed sittin here stervin while thon sinner ower thair sunk iver further intill greed an gluttony an grouwed fat oan the back o' ma hunger an meesery? Ask yirsel that -- whey else? Ah withstood a' that because deep doon ah hid hope. (*Pointing to the window.*) He mebbe hes his rewaird in this warld, but ah'll hae mines in the wan eftir this -- and the thocht o' that hes bin ma comfort doon a' thae years. Ah wid gan tae the stake afore ah'd gie up that belief. God himsel has promised us. The Day of Judgement is comin, but it's no fur us tae act as the judges. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord.

A VOICE (*Through the window.*) Weavers! -- come oot an jine us!

OLD HILSE Dae as yese wish. (*He sits down at his loom.*) Ah'm bidin here.

GOTTLIEB (*After a short struggle with himself.*) Ah'm bidin here tae. Ah'm cairryin oan wi ma wark, come whut may. (*He goes off.*)

The "Weaver's Song" is heard being sung nearby by hundreds of voices; it is like a dull, monotonous lament.

VOICES OF THE NEIGHBOURS (*In the passage.*) Christ, thurs hunders o' weavers! -- Whar did they a' cam frae? -- Stoap pushin! -- Ah waant a look an a'! -- Git an eyefull o' that beanpole mairchin at the heid o' thum! -- God Almichty, the place is swarmin wi thum!

HORNIG (*Joins the NEIGHBOURS in the passage.*) Some procession, eh? Ye dinna see the likes o' thon ivery day. Ye should go'n see whit thuv duin tae Dietrich's place. They've dung doon his hoose an factory -- no a stane or brick's left staunin. Thuv helpit thirsels tae his wine cellar -- knoackin back boattle eftir boattle like it wes watter. They canna be fashed wi the coarks, jist smash open the necks and poor it ower thur throats -- nane o' thum bathers gin they cut thir mooths oan the broken gless -- some o' thum are rinnin aroond wi the bluid poorin doon thir chists like they'd hid thir throats cut. Dietrich better look oot he disna end up the same wey if they fund him.

The singing of the crowd has stopped.

VOICES OF THE NEIGHBOURS Ye widna think tae look at thum they wes ragin.

HORNIG Oh, no? You waatch. They're jist quietly sizin that mansion up the noo afore they set oan it. See that wee fat man? -- him wi the metal pail in his haun? -- 'at's the blacksmith frae Peterswaldau -- he's as strang as an oax -- breks doon the stootest doors lik they wur kinnlin. God help ony factory owner fa's intill his haunds -- he better say his prayers!

VOICES OF THE NEIGHBOURS Did ye hear that smash?! -- It wis a stane gaun through a windae! -- Auld Dietrich'll be gittin the wind up noo! -- Look, he's hingin a sign oot! -- Whit's it say? -- Kin ye no read? -- What wid yese dae if ah couldna read? -- Jist read it till us, will ye! -- "YOU WILL ALL GET SATISFACTION. YOU WILL ALL GET SATISFACTION."

HORNIG Muckle guid that'll dae him. He coulda spared hissel the humiliation. Thur minds're set -- it's the factory thur eftir -- they waant rid o' the mechanical looms. Even a blind man kin see it's thae looms're destroyin the weavers's livelihoods. Na, thae fowk wullna back doon noo -- no even the threats o' a Judge or a Chief o' Police could sway thum, far less some bit sign hung frae a windae. Onybody 'at's seen thum riled kens it's best git oot thur wey.

VOICES OF THE NEIGHBOURS The size o' that crowd! -- Whut kin they be eftir? -- (*Excited.*) Thur croassin ower the brig! -- (*Afraid.*) Are they makkin fur here? -- (*Shocked and frightened.*) Thur comin this wey! -- Thur comin here! -- Thur comin tae force the ither weavers jine thum!

They all flee, leaving the passageway empty. A crowd of rioters surges in. They are dirty and dusty, and their clothes are torn and dishevelled. Their faces are flushed with excitement and alcohol, and they have the wild-eyed look of people who have not slept. As they push into the house, spreading through the rooms, they cry, "Come oot, weavers!" BAECKER and several young WEAVERS, armed with poles and axes, enter OLD HILSE's room. When they recognise him, they stop, slightly abashed.

BAECKER Lea aff slavin awa' lik that, Faither Hilse. Lit somedy mair able trample the treadle -- you've duin yirsel enough injury ower-the-heid o' it. We'll see it's taen care o'.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER Frae noo oan ye'll no gan tae bed wi an empty belly.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER Ilkae weaver'll hae a ruif ower his heid and a shirt oan his back.

OLD HILSE Is it Satan sent ye here wieldin poles and aixes?

BAECKER They're tae learn Dietrich a lesson.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER Wur gauntae ram thum up the factory owners' erses so's they'll kin learn hoo hunger burns yir bowels!

THIRD YOUNG WEAVER Come wi us, Faither Hilse! We'll hiv oor revenge!

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER Naebdy showed us peety -- neither God nor man -- sae noo we're seein tae oor ain justice.

OLD BAUMERT enters, somewhat unsteady on his feet, and with a newly killed hen under his arm. He holds out the other arm.

OLD BAUMERT Brithers, comrades! -- We're a' brithers thegither! -- For a' that and a' that, link yir airm in mine fur a' that!

Laughter.

OLD HILSE Some sicht ye look, Wilhelm!

OLD BAUMERT Gustav! -- is it yirsel, Gustav! Ya pair auld stervin weaver -- come gie's yir haund! (*He is very moved.*)

OLD HILSE (*Growls.*) Lea me in peace.

OLD BAUMERT Gustav, ye've goat tae mak yir ain luck -- that's the wey it is. Tak a guid look at me, Gustav. Whit div ye see? Am ah no lucky? -- Ah look like a Count! (*Patting his stomach.*) Ken whit's in here? -- a denner fit fur a king! When ye mak yir ain luck, ye kin dine oan champagne an roast beef. Ah'll tell ye somethin, we've been saft in the heid -- insteed o' livin in waant, we shoulda been helpin oorsels.

ALL (*In unison.*) We should help oorsels! Hip-hip-hooray!

OLD BAUMERT Wan forkfu' o' guid meat inside ye and, by the Christ, dae ye no perk up! Ye come alive again, feel the strength poorin back intae yir boady! Yir like a ragin bull -- ye'll take oan a'comers! Christ, it feels guid!

JAEGER (*In the doorway, armed with an old cavalry sabre.*) We've launched a couple o' good attacks.

BAECKER Aye, we've learned the method -- wan, two, three, then we rush the hoose, force oor wey in, spread through the place like wildfire, pittin it tae the torch.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER How's aboot we start anither fire?

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER Aye, lit's merch oan tae Reichenbach an burn the rich bourgeois oot thur big hooses!

JAEGER They'd thank ye for it -- think o' all the insurance money they'd get. (*Laughter.*)

BAECKER Frae here wull mairch tae Freiburg, tae Tromtra's.

JAEGER We should sort oot thae government officials -- ah've read they're the root o' all the weavers' troubles.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER Then we should merch oan tae Breslau -- mair'n mair fowk are jinin us.

OLD BAUMERT (*To HILSE.*) Here, hae a drink, Gustav!

OLD HILSE Drink niver passes ma lips.

OLD BAUMERT That wes in the aulden days, Gustav -- hings's different noo.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER It's Christmas ivery day noo. (*Laughter.*)

OLD HILSE (*Impatiently.*) Ye band o' blasphemers -- whut is it yese is waantin frae me?

OLD BAUMERT (*Somewhat taken aback; making amends, in an overly friendly way.*) Ah jist waantit tae bring ye this hen, Gustav -- so's ye cud mak mither some soup? That wes a', like, ken?

OLD HILSE (*Touched, warming a little.*) Weel, you gan ower an tell mither yirsel.

MOTHER HILSE (*She has been straining to listen, her hand cupped to her ear. Now she waves BAUMERT away.*) Lea me alane -- ah'm no waantin nane o' yir soup.

OLD HILSE That's richt, mither. And ah'm no waantin ony neither -- least o' a' that kind. You listen tae me, Baumert! -- and listen guid! The Deevil claps his hands wi happiness tae behold auld fowk lik us behavin as bairns. And ah'll tell ye somethin else -- ah'll tell ye a' somethin else:

we share naehin in common. Ah didna invite yese in here; yese socht nae permission tae enter ma hoose.

A VOICE Wha's no wi us, is agin us.

JAEGER (*Threatens brutally.*) You don't know your arse from your elbie, auld man. We're no criminals.

A VOICE Wur stervin -- it's as simple as that.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER A' we waant tae dae is live -- that's how we cut the rope frae roond oor necks.

JAEGER And we wur right! (*Shaking his fist in front of OLD HILSE's face.*) One mair word oot o' you and you'll get this in yir mooth!

BAECKER Calm doon, calm doon! Lea the auld man alane. -- We yaised tae feel the same wey as you, Faither Hilse: better tae be deid, we wid say, raither than thole mair o this existence.

OLD HILSE Ah've managed tae thole that existence fur sixty year an mair athoot complaint.

BAECKER That maks nae difference -- things is goat tae cheynge.

OLD HILSE Aye, an pigs'll flee.

BAECKER 'Less they gie us satisfaction, we'll tak whit's oor due bi force.

OLD HILSE Bi force? (*Laughs.*) Ye maun stert diggin yir graves here'n noo then -- they'll learn ye a lesson aboot force, laddie! Jist you wait'n see!

JAEGER Is it sodgers you're referrin till? You forget that we've been sodgers as well -- we can handle oorsels.

OLD HILSE Aye, wi yir tongues. Fur ivery wan ye manage tae chase awa', a dizzen mair'll tak his place, mark ma word.

VOICES (*Through the window.*) The sodgers are comin! Hide! (*Suddenly everything is silent. For a moment, the faint sound of fife and drum is heard. The silence is broken by a sudden, involuntary cry.*) "Bugger this fur sodgers, ah'm fur the aff!" (*General laughter.*)

BAECKER Wha wis it said that? Wha's the cooard ta'kin 'boot rinnin awa'?

JAEGER Ah wis in the army, ah know the score, ah'll take charge. There's nae need tae be feart o' two-three half-arsed sodgers. Ah kin read thir minds.

OLD HILSE Whut'll ye shoot thum wi? -- yir tongues?

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER Pey nae notice the a'ld gyte -- his heid's wandert.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER He's no the full bobbin, that's fur shair.

GOTTLIEB has entered unnoticed; he siezes the FIRST YOUNG WEAVER.

GOTTLIEB Is that the wey tae ta'k tae an a'ld man?

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER Lea haud o' me. Ah said naethin.

OLD HILSE (*Interjecting.*) Ignore thum, Gottlieb. Pey heed the proverb: sticks an stanes'll brek ma banes but names'll niver herm me. And onywey, he's gantae fund oot afore lang wha's saft in the heid -- him or me.

BAECKER You comin wi us, Gottlieb?

OLD HILSE Naw, he's no comin wi yese!

LUISE (*Enters the passageway, calls in.*) Dinna waste yir time oan thae Bible-punchers! -- Lea thum stew in thur ain juice! Git oot tae the square fast as ye kin! Come oan! Faither Baumert, come oan, quick! The Major wi the sodgers is shoutin frae his hoarse fur us tae disperse an gan hame. 'Less yese come richt noo, it'll be ower late!

JAEGER (*As he exits.*) That's a brave man ye hiv for a husband.

LUISE Ah hiv neither a man nor a husband!

VOICES (*Singing in the passageway.*)

Wance there was a man
sae feart and wee
He waantit a wumman
Tae mairry-airry-ee
-- He waantit a wumman
Tae mairry-airry-ee!

He fund a bonny wan
sae big an strang
She wis the wumman
Tae mairry-airry-ee
-- She wis the wumman
Tae mairry-airry-ee!

She dichtit his erse
And helpit him pee
He wisna a man
Jist a big la-a-a-ssie
-- He wisna a man
Jist a big la-a-assie!

WITTIG, carrying his metal pail in his hand, has come down from the upper floor and is on his way out. He stops for a moment in the passageway.

WITTIG Onybody 'at's no a cooard, follie me!

He storms out, followed by LUISE, JAEGER, and others, cheering him on.

BAECKER Look eftir yirsel, Faither Hilse. We'll meet again. (*Makes to leave.*)

OLD HILSE Ah doot it. Ah'll no last anither five year, an you'll no be oot afore then.

BAECKER (*Stops suddenly, surprised.*) Oot o' where, Faither Hilse?

OLD HILSE Oot o' jile, whar d'ye think?

BAECKER (*Laughing wildly.*) Thur worse places. Least ye git food in yir belly thair, Faither Hilse! (*He exits.*)

OLD BAUMERT (*Has been sitting on a stool, brooding. He now rises.*) Ye're richt, Gustav -- ah am a wee bit fu'. But ma heid's aye clear aneuch. You see this business wan wey, ah see it anither. Tae ma wey o' thinkin, Baecker is richt. Gin we feenish up in the jile, sae whit? -- better be thair than at hame stervin. Least they look eftir ye thair, see yir fed. Look, Gustav, ah wisna keen tae jine thum -- but jist fur wance in his life a man his tae shak aff the yoke... staund up'n be coontit. (*He goes slowly toward the door.*) God be wi ye, Gustav. Gin onyhin happens me, gie up a wee prayer fur me, eh? (*He leaves.*)

The rioters have all left now. The passageway slowly fills up again with curious NEIGHBOURS. OLD HILSE busies himself tying knots in his web. GOTTLIEB has taken out an axe from behind the stove and is testing the blade distractedly. Both of them are shaken but they say nothing. From outside comes the roar and din of a large crowd.

MOTHER HILSE Is that the flair ah feel shakkin, faither? Whit's adae? Whit's happenin?

Pause.

OLD HILSE Gottlieb!

GOTTLIEB Whit?

OLD HILSE Pit doon that aixe.

GOTTLIEB Ah wis gantae cut kinnlin. (*He leans the axe against the stove. Pause.*)

MOTHER HILSE Gottlieb, you dae whit yir faither tells ye.

A VOICE (*Singing outside the window.*)
She dichtit his erse
And helpit him pee;
He wisna a man
Jist a big la-a-a-ssie!
-- He wisna a man
Jist a big la-a-a-ssie!

He's reddin up the hoose,
Waashin the poats an pans --
Bide in the hoose
Ya big je-e-e-ssie!
-- Bide in the hoose
Ya big je-e-e-ssie!

The singing fades. GOTTLIEB jumps up and rushes to the window. He shakes his fist.

GOTTLIEB Bastarts! You'll push me ower far!

A rifle volley is fired.

MOTHER HILSE (*Cowers with fright.*) Oh, Dear God, is that the thunder stertin up again?!

OLD HILSE (*Hands clasped in prayer.*) Dear Lord God, keep safe the pair weavers, protect ma pair brithers!

A brief silence.

OLD HILSE (*To himself, deeply disturbed.*) Blood will rin noo.

At the sound of the rifle volley, GOTTLIEB jumped up and firmly siezed the axe. He is pale and is hardly able to control the deep sense of emotion and excitement coursing through him.

GOTTLIEB Hoo kin ah stey here hidin?

WEAVER GIRL (*Calls into the room from the passageway.*) Faither Hilse! Faither Hilse! Keep awa' frae the windae! A bullet gaed strecht through oors up-the-stairs! (*She disappears.*)

MIELCHEN (*Sticks her face in the window, laughing.*) Granda, granda! -- they're firin guns! Some o' thum's fa'n doon! Wan birled roond an roond like a peerie! Anither wan's flappin aboot like a speug wi its heid bit aff bi the cat -- the bluid's jist a'where! (*She disappears.*)

WEAVER WOMAN Some are deid.

OLD WEAVER (*In the passageway.*) Look! -- thur rinnin at the sodgers!

ANOTHER WEAVER (*Amazed.*) Look at thae wummen! Wid ye look at thum! -- gaitherin up thur skirts an spittin at the sodgers!

WEAVER WOMAN (*Calling in.*) Gottlieb! -- tak a guid look at yir wife! She's goat mair guts in her wee pinkie than you've goat in yir haill boady! She's joukin aboot in front thae bayonets like she wis jiggin!

Four men carry a wounded man through the passageway. Silence. Then a voice is heard clearly.

A VOICE It's Weaver Ullbrich. (*After a few moments of silence, the voice is heard again.*) A bullet went through his heid -- he'll no last lang.

Men are heard climbing the wooden stairs. Cheering is suddenly heard from outside.

VOICES (*From inside the passageway.*) Whaur'd they fund the stanes frae? -- Frae the road bein built. -- Ye better rin fur it sodgers! -- They're retreatin! -- It's rainin pavin-stanes oan thur heids!

Yells and screams of terror are heard outside and spread into the entrance passage. The door is banged closed with a shout of terror.

VOICES (*In the passageway.*) They're loadin thur rifles again! -- They'll stert firin in a meenit! -- Faither Hilse, git awa' frae the windae!

GOTTLIEB God Almichty! Are we tae be pit doon like dugs?! Div they waant us eat bullets no breid?! (*He hesitates for a moment, axe in hand, then says to OLD HILSE.*) Am ah tae stand by an waatch ma wife bein shot?! Naw ah'm no! (*As he rushes out.*) Oot ma wey! -- here ah come! (*He exits.*)

OLD HILSE Gottlieb, Gottlieb!

MOTHER HILSE Whar's Gottlieb gane?

OLD HILSE Tae jine the Deevil.

VOICES (*From the passageway.*) Faither Hilse, git awa' frae the windae!

OLD HILSE Tae hell and damnation wi yese a'! Ah'm no budgin frae here! (*To MOTHER HILSE, with mounting ecstasy.*) Here is where oor Heevenly Faither his placed me -- is that no richt, mither? Come whit may, here we'll bide and dae the Lord's biddin. (*He begins weaving.*)

There is a loud volley. OLD HILSE is fatally struck. He rises from his stool and then falls dead across his loom. At the same moment, loud cries of "Hurray" resound. The people who have been standing in the passageway join in the cheering and rush outside.

MOTHER HILSE (*Repeats several times.*) Faither, faither, whit's wrang wi ye?

The cheering continues without interruption and gradually fades into the distance. Suddenly, in a great hurry, MIELCHEN runs into the room.

MIELCHEN Granda, granda! -- they're chasin the sodgers oot the toon! They've stertit tearin doon Dietrich's hoose -- like they div'd at Dreissiger's! Granda! (*She is suddenly aware that something is wrong and becomes frightened. She sticks her fingers in her mouth and cautiously steps close to the dead man.*) Granda!

MOTHER HILSE Whey're ye no ta'kin, faither? Yir makkin me feart!

Curtain

THE CHIOGGIAN RAMMIES

(LE BARUFFE CHIOZZOTTE)

by

CARLO GOLDONI

Translated from the Venetian

by

Bill Findlay and Christopher Whyte

CHARACTERS

SKIPPER TONI (ANTONIO), captain of a fishing boat

MADONNA PASQUA, his wife

LUCIETTA, a girl, Skipper Toni's sister

TITTA NANE (GIAMBATTISTA), a young fisherman

BEPPO (GIUSEPPE), young man, Skipper Toni's brother

SKIPPER FORTUNATO, fisherman

MADONNA LIBERA, his wife

ORSETTA (ORSOLINA), girl, her sister

CHECCA (FRANCESCA), Madonna Libera's other sister

SKIPPER VICENZO, a fisherman

TOFFOLO (CRISTOFOLO), owner of a small boat

ISIDORO, Depute-Magistrate of the Criminal Chancellery

THE CLERK OF COURT of the Criminal Chancellery

CANOCCHIA, young man who sells roast pumpkin

CREW of Skipper Toni's boat

THE DEPUTE-MAGISTRATE'S SERVANT (SANSUGA)

The action takes place in Chioggia

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Street with several mean houses.

PASQUA and LUCIETTA to one side.
LIBERA, ORSETTA and CHECCA to the other.
All sitting on straw chairs, working lace on their cushions, which are placed on stools.

LUCIETTA: A braw breeze yon, eh?

ORSETTA: Whut airt's it blawin frae?

LUCIETTA: Ah cannae tell. (*To PASQUA*) Div you ken?

PASQUA: Kin ye no tell it's blawin frae the sooth?

ORSETTA: Is it a guid wind if it's frae the sooth?

PASQUA: Aye, aye, it's guid. If oor menfolk are oan thir wey, they'll hae the wind at thir backs.

LIBERA: They should be here the day or the moarn.

CHECCA: Oh! Gin that's sae, Ah'd better gan forrit wi this. Ah'd like tae hae this lace feenished afore he's hame.

LUCIETTA: Hoo much ye aye tae feenish, Checca?

CHECCA: Ah've a haill airm's-length tae gan!

LIBERA: Ye tak yir time, div ye no? (*To CHECCA*)

CHECCA: Hoo lang's this swaatch o lace been oan ma cushion?

LIBERA: A week.

CHECCA: Awa'? A week?

LIBERA: Ye better hash oan gin ye're waantin a skirt.

LUCIETTA: Ohhh, Checca? Whut skirt's this ye're waantin?

CHECCA: A split-new wan made oot o' silk.

LUCIETTA: Awa'?! Ye're gittin a 'donzelon'? [*sign of a woman who's ready to marry*]

CHECCA: Ah dinnae ken whit a 'donzelon' is.

ORSETTA: Whut a haddie! Div ye no ken 'at when a young lassie comes tae a certain age she's gien a silk skirt, a 'donzelon'? When she gits a 'donzelon', it's a sign her faimly waants tae mairry her aff, 'at she's in the mairriage mercat. Ye no ken that?

CHECCA: Here, sister! (*To LIBERA*)

LIBERA: Aye.

CHECCA: Div you waant me mairrit aff?

LIBERA: No afore ma guidman's hame.

CHECCA: Donna Pasqua, did ma guid-brither Fortunato gan tae the fishin wi Skipper Toni?

PASQUA: That he did. Ye no ken he's in the same boat as ma guidman and his brither Beppe?

CHECCA: And is Titta Nane no wi them an aw?

LUCIETTA: Certies, aye. Whut're ye speirin efter? Whut waant you wi Titta Nane? (*To CHECCA*)

CHECCA: Me? Naehing.

LUCIETTA: D'ye no ken he's been coortin me fur the past twae year? He's promised me a ring when he lands hame.

CHECCA: (*Aside*) Deil tak her! She waants thum aw tae hersel!

ORSETTA: Ye've no naehin tae fear, Lucietta. Afore ma sister Checca is mairrit, Ah've tae be waddit. When yir brither Beppe lands, he'll mairry me, and if Titta Nane is o' a mind tae, he kin wad you eftir. Thurs time enough fur ma sister.

CHECCA: You're no waantin me tae git mairried, ivir!

LIBERA: Jist settle you doon: attend tae yir wark.

CHECCA: If ma mither wur here the-day...

LIBERA: Settle doon Ah say or ye'll be gittin this cushion in yir face.

CHECCA: (*Aside*) Ah sair waant tae be waddit, even supposin Ah've tae mak dae wi wan o' thae pair craiturs gaithers crabs fur bait in the marshes.

SCENE 2

TOFFOLO and THE ABOVE, then CANNOCHIA.

LUCIETTA: Guid-day till ye, Toffolo.

TOFFOLO: Guid-day, Lucietta.

ORSETTA: How aboot the rest ae us, Mister Toffee-nose?

TOFFOLO: Jist hud yir horses, ah'm comin tae yese.

CHECCA: (*Aside*) Noo Ah think aboot it, ah widnae mind waddin Toffolo even.

PASQUA: Howcome ye're no workin the-day, laud?

TOFFOLO: Till noo Ah hiv been workin. Ah taen ma boat ower tae Sottomarina tae load fennels, then taen thaim oan tae Brondolo fur upliftin tae Ferrara, then that wiz me lowsed.

LUCIETTA: Ye've naehin fur us?

TOFFOLO: Ask awa': whut wid ye like?

CHECCA: (*To ORSETTA*) See hoo rid-necked she is!

TOFFOLO: How aboot some roastit yellie pumpkin?

CANNOCHIA: (*With a tray with various pieces of baked yellow pumpkin on it*) At yir service, sir.

TOFFOLO: Lit's hae a lookie.

CANNOCHIA: They're jist new-oot the oven.

TOFFOLO: Waant some, Lucietta (*Offering her a piece of pumpkin*)?

LUCIETTA: Oh, aye.

TOFFOLO: And you, Donna Pasqua, ye waant some?

PASQUA: Need ye speir! Roastit pumpkin is rare! Ah'll hae a bit.

TOFFOLO: Help yirsel. No eatin it, Lucietta?

LUCIETTA: It's ower hoat. Ah'm waitin till it cools doon.

CHECCA: Hey! Captain Canocchia!

CANNOCHIA: At yir service.

CHECCA: Gie me half a sou's worth.

TOFFOLO: Ah'm here: Ah'll pey fur it fur ye.

CHECCA: Ah'm no waantin ye tae.

TOFFOLO: Howfurno?

CHECCA: Ah dinnae agree wi it.

TOFFOLO: But Lucietta agreed.

CHECCA: Aye, she wid. Lucietta's jist that kind: she says "Aye" tae everythin.

LUCIETTA: Whit's up your neb, missie? Yir nose pit oot Ah wis the furst tae git some?

CHECCA: Ah'm no speakin tae you, missie. Ah dinnae accept onyhing aff onybody.

LUCIETTA: Whut'm Ah *acceptin* exactly?

CHECCA: Aye, you even acceptit a present ae whelks frae Skipper Losco's lauddie and he's no mairrit?

LUCIETTA: Are you accusin me ae somethin?

PASQUA: Dinnae git fashed.

LIBERA: Lea it be. Lea it be.

CANNOCHIA: Div yese waant onymair?

TOFFOLO: Guid-day tae ye.

CANNOCHIA: (*Leaves shouting*) Roast pumpkin! Hoat pumpkin!

SCENE 3

AS BEFORE, minus CANNOCHIA

TOFFOLO: (*To CHECCA*) Mind noo, Miss Checca, you've said ye'll no accept things frae me.

CHECCA: Awa'n ding. Ah pey nae heed tae you.

TOFFOLO: Oh but, aye, ye dae. You've expectations o' me.

CHECCA: Expectations? O' whut?

TOFFOLO: Ma godfaither waants tae set me up wi' a ferry boat. Ah'm lookin tae tak a wife.

CHECCA: Is this true?

TOFFOLO: But seein as ye've said ye'll no accept onythin frae me...

CHECCA: Och, ah wis talkin aboot the pumpkin. It wisnae you Ah meant.

LIBERA: Here, here! Whut're you twa ains gabbin aboot?

TOFFOLO: Eh, ah'm jist...heidin aff tae dae some mair wark.

LIBERA: Awa' you frae here!

TOFFOLO: How? Am Ah disturbin ye? Weel, ah'll awa' then. (*Moves away, and goes unperturbed to the other side.*)

CHECCA: (*Aside*) Dang!

ORSETTA: (*To CHECCA*) Come oan noo, sister, ye ken fine whit like a lad he is. If he socht yir haund, you'd say "Aye", widn't ye no?

LUCIETTA: (*To PASQUA*) Whut d'ye mak o' that? She's quick tae git ideas abuin hersel.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) She really riles me!

LUCIETTA: (*Aside*) The cheek o' it! Wid mak ye spit! Ah'd like tae learn her a lesson.

TOFFOLO: Ye've an easy joab thair, Donna Pasqua.

PASQUA: Oh, no, laud, this is far frae easy. Div ye no see hoo big thir tassels are? This bit o' lace wid fetch aw ae ten soldi.

TOFFOLO: And yours, Lucietta?

LUCIETTA: Oh, mines wid fetch thirty.

TOFFOLO: It's fair braw!

LUCIETTA: Ye like it?

TOFFOLO: 'Deed ah dae! Ye maun hae skeelie fingers.

LUCIETTA: Come here'n hae a seat.

TOFFOLO: (*Aside*) Ah'm mair welcome ower here. (*Sits down*)

CHECCA: (*To ORSETTA, pointing out to her TOFFOLO close to LUCIETTA*) Wid ye look thonder!

ORSETTA: (*To CHECCA*) Lea him be. Dinnae let oan.

TOFFOLO: (*To LUCIETTA*) If Ah sit here, will ye gie me a skelp?

LUCIETTA: (*To TOFFOLO*) Dinnae be daft!

ORSETTA: (*To LIBERA, pointing to LUCIETTA*) Whit d'ye mak o' thon?

TOFFOLO: Donna Pasqua, wid ye like some tobaccie?

PASQUA: Is it guid?

TOFFOLO: It comes frae Malamocco nae less.

PASQUA: Ah 'll tak a pinch.

TOFFOLO: Gled tae obleege.

CHECCA: (*Aside*) She's in fur trouble gin Titta Nane fin's oot.

TOFFOLO: And you, Lucietta, wid ye like some?

LUCIETTA: Aye, see's it here. (*Indicates CHECCA*) Jist tae mak her fizzin.

TOFFOLO: (*To LUCIETTA*) You've goat braw een!

LUCIETTA: (*To TOFFOLO*) Awa' wi ye! Ma een are naewhere near as braw as Checca's!

TOFFOLO: Whase? Checca's? She nivir enterit ma thochts!

LUCIETTA: (*Derisively to TOFFOLO, pointing to CHECCA*) See hoo bonny she is!

TOFFOLO: No worth the lookin at!

CHECCA: (*Aside*) Ah'll wager he's talkin aboot me.

LUCIETTA: Dae ye no like her?

TOFFOLO: No wan bit.

LUCIETTA: (*Smiling*) Her byname's "Cheesie-chowks"..

TOFFOLO: "Cheesie-chowks"? (*Smiling, to LUCIETTA, looking at CHECCA*)

CHECCA: (*Aloud so TOFFOLO and LUCIETTA can hear*) Here youse, Ah'm no blin', yese ken. Jist cut it oot.

TOFFOLO: (*Aloud, imitating ricotta sellers*) Fresh cheese fur sale! Fresh cheese tae pit in yir chowks!

CHECCA: Whut's he roarin aboot? Whut's this haverin aboot cheese? (*Gets up*)

ORSETTA: Ignore it. (*To CHECCA. Gets up.*)

LIBERA: Git oan wi' yir warks. (*To ORSETTA and CHECCA, getting up*)

ORSETTA: Jist you look oot, Mr Toffolo Titmoose.

TOFFOLO: How d'ye mean, 'Titmoose'?

ORSETTA: Aw, aye...'hink we divnae ken yir cawed 'Titmoose'?

LUCIETTA: Whut a wey tae cairry oan! Gittin worked up ower naehin!

ORSETTA: As fur you, Miss Lucietta 'Blethermooth'!

LUCIETTA: 'Blethermooth'? You better watch yirsel, Orsetta 'Dough-heid'.

LIBERA: You stoap miscawin ma sisters, or else...

PASQUA: Don't you speak that wey tae ma guid-sister! (*Gets up*)

LIBERA: You hud yir tongue, Donna Pasqua 'Plooky-neb'!

PASQUA: You hud your tongue, Donna Libera 'Hairy-Ligs'!

TOFFOLO: 'Odsakes, whae'd credit yese wir wummen?

LIBERA: Wait till ma guidman's hame.

CHECCA: When Titta Nane launds hame ah'm tellin him aw aboot this, so Ah am.

LUCIETTA: Tell him. Hoo should Ah care?

ORSETTA: Wait till Skipper Toni 'Mauck'rel' comes...

LUCIETTA: Aye, and you wait till Skipper Fortunato 'Haddick' comes...

ORSETTA: Some rumption there'll be then!

LUCIETTA: Some stooshie!

PASQUA: Some stramash!

ORSETTA: Some collieshangie!

SCENE 4

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER VICENZO.

VICENZO: Hey, hey, hey! Quieten doon, you wummen. Whutten the deil's cam ower yese?

LUCIETTA: Come ower here, Skipper Vicenzo.

ORSETTA: Come ower here Skipper Vicenzo 'Wan-Airm'.

VICENZO: Quieten doon. Skipper Toni's boat's jist this meenit landit.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Oh, quieten doon, ma guidman's comin.

LUCIETTA: (*To PASQUA*) Oh, Titta Nane'll be wi him!

LIBERA: Noo lassies, dinnae lit oan aboot ony o' this.

ORSETTA: Beppe mustnae ken onyhing aboot it either.

TOFFOLO: Ye neednae be feart Lucietta, Ah'm here.

LUCIETTA: Git! (*To TOFFOLO*)

PASQUA: G'awa'oot o' here! (*To TOFFOLO*)

TOFFOLO: That addressed tae me? 'Odsakes!

PASQUA: Awa'n play wi a peerie.

LUCIETTA: Awa'n play wi yir bools.

TOFFOLO: Ye turn roon'n talk tae me lik that! God's truth! Weel, Ah'm gaun strecht ower thair tae jine Checchina. (*Goes up to CHECCA*)

LIBERA: G'awa' frae here, clarty breeks!

ORSETTA: Git!

CHECCA: Ye kin gan tae the deevil!

TOFFOLO: (*Indignant*) Caw me "clarty"? "Gan tae the deevil", me?

VICENZO: Dugs should dae whut thur maisters tell thum.

TOFFOLO: (*Losing his temper*) That's gaun ower the merk, Skipper Vicenzo

VICENZO: Awa' and help pull a tow rope. (*Gives him a light buffet on the head*)

TOFFOLO: Aye, Ah will, else Ah'll say somehin Ah'd mebbe regret. (*Leaves*)

PASQUA: Whar've they tethered the boat?

VICENZO: The canal level's ower low, they cannae git in. They're tied up at Vigo. 'Less yese waant me fur somethin, Ah'll awa'n see gin he's ony fush furtae sell so's Ah kin plenish the shoaps in Pontelongo.

LUCIETTA: Dinnae clype oan us!

LIBERA: Oh, Skipper Vicenzo, dinnae say a word till him!

VICENZO: Aye, aye!

ORSETTA: Ye mustnae tell...

VICENZO: Nivir fash yirsels. (*Leaves*)

LIBERA: Listen, we cannae lit oor menfolk fin' us haein a fecht.

PASQUA: Och, ma dander's fest tae rise but it leas me as quick again.

LUCIETTA: Checca, you aye bealin?

CHECCA: Aw you kin dae is wind fowk up.

ORSETTA: C'mon, cry peace. Are we freends?

LUCIETTA: D'ye no waant us tae be?

ORSETTA: Gie me a kiss, Lucietta.

LUCIETTA: Here ye are, hinny. (*They kiss*)

ORSETTA: You an aw, Checca.

CHECCA: (*Aside*) It turns ma stomach.

LUCIETTA: Come oan, daftie.

CHECCA: "Come oan"...You're as two-faced as ingins.

LUCIETTA: Me? Ach, ye're jist no yaised tae ma weys. So, come oan: gie's a wee cheeper.

CHECCA: Here. But look you oot ye dinnae try'n mak a full o' me.

PASQUA: Tak yir cushion an lit's awa' intae the hoose. Syne wull gan tae the boat. (*Takes the stool with her cushion and leaves*)

LIBERA: Lit's gan tae, lassies. Lit's gan'n meet thum. (*Leaves with her stool*)

ORSETTA: Ah cannae wait tae see ma laud Beppe. (*Leaves with her stool*)

LUCIETTA: Cheerio, Checca. (*Takes her stool*)

CHECCA: Cheerio. Be fonder tae me frae noo oan. (*Takes her stool, and goes*)

LUCIETTA: Croass ma hert. (*Takes her stool, and goes*)

SCENE 5

View of the canal with various fishing boats, among them Skipper Toni's.

SKIPPER FORTUNATO, BEPPO, TITTA NANE and OTHER MEN in the boat, and SKIPPER TONI on land, and then SKIPPER VICENZO.

TONI: Pit yir backs intae it, lads! That's the wey! Lit's git this fish laundit!

VICENZO: Weelcome hame, Skipper Toni.

TONI: Guid-day, Skipper Vicenzo.

VICENZO: How did ye fare?

TONI: Ach, no bad.

VICENZO: Whut hiv ye in yir boat?

TONI: A bit o' awhing.

VICENZO: Kin ye gie me fower basket o' sole?

TONI: Aye.

VICENZO: Fower basket o' ling?

TONI: Aye.

VICENZO: Hiv ye mullet?

TONI: Hiv we no! They're yon muckle they're like bull's tongues.

VICENZO: And skate?

TONI: Aye, we've thaim anaw. Skate the size o' the tap o' a barrel.

VICENZO: Kin Ah cast ma ee ower the fish?

TONI: Aye, climb oan the boat. Skipper Fortunato's thair. He'll show ye whut we hae afore we split the catch.

VICENZO: Ah'll awa'n see gin we kin agree a price.

TONI: Skipper Vicenzo's comin oan board...gie him a help.

VICENZO: (*Aside*) Salt o' the sea thae fishermen! (*Goes on board the boat*)

TONI: Ah'd faur raither we could sell the haill catch. Faur raither. Thae fish-merchants are ticht-fistit ...They gie us a pair price so's they kin mak muckle profits...We risk oor lifes at sea whiles thae merchant birkies wi thir velvet hats grouw creesh oan oor labours.

BEPPO: (*Gets off the boat with two baskets*) Hey, brither?

TONI: Whut is it, Beppe? Whut ye waant?

BEPPO: Gin it's awricht wi you, Ah'd like tae send this basket o' sea-troot tae the Magistrate.

TONI: How're ye waantin tae dae thon fur?

BEPPO: Ye no mind he's tae be a witness at ma waddin? [*Very important role in Chioggia*]

TONI: Oan ye go! Send thum gin ye waant. But ye'll hae a gunk. Ye hink he'd rise aff his dowp gin ye needit him? When he sees ye, he'll clap a haund oan yir shooder: "Bravo, Beppe, thank you, at your service." But gin you say till him: "Yir honour, Ah need a favour frae ye", he'll no mind oan the sea-troot ye sent him. He widnae ken you frae Adam. He widnae acknowledge ye as a freend, a neebor, no as a flech even.

BEPPO: Whut wid ye raither Ah did then? Lea me send him thaim this aince.

TONI: Ah'm no tellin ye no tae send thum.

BEPPO: (*To LAD*) Here ye are, Tadpole. Tak thir sea-troot tae the Magistrate. Tell him they're frae me. (*The LAD leaves*)

SCENE 6

AS BEFORE, plus PASQUA and LUCIETTA

PASQUA: Skipper! (*To TONI*)

TONI: Guidwife!

LUCIETTA: Brither! (*To TONI*)

TONI: Guid-day, Lucietta.

LUCIETTA: Guid-day, Beppe.

BEPPA: Ye weel, sister?

LUCIETTA. Ah am. And you?

BEPPO: Aye, weel. And you, guid-sister, ye weel?

PASQUA: Aye. (*To TONI*) Hid ye a guid voyage?

TONI: Whut voyage micht thon be? We're oan land, we've nae mind o' oor time oan the seas noo. Gin ye fund fish, it's a guid voyage. Gin ye hae a guid haul, ye pit thochts o' peril clean oot yir mind. We've brocht fish hame, we're cheery, and awbody's contentit.

PASQUA: Weel, weel, that's graund. Were ye in the port?

TONI: Aye, we pit in at Sinigaglia [*big town much further down the Adriatic coast*].

LUCIETTA: Did ye no bring me onyhin?

TONI: Aye, Ah've brocht ye twa pair o' rid shuin an a kerchief fur roond yir neck.

LUCIETTA: Oh, brither. It shows ye're gey fond ae me.

PASQUA: Did ye bring onythin fur me, sir?

TONI: Ah've brung ye the claith furtae mak a 'giubboncino'. [*Sort of waistcoat but for a woman*]

PASQUA: Whut kinnae material?

TONI: Ye'll see.

PASQUA: Whut kind?

TONI: Ye'll see, Ah'm tellin ye, ye'll see.

LUCIETTA: (*To BEPPO*) Hiv you no brocht me onythin?

BEPPO: Aye, an that'll be richt! Whut wid ye expect me tae bring ye? Ah bocht a ring fur ma intended.

LUCIETTA: Is it bonny?

BEPPO: See! Here it's. (*Shows her the ring*)

LUCIETTA: Oh, it's fair braw! She disnae deserve it, her!

BEPPO: How d'ye mean, '*her*'?

LUCIETTA: If you but kent whut she's been up tae, her! Jist ask oor guid-sister. She fair pit that carnaptious Orsetta and that ither cheeky bizzum Checca in thir places. Did she no tell thaim!

PASQUA: And Donna Libera didnae haud back neither. She fairly tobered thum.

TONI: Whut's aw this? Whut's been gaun oan?

BEPPO: Whut happened?

LUCIETTA: Naehin. Jist ill tongues. Tongues 'at should be cut oot.

PASQUA: There we wiz ootbye the door workin awa' at oor cushions...

LUCIETTA: We nivir said a cheep...

PASQUA: Gin ye but heard the too-hoo! Aw ower the heid o' that guid-for-nothin Toffolo Titmoose.

LUCIETTA: She's jealous ae that fine catch. (*Sarcastic*)

BEPPO: She wiz chinwaggin wi Toffolo Titmoose?!

LUCIETTA: If ye please.

TONI: Noo, noo, dinnae pit doots in this laddie's heid and hae him wrocht up.

LUCIETTA: If ye but kent!

PASQUA: Wheesht, wheesht, Lucietta, or it's us'll laund in tribble.

BEPPO: Sae whae wiz it Titmoose wiz talkin till?

LUCIETTA: Till awb'dy.

BEPPO: Tae Orsetta anaw?

LUCIETTA: Ah think so, aye.

BEPPO: By the, Ah'll...!

TONI: Richt, ah'm waantin an end tae it. Nae mair ae this cleckin.

BEPPO: Ah'm feenished wi Orsetta; and as fur that Titmoose, he'll pey fur this, so he will.

TONI: Lit's awa'. We're gaen hame.

LUCIETTA: Whaur's Titta Nane?

TONI: (*With ill feeling*) That ain's oan the boat.

LUCIETTA: Ah'd like at least tae say hullo tae him.

TONI: We're gaen hame, Ah'm tellin ye.

LUCIETTA: Shairly thurs nae hurry?

TONI: How did you hivtae come here an steer hings up?

LUCIETTA: Ye see, guid-sister? We said it wid be wyce no tae lit dab.

PASQUA: So whae wis it lit slip?

LUCIETTA: Whut did Ah say?

PASQUA: Whut did Ah say?

BEPPO: Ye said that much, if Orsetta wiz here Ah wid skelp her face. Ah'm waantin nothin mair adae wi that limmer. Ah'm sellin the ring.

LUCIETTA: Gie it tae me, gie it tae me!

BEPPO: The deil tak ye!

LUCIETTA: The swine!

TONI: Hell mend ye! Ye deserve nae better! Lit's awa' hame, ah'm sayin! Richt this instant!

LUCIETTA: That's nae wey tae speak tae fowk! Whae div ye think Ah um? Yir lackie? Ah'm no bein treatit lik that. Ah'm no bidin wi you onymair. When Ah see Titta Nane Ah'm tellin him: either he mairries me strecht awa' or Ah'm signin masel intae domestic service.

PASQUA: See whit ye've duin!

TONI: Ah'm no hivin this! (*Moves to strike her*)

PASQUA: Aw aye! That's men ower the back! The ill-hertit skellums! (*Leaves*)

TONI: Is that no jist wummen fur ye! They need battered like the crabs afore ye yaise thum fur bait. (*Leaves*)

SCENE 7

FORTUNATO, TITTA NANE and VICENZO come off the boat with MEN loaded with baskets

TITTA: Whit the bleezes wiz that bawlin aw aboot?

VICENZO: Ye micht weel ask. Donna Pasqua Plooky-neb's a wumman's aye fechtin.

TITTA: Who wiz she fechtin wi'?

VICENZO: Her man.

TITTA: Wiz Lucietta thair?

VICENZO: Aye, she wiz thair anaw, Ah think.

TITTA: Dang it! Ah couldnae git aff till noo. Ah wiz doon ablow stowin the fish.

VICENZO: Pair Titta Nane! Are ye fidgin tae see yir lovie?

TITTA: Am ah no! Ah'm deein tae see her.

FORTUNATO: Skipper Izenzo. (*Speaking fast, his way of saying Vicenzo*)

VICENZO: Whit is it, Skipper Fortunato?

FORTUNATO: (*Speaks in a very peculiar way all the time*) Here-sh ya fush. Fow bashk co', twa bashk hal'ut, sixsh, sixsh, sixsh mu'et an a bashk mau'rel.

VICENZO: (*Not understanding*) Ye whit?

FORTUNATO: An a bashk mau'rel.

VICENZO: Ah cannae mak oot a word.

TITTA: No understaund? (*Says it in his own way, properly*) Fower baskets o' cod, twae baskets o' halibut, six o' mullet, and a basket o' mauck'rel.

VICENZO: (*Aside*) The wey that ain gabbers...

FORTUNATO: Sen fush hame, syne Ah come money.

VICENZO: Aye, aye, sur. Come fur yir money jist when ye're ready. There'll be a hantle o' it.

FORTUNATO: Pinch baccie.

VICENZO: Eh?

FORTUNATO: Baccie, baccie.

VICENZO: Ah follie ye. Maist certainly. (*Gives him tobacco*)

FORTUNATO: Loash tin shea. Scarce sowl taksh baccie oan boat. Bocht puckle a' Shinigaglia bu' no shame'sh in Chioggia. Baccie, Shinigaglia baccie'sh lik gunpooder.

VICENZO: Ye'll hae tae forgie me, Skipper Fortunato, but Ah cannae mak oot a word.

FORTUNATO: Graund, graund, graund! (*Sarcastic*) No maksh oot? Ah'm no a foareigner...ma twangsh hereabootsh, Chioggia.

VICENZO: Ah follie ye. Ah'll bid ye fareweel, Skipper Fortunato.

FORTUNATO: Ma reshpecsh, Shkip Izenzo.

VICENZO: Fare-ye-weel, Titta Nane.

TITTA: Guid-day tae ye, Skipper.

VICENZO: We're awa', lads. Bring the fish ahint me. (*Aside*) That auld Shkipper Fortunato! It's a fair tonic tae hear him slaver!

SCENE 8

FORTUNATO and TITTA NANE

TITTA: Will we awa', Skipper Fortunato?

FORTUNATO: Hudsh oa'.

TITTA: Whut're we huddin oan fur?

FORTUNATO: Hudsh oa'.

TITTA: Hud oan, hud oan, whut's thur tae hud oan fur?

FORTUNATO: Thush mai' fush an floo' 'ome aff. Hudsh oa'.

TITTA: (*Imitates his way of speaking*) We'll hudsh oa' then.

FORTUNATO: Oo you maksh fun o'? Oo, ae? Oo?

TITTA: Och, hisht, Skipper Fortunato. Here's yir wife wi' her sisters Orsetta an Checchina.

FORTUNATO: (*Delighted*) Oh, oh, wiff, ma wiff!

SCENE 9

AS BEFORE, plus LIBERA, ORSETTA, CHECCA

LIBERA: (*To FORTUNATO*) How're ye no heidin hame, Skipper?

FORTUNATO: Ah wai' fu' fush, dae sho [*dae so*]. Hoosh yashel gui'wiff? Ye weel? (*Still in his odd way of speaking*)

LIBERA: Ah'm grand, laud: and are you weel?

FORTUNATO: Ah wee', um sho [*am so*]. Hullo, gui' shishta; hullo, Checca, hullo.

ORSETTA: Weelcome hame, guid-brither.

CHECCA: Guid-day, guid-brither, weelcome hame.

ORSETTA: Ye no sayin hullo, Mister Titta Nane?

TITTA: Ma respects.

CHECCA: You're fairly keepin yir length. Whit ye feart fur? That Lucietta'll gie ye a tellin-aff?

TITTA: Hoo is Lucietta? Is she weel?

ORSETTA: That bonny pictur'? Aye, she's weel.

TITTA: Are you an her no freens ony mair?

ORSETTA: Oh aye, we're great freens. (*Ironic*)

CHECCA: She gey likes us! (*Ironic*)

LIBERA: Come oan noo, lassies, shoosht. We cried peace; and we agreed tae sing dumb aboot whit happened. Ah'm no waantin fowk tae turn roond an say it wiz us blabbed aboot it, nor 'at we wiz spreedin gossip.

FORTUNATO: Lishen, gui'wiff, Ah bro' floo' fae doo' shooth, coarnfloo' fu' tae mak polenta, uv so.

LIBERA: Yiv brocht the coarn floor?! Oh, Ah'm richt gled tae hae it!

FORTUNATO: An Ah bro'...

TITTA: (*To LIBERA*) Ah'd like tae ken...

FORTUNATO: (*To TITTA*) Gie wey a mairrit man shpeakin, alloo me tae shpea...

TITTA: (*To FORTUNATO*) Hud oan a minutie, sir... (*To LIBERA*) Ah'm waantin tae ken whut taen place wi Lucia.

LIBERA: (*Holding out*) Wiz naehin.

TITTA: Naehin?

ORSETTA: (*Nudges LIBERA*) Naehin. Wiz naehin, eh?

CHECCA: (*Nudges ORSETTA*) That's richt. Wiz naehin, eh?

FORTUNATO: (*To the men in the boat*) Hey ladsh, bring aff shack floo'!

TITTA: Come oan noo, lassies, gin somethin passed atween yese aw, tell it. Ah dinnae waant fur yese tae faw oot. Ah ken yese are guid-natured. And ah ken Lucietta hiz a hert o' gold.

LIBERA: Jist so!

ORSETTA: Aw hert!

CHECCA: Aw gold!

TITTA: Whut hiv yese agin her?

ORSETTA: Naethin.

CHECCA: Ask Titmoose.

TITTA: Whae's this Titmoose?

LIBERA: Wheesht noo, sisters. Hoo the hang kin yese no hud yir tongues?

TITTA: Whae's this Titmoose?

ORSETTA: Div ye no ken Toffolo Titmoose?

CHECCA: The mannie wi the wee boatie, ye no ken him?

(*They come off the boat with the fish and a sack*)

FORTUNATO: (*To TITTA*) Noo wuv fush an floo', lish go, lish go.

TITTA: (*To FORTUNATO*) No the-noo! (*To THE WOMEN*) Whut's he goat tae dae wi Lucietta?

CHECCA: He sat doon close up tae her.

ORSETTA: Waantit tae learn hoo tae sew lace.

CHECCA: Bocht her a dod ae roast pumpkin.

LIBERA: Then acause ae her, he turned oan us, said coorse things.

TITTA: Thir are serious accusations!

FORTUNATO: (*To the women*) Hame, hame, hame!

LIBERA: (*To TITTA*) Oh, he thraitened us even.

CHECCA: He cawed me Cheesie-chowks.

ORSETTA: Aw acause ae your hert o' gold.

TITTA: (*Agitated*) Whaur's he noo? Whaur is he? Whaur's he gan? Whaur kin Ah fund him?

ORSETTA: He bides in Crown Vennel, at the fit ae it, ablow the airch leadin tae the canal.

LIBERA: He ludges wi Skipper Trigolo.

CHECCA: And he keeps his wee boat at Palace Key, forenent the fishmonger's, aside Checco Bodolo's boat.

TITTA: Ah'll soart this oot. Aince Ah fund him Ah'll gut him like a haddie.

CHECCA: Eh, gin yir waantin tae fin' him, seek oot Lucietta.

TITTA: Lucietta?

CHECCA: Aye, go tae yir lovie's.

TITTA: She's no ma lovie nae mair. Ah'm flingin her. As fur that dirt Titmoose, Ah swear Ah'll slit his thrapple. (*Leaves*)

FORTUNATO: Lish awa' hame, Ah shay. Lish awa' hame.

LIBERA: Aye, aye, gabberskyte, lit's awa' hame.

FORTUNATO: Whu' youse yins shay 'ae 'um? Whu' yese end up daein? Whu' yese clish-clash fur'? Caushin mischief li' thish? Damnashun! Gin thish caush tribble, caush rumptions, Ah'll shkelp faish [*face*]...shkelp faish, pit yese bed, tae bed, bed, damn limmersh. (*Leaves*)

LIBERA: See! Even ma guidman's thraitenin me. Ower-the-heid ae you ains cairryin-oan it's ayewis me ends up gittin the blame. Ayewis me! Whit in heevin's wrang wi yese? Kin yese no keep yir tongues ticht in yir gabs? Yese promised no tae say naethin, syne yese blab it aw oot, steerin up mischief. Guidsakes, yese'll drive me the craw road! (*Leaves*)

ORSETTA: Ye hear thon?

CHECCA: Oh! Ye feart?

ORSETTA: Me? No wan bit.

CHECCA: Gin Lucietta loasses her intended, that's her loass.

ORSETTA: Ah've mines onyhow.

CHECCA: And Ah ken hoo tae fun' ain.

ORSETTA: Whit a cairryins-oan!

CHECCA: Whit a carfuffles!

ORSETTA: Disnae bother me wan bit!

CHECCA: Disnae bile ma watter.

SCENE 10

Street with houses, as in the first scene.
TOFFOLO, then BEPPO.

TOFFOLO: Ah wiz in the wrang. Ah wiz in the wrang. Ah wiz in the wrang. Ah shouldnae've melled wi Lucietta. She's trystit. It's wrang o' me tae mell wi her. Checca's no trystit yit: yin o' thir days she'll be wearin a 'donzelon', then Ah kin coort her. She wisnae best pleased though. She wiz richt no tae be. Aw the same, it shows she's fond o' me. Gin Ah could jist see her! Could jist speak tae her fur a wee whilie, Ah wid try'n pacify her. Skipper Fortunato's landit hame noo: she's no in a 'donzelon' yit but, even so, mebbe ah kin speak him fur her haund. The door's steekit: Ah cannae tell gin he's in the hoose. (*Goes up to house*)

BEPPO: (*Coming out of his house*) Thair's thon niffnaff.

TOFFOLO: (*Goes nearer the house*) Ah'll see'f Ah kin mebbe keek in.

BEPPO: Hey! Hey! Titmoose!

TOFFOLO: Whae're you cawin "Titmoose"?

BEPPO: Git awa' oot o' here.

TOFFOLO: Wid ye listen tae him: "Git awa' oot o' here"! Whit's aw this, "Git awa' oot o' here"

BEPPO: Ah'll kick ye tae kingdom come, so Ah will!

TOFFOLO: How'm Ah bilin your watter?

BEPPO: How're you hingin aboot here?

TOFFOLO: Ah'll hing aboot whaur Ah waant.

BEPPO: Ah'm no waantin you hingin aboot here.

TOFFOLO: Oh, but Ah'm waantin tae be here, so ye kin gan'n tak a dook tae yirsel!

BEPPO: Ah'm warnin ye, clear aff!

TOFFOLO: Naw.

BEPPO: Clear aff or ah'll melt ye.

TOFFOLO: Peuch! Ah'll ding ye wi stanes furst! (*Picks up stones*)

BEPPO: Ye'd daur dae that, ya nyaff?! (*Hand on his knife*)

TOFFOLO: Lea me be.

BEPPO: Ah'm warnin ye, git awa' frae here.

TOFFOLO: Ah'm no inclined tae, so Ah'm steyin.

BEPPO: Clear aff or Ah'll gut ye.

TOFFOLO: Keep awa' or Ah'll split yir heid open. (*With a stone*)

BEPPO: Gin yir sae brave, lit's see ye dae it.

TOFFOLO throws stones, and BEPPO tries to defend himself

SCENE 11

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER TONI, who comes out of his house, goes back in, then immediately comes out again; and PASQUA and LUCIETTA

TONI: Whut's this cairry-oan?

TOFFOLO: (*Throws a stone at PADRON TONI*)

TONI: Whit the--! He'd fling a stane at me! You wait, ya scoondrel, ye'll pey fur thon ! (*Goes into the house*)

TOFFOLO: Ah'm daein nae herm, so how ye bawlin yir heid aff at me? (*Taking stones*)

BEPPO: Pit doon thae stanes.

TOFFOLO: Pit doon that knife.

TONI: (*Comes out with a hunting knife, with a short, broad, double-edged blade*) G'awa' frae here or Ah'll fillet ye!

PASQUA: (*Holding Padron TONI back*) Guidman, dinnae!

LUCIETTA: (*Holding PADRON TONI back*) Brithers, dinnae!

BEPPO: We'll kull him!

LUCIETTA: (*Holding BEPPO back*) Stoap it, min!

TOFFOLO: Keep awa' or Ah'll... (*Threatening with stones*)

LUCIETTA: Stoap it! (*Shouting*)

PASQUA: Lauddies! (*Shouting*)

SCENE 12

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER FORTUNATO, LIBERA, ORSETTA, CHECCA, and MEN bringing fish and flour.

FORTUNATO: Whush adae? Whush gau' oan? Come oa', oo' wi it, whush adae?

ORSETTA: It's a fecht.

CHECCA: A fecht? Oh, pair me. (*Runs into the house*)

LIBERA: Are yese clean gyte? Stoap this!

BEPPO: (*To the women*) It's aw your fauts.

ORSETTA: Whut is? Whase?

LIBERA: Hoo kin you say sic a thing?

LUCIETTA: Aye, it's your daein.

PASQUA: That's richt, you ains startit things aff.

ORSETTA: Wid ye listen tae her!

LIBERA: The leein tongues!

BEPPO: Ah'll kill him richt here.

ORSETTA: Whae?

BEPPO: That sleekit Titmoose.

TOFFOLO: Ah've tellt you, ma name's no Titmoose. (*Throws stones*)

PASQUA: (*Pushing TONI*) Intae the hoose, guidman.

LUCIETTA: You tae, brither, intae the hoose. (*Pushing BEPPO*)

TONI: Ah'm no budgin.

PASQUA: The hoose, Ah'm tellin ye, git intae that hoose! (*Makes him come inside with her*)

BEPPO: (*To LUCIETTA*) Lea me alane.

LUCIETTA: Git inside, ya gowk. Ah'm tellin ye, git in thair. (*Makes him go inside with her. They lock the door.*)

TOFFOLO: Cooards! Feartie-gowks! Come ootside, gin yese daur!

ORSETTA: (*To TOFFOLO*) Ach, awa'n jump in the tide!

LIBERA: Clear aff! Ah hope some'dy sticks a knife in ye! (*Pushes him away*)

TOFFOLO: Furhow ye shovin me?

FORTUNATO: G'awa', g'awa this inshtant. Gin Ah lay ma haundsh oan ye, Ah'll pi' ma fisht doon ya thrapple pull oo' ya bowelsh afo' ye ken whau' ye ur.

TOFFOLO: Ah respect yir years, and Ah respect ye as Checchina's guid-brither, but thae yellie-bellie swine are gauntae pey fur this. (*Gesturing towards TONI's door*)

SCENE 13

AS BEFORE, plus TITTA NANE with hunting knife.

TITTA: Come forrit and Ah'll gut ye! (*Addressed to TOFFOLO, knocking the knife against the ground.*)

TOFFOLO: Help me! (*Pushes up against the door*)

FORTUNATO: Calm doo'! Shtoap it! (*Stops TITTA*)

LIBERA: Dinnae noo!

ORSETTA: Haud him ticht.

TITTA: (*Wants to throw himself on TOFFOLO*) Lea go me! Lea go me!

TOFFOLO: Help! (*Pushes on door, it opens, he falls inside*)

FORTUNATO: Ti'a Na', Ti'a Na', Ti'a Na'! (*Holding and pulling him*)

LIBERA: (*To FORTUNATO*) Tak him insides! Tak him insides!

TITTA: Ah'm no gaun inside! (*Trying harder still*)

FORTUNATO: Yu' jish hae 'ae! (*Pulls him in by strong force*)

LIBERA: For ony's sake, whit a joab!

ORSETTA: Ma hert's poondin!

PASQUA: (*Chasing TOFFOLO out of the house*) Git oot o' here!

LUCIETTA: (*Chasing TOFFOLO*) G'awa' and bide awa'!

PASQUA: Scoondrel! (*Goes off*)

LUCIETTA: Blaggard! (*Goes off, locks door*)

TOFFOLO: Whit dae ye mak ae aw that? (*To LIBERA and ORSETTA*)

LIBERA: It's yir ain faut! (*Goes inside*)

ORSETTA: Ye deserve aw ye git! (*Goes inside*)

TOFFOLO: Ah'll hae thum afore the Magistrate, see if Ah divnae. (*Leaves*)

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

Criminal Tribunal: ISIDORO writing at a small table, then TOFFOLO, then the CLERK OF COURT

ISIDORO: (*Writing*)

TOFFOLO: Yir honour Maister Magistrate.

ISIDORO: I'm not the Magistrate, I'm the Depute.

TOFFOLO: Yir honour Maister Depute.

ISIDORO: Who are you?

TOFFOLO: Ah hiv tae apprise ye, yir honour, 'at a gentleman insultit me, thraitened me wi' a knife, made tae assault me, syne anither scoondrel cam by, yir honour...

ISIDORO: Save us! Leave by all this 'honour', 'honour'.

TOFFOLO: If ye please, Maister Depute, hear me oot, it wiz jist as Ah wiz sayin, Ah wiz mindin ma ain business, no botherin naebdy, and he says he's gaun tae murder me.

ISIDORO: Bide a wee, come over here. (*Takes a page to write on*)

TOFFOLO: Here Ah am, yir honour. (*Aside*) Ah'll hae the last laugh oan thaim, fur certies!

ISIDORO: You are?

TOFFOLO: Ah'm a boatman, yir honour.

ISIDORO: And your handle?

TOFFOLO: Toffolo.

ISIDORO: Family name?

TOFFOLO: Baffi.

ISIDORO: Ahah! Catched a kipper in his slipper...(*TOFFOLO is looking puzzled*) ...in his baffie...

TOFFOLO: (*Still puzzled*) Ah'm Toffolo Baffi, yir honour.

ISIDORO: From?

TOFFOLO: Ah'm a Chioggian, frae Chioggia.

ISIDORO: Father?

TOFFOLO: Ma faither wiz drooned at sea, yir honour.

ISIDORO: His name?

TOFFOLO: Toni Baffi, kent as 'Partan'.

ISIDORO: And your byname?

TOFFOLO: Ah've no goat ain, yir honour.

ISIDORO: You must have a byname as well.

TOFFOLO: Whit byname wid ye like me tae hae?

ISIDORO: Tell me, good fellow, I seem to recall you having been in this office on a prior occasion, that so?

TOFFOLO: Aye, sur, Ah wiz here afore wan time furtae be examined.

ISIDORO: If I'm not mistaken, I do believe I summoned you in the name Toffolo Titmouse.

TOFFOLO: Ah'm a Baffi, no a Titmoose. Whae-ever it wiz gien me thon name is a keech, yir honour.

ISIDORO: If you don't stop repeating "your honour", I'll skelp your ear.

TOFFOLO: Dinnae tak offence, sur.

ISIDORO: Who was the person that threatened you?

TOFFOLO: Skipper Toni Mauck'rel and his brither, Beppe Halibut, and efter that Titta Nane Mullet.

ISIDORO: Did they have weapons?

TOFFOLO: Fegs, did they no! Beppe Halibut hud a guttin knife. Skipper Toni pulled oot a sword the size wid cut a bull's heid aff. And Titta Nane hud a whale-knife.

ISIDORO: Did they set on you? Did they wound you?

TOFFOLO: Nae fear. They gien me a fleg.

ISIDORO: Forwhy did they threaten you? Forwhy did they want to cause injury to you?

TOFFOLO: Fur naehing.

ISIDORO: Did you trade insults? Were there words between you?

TOFFOLO: Ah didnae say a cheep.

ISIDORO: Did you take to your heels? Did you defend yourself? How did it end?

TOFFOLO: Ah jist stood...like the-noo...Ah says, neebors, gin yese waant tae murder me, dae it, Ah says.

ISIDORO: But how did it end?

TOFFOLO: Some daicent fowk cam by and gart thum gie ower. They savit ma life.

ISIDORO: Who were these people?

TOFFOLO: Skipper Fortunato Cavicchio and his guidwife Donna Libera Hairy-Ligs, his guid-sister Orsetta Dough-heid, and anither guid-sister, Checca Cheesie-chowks.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) Ah, yes, I know who all these people are. Indeed, Checca is an attractive wee thing. (*Writes*) And who else was present?

TOFFOLO: Donna Pasqua Plooky-neb and Lucietta Blethermooth.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) Ah! I know who they are too. (*Writes*) Do you have anything else to say?

TOFFOLO: No, yir honour.

ISIDORO: And do you wish to press charges?

TOFFOLO: Dae Ah whut?

ISIDORO: Do you want them to be sentenced?

TOFFOLO: Aye, yir honour.

ISIDORO: To what?
TOFFOLO: Tae prison, yir honour.

ISIDORO: You deserve a hanging, you halfwit.

TOFFOLO: Me, sur? Whitfurhow?

ISIDORO: Away out of here, you numbskull. That's enough, I understand it all. (*Writes on a small sheet*)

TOFFOLO: ((*Aside*) Ah shair'n widnae waant thaim tae report me tae the Magistrate anaw fur flingin stanes. But Ah've goatten here furst; lit thum come if they will. The furst boat oot the herbour claims the best fishin grund.)

ISIDORO: (*Rings the bell*)

CLERK: Yir honour.

ISIDORO: Go and summon these witnesses. (*Gets up*)

CLERK: Aye, sur, as ye command.

TOFFOLO: Ah'm coontin oan ye, yir honour.

ISIDORO: Good-day, Titmouse.

TOFFOLO: Baffi, sur.

ISIDORO: Ah, yes, Baffi. Father was Toni Baffi, mother was Paola Pyjami. (*Goes off*)

TOFFOLO: (*Laughing, to the CLERK*) Maister Depute's fair taen a likin tae me.

CLERK: Aye, Ah kin see that. Are thir witnesses fur you?

TOFFOLO: They are that, Maister Clerk.

CLERK: Ye in a hurry tae hiv thum summoned?

TOFFOLO: 'Deed ah am, sur.

CLERK: So ye'll buy me a drink then?

TOFFOLO: Gledly, Maister Clerk.

CLERK: Mind you, Ah've nae idea o' where they bide.

TOFFOLO: Ah'll show ye, Maister Clerk.

CLERK: That's very guid o' ye, Maister Titmoose.
TOFFOLO: Noo, noo, caw canny Maister Clerk. (*They go off*)

SCENE 2

A street, as in Act One, Scene 1

PASQUA and LUCIETTA come out of their house, bringing their straw chairs, their little stools and their cushions. They sit down and start working at lace.

LUCIETTA: A fine hing that wiz tae dae, clypin oan me like that...tellin Titta Nane 'at Titmoose wiz talkin tae me?

PASQUA: Oh, and Ah suppose it wiz awricht fur you tae clype tae yir brithers as ye did, eh?

LUCIETTA: And you didnae open yir mooth?

PASQUA: Weel, aye, Ah did. But it wiz wrang o' me tae've.

LUCIETTA: Ah'd sworn tae masel Ah widnae say a word, tae. Dang it!

PASQUA: It's jist the wey wur made. Tak it frae me, guid-sister, it's jist the wey wur made. Gin we wummen cannae git lea talk, we burst.

LUCIETTA: Ah didnae waant tae speak but ah couldnae stoap masel. The words jist riz in ma mooth. Ah tried bitin ma tongue but they won oot. In wan lug ah could hear masel sayin "Wheesht!", and in the ither "Speak!" Ah pit ma finger in the lug sayin "Wheesht" and hearkened till the wan sayin "Speak", then Ah opened ma gab and lit it aw poor oot.

PASQUA: Ah'm sorry oor menfolk's daunder goat up lik thon.

LUCIETTA: Hae nae fear! That Toffolo's a niffnaff; naehin'll come o' it.

PASQUA: Beppe waants naehin mair adae wi Orsetta.

LUCIETTA: So whit! Thur plenty mair fish in the sea; he'll fin' anither lassie -- Chioggia's pang-fu' o' thum.

PASQUA: That's true. Oot ae the forty-thoosan sowels we hiv here, Ah'd wager thirty-thoosan are wummen.

LUCIETTA: And maist 'thum lookin fur men tae mairry!

PASQUA: Aye, so if Titta Nane scorns ye, that's how it'll no be easy fur ye tae fin' anither laud.

LUCIETTA: Whut've Ah duin tae Titta Nane?

PASQUA: No a thing, but thae clavers pit his birse up.

LUCIETTA: Gin he lo'ed me, he widnae believe a word o' it.

PASQUA: Kin ye no see he's jealous?

LUCIETTA: O' whit? Kin a body no speak? No laugh? No hiv some daffin? The men are awa' at sea ten month; are we jist tae sit here wi lang faces workin oor fingers tae the bane wi thir bits o' stick?

PASQUA: Wheesht, wheesht! Here's Titta Nane comin.

LUCIETTA: Oh! He disnae look pleased. Ah kin tell he's no pleased.

PASQUA: Noo dinnae be soor-faced wi him.

LUCIETTA: Gin he's soor-faced wi me, Ah'll be soor-faced wi him.

PASQUA: Div ye love him?

LUCIETTA: Aye.

PASQUA: Mak the furst move, then, gin ye lo'e him.

LUCIETTA: Ah'm dashed shair'n Ah'm no.

PASQUA: Come oan, dinnae be sae thrawn.

LUCIETTA: Ah'd dee raither.

PASQUA: Whit a carnaptious lassie, ye are!

SCENE 3

AS BEFORE, plus TITTA NANE

TITTA: (*Aside*) Ah'd like tae caw it aff wi her but Ah dinnae ken hoo tae gan aboot it.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Look his wey.

LUCIETTA: (*To PASQUA*) Aw Ah'm needin tae look at is ma lace, only that!

PASQUA: (*Aside*) Ah could choke her wi that lace.

TITTA: (*Aside*) She'll no even look ma wey. Ah'm naehin tae her.

PASQUA: Hullo, Titta Nane.

TITTA: Hullo.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Say hullo tae him.

LUCIETTA: (*To PASQUA*) Ye think ah'd mak the furst move!

TITTA: Hard at work, eh?

PASQUA: How wid we no be? We're wummen 'at kens hoo tae conduct thirsels.

TITTA: Aye, aye, it's guid tae caw oan wi wark. Ah dare say young lauds sittin thirsels doon aside yese'll hud yese back, the pests.

LUCIETTA: (*Makes a show of coughing*)

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Oan ye go.

LUCIETTA: (*To PASQUA*) Dashed if Ah will.

TITTA: Donna Pasqua, d'ye like roast pumpkin?

PASQUA: Thon's a daft-like question! How're ye askin me?

TITTA: 'Cause Ah could fair go some.

LUCIETTA: (*Spits very emphatically*)

TITTA: Somehin flee intae yir mooth?

LUCIETTA: Pumpkin maks me spit. (*Works away without lifting her eyes*)

TITTA: (*Indignantly*) You should be mair lady-like.

LUCIETTA: (*As above*) Tak me as ye fund me.

TITTA: (*Aside*) Richt, that's it, Ah'm gaun tae dae it. (*To PASQUA*) Donna Pasqua, you're a wyce-like wumman, Ah kin talk tae you sensible-like. Ah socht frae ye the haund o' yir guid-sister, Lucietta, but noo Ah'm informin ye 'at Ah'm withdrawin ma interest.

PASQUA: Shairly no! Forwhey?

TITTA: Forwhey, forwhey!...

LUCIETTA: (*Gets up to go*)

PASQUA: Whaur are you aff tae?

LUCIETTA: Whaur Ah waant. (*Goes into the house*)

PASQUA: Pey nae heed till tittle-tattle.

TITTA: Ah ken awhing. Ah'm black-affrontit the wey yese've behaved. Ah'm sair disappyntit in the baith yese.

PASQUA: But she lo'es ye sae much.

TITTA: Gin she lo'ed me, she widnae turn her back oan me.

PASQUA: The pair thing! She'll've went aff fur a greet, so she will.

TITTA: Tae greet fur whae? Fur Titmoose?

PASQUA: No, no, Titta Nane, it's you she's smitten wi! When yir awa' at sea, she worries hersel seek. When it's blawin a gale she's near dementit...terrified yir in danger. She cannae sleep...she stauns at the windae lookin oot at the wither. She's gien her hert tae you...you're the only wan she's een fur.

TITTA: So how kin she no say even jist wan pleasant word tae me?

PASQUA: She cannae; she's feart fur whut's happened; she cannae speak.

TITTA: Dae Ah no hiv guid reason tae fund faut wi her?

PASQUA: Ah'll explain tae ye whit happened.

TITTA: Naw, naw. Ah'm waantin tae hear it frae her. Ah'm waantin her tae confess, and tae beg ma furgiveness.

PASQUA: Will ye furgie her?

TITTA: Whae kens? Mebbe Ah will. Whaur's she awa' tae?

PASQUA: Here she's, she's comin.

LUCIETTA: (*Reappearing*) Ye kin tak back yir presents, sur -- the shuin, the ribbons, the necklace! (*Throws the lot to the ground*)

PASQUA: Preserve us! Hiv ye gaen clean gyte? (*Picks the stuff up and puts it on the chair*)

TITTA: You'd dae this tae me?

LUCIETTA: You've gied me the fling, hivn't ye? Tak yir gear and dae wi it as ye damn well please!

TITTA: You speak wan word tae Titmoose and Ah'll kill him.

LUCIETTA: The cheek o' it! You've no jist gied me the fling, ye're dictatin tae me what Ah can and cannae dae as weel?

TITTA: Ah've flung ye ower acause ae him, that's how.

PASQUA: Ah'm flammygastered ye should hink Lucietta wid waant onythin adae wi that skellum.

LUCIETTA: Ah micht no be bonny, Ah micht be pair, Ah micht no hiv this nor that, but Ah'd nivir stoop tae tak a man wi a skittery wee in-bye boat fur a suitor.

TITTA: How did ye lit him sit doon aside ye then? How did ye accept the roast pumpkin?

LUCIETTA: Oh, imagine daein hings lik yon!

PASQUA: Committin sic crimes!

TITTA: As faur as Ah'm concerned, when Ah'm coortin Ah expect ma intended tae gie nae reason fur tittle-tattle. That's the wey o' it, tak it or leave it. By the Lord, naebdy'll swick Titta Nane, neither they will.

LUCIETTA: (*Dries her eyes*) See hoo sensitive he is, the pet lamb!

TITTA: You pey heed: Ah'm a grouwn man, no a wee lauddie.

LUCIETTA: (*Cries, but it is clear she is trying not to.*)

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Whit's vexin ye sae sair?

LUCIETTA: Naehin. (*As she cries, gives PASQUA a shove*)

PASQUA: Whitwey are ye greetin?

LUCIETTA: Fur Ah'm ragin, ragin! Ah could murder him wi ma ain haunds!

TITTA: (*Coming close to LUCIETTA*) Come oan, noo! Thurs nae need tae greet like this.

LUCIETTA: Gan tae Hell!

TITTA: (*To PASQUA*) Did ye hear that?

PASQUA: She's richt enough! You're nae better nor a dug!

TITTA: Dinnae mak licht o' me or Ah'll fling masel in the canal.

PASQUA: Awa' oot o' here, ya snauchle!

LUCIETTA: Awa' ye go, awa' ye go! (*As above, crying*)

PASQUA: Awa' oot o' here, ya skite!

TITTA: (*His heart is melting*) Ah loved you, so Ah did.

PASQUA: (*To TITTA*) But no noo?

TITTA: Hoo kin Ah when she disnae waant me onymair?

PASQUA: Whit say ye tae that, Lucietta?

LUCIETTA: Lea me alane, lea me.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Tak back yir shuin, yir ribbons, yir necklace.

LUCIETTA: Ah'm no waantin onyhing

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Noo, noo, listen tae me.

LUCIETTA: Lea me alane.

PASQUA: Jist say a word till him.

LUCIETTA: Naw.

PASQUA: Come here, Titta Nane.

TITTA: Naw Ah'll no.

PASQUA: (*To TITTA*) Come oan, noo.

TITTA: Ah'm no waantin tae.

PASQUA: Ach, awa'n jump in the tide, baith the twa ae yese.

SCENE 4

AS BEFORE, plus the CLERK

CLERK: Are you Donna Pasqua, wife o' Skipper Toni Mackerel?

PASQUA: Aye, sur. Whit kin Ah dae fur ye?

CLERK: And she thair, is she Lucietta, sister tae Skipper Toni?

PASQUA: She is, sur. Whitwey d'ye ask?

LUCIETTA: (*Aside*) Michty, whit kin the Clerk be eftir?

CLERK: I summon you by order of the Depute-Magistrate to proceed forthwith to the Magistrate's office forto be examined.

PASQUA: Examined aboot whut?

CLERK: That's all Ah ken. Unless you obey forthwith, you'll be fined the sum o' ten ducats.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) It's aboot the rammy.

LUCIETTA: Oh, Ah'm feart tae go!

PASQUA: But we've goat tae go!

CLERK: (*To PASQUA*) Is that Skipper Fortunato's residence?

PASQUA: Aye, sur, it is.

CLERK: Then that's the wan Ah seek. The door's lyin open, Ah'll away in. (*Enters house*)

SCENE 5

PASQUA, LUCIETTA and TITTA NANE

PASQUA: Did ye hear that, Titta-Nane?

TITTA: Ah heard. That dirt Titmoose'll've raised a complaint against me. Ah'll hiv tae tak masel awa' oot the road somewhere.

PASQUA: Whut aboot ma guidman?

LUCIETTA: And ma brithers?

PASQUA: Oh, Guid save us! Rin tae the shoreheid and see if ye kin see thum...warn thum. Ah'll go'n look fur Skipper Vicenzo. Ah ken twa-three gentlemen and leddies o' guid birth -- Ah'll go'n plead wi thaim tae speak fur me. Wae's me! Ma gear and bonny geegaws, ma pair wee hoose! (*Leaves*)

SCENE 6

LUCIETTA and TITTA NANE

TITTA: See, ma leddy? This is ower-the-heid o' you.

LUCIETTA: Me? Whut did Ah dae? How's it ower-the-heid o' me?

TITTA: Because you're stupit! Ye've nae mair sense nor ma pinkie!

LUCIETTA: Git oot o' here, and tak yir imp'dence wi ye!

TITTA: Dinnae worry, Ah'm shair tae be be banished intae exile frae here onywey.

LUCIETTA: Intae exile? Come here. Exiled fur whut?

TITTA: But if Ah'm ae tae be banished intae exile, Ah'm gauntae kill Titmoose furst.

LUCIETTA: Are ye no richt in the heid?

TITTA: (To *LUCIETTA, threatening her*) And you'll pey fur it anaw.

LUCIETTA: Me? How'm Ah tae blame?

TITTA: The length you've led me, you look oot Ah dinnae dae you herm.

LUCIETTA: Oh, oh, here's the Clerk comin.

TITTA: God Almichty! Quick, dinnae lit him see me, dinnae lit him apprehend me. (*Leaves*)

LUCIETTA: Murderer! The swine! He thraitens me then taks tae his heels. And he says he loves me! Men! That's thaim ower the back! Ye kin furget mairriage. Ah'd raither droon masel. (*Leaves*)

SCENE 7

The CLERK and SKIPPER FORTUNATO

CLERK: Noo, noo, Skipper Fortunato, you're a man o' the world, ye ken what thir things mean.

FORTUNATO: Ah ne'er be' tae Coort Hoosh. Ne'er be' Magishtra' Offish. Ne'er.

CLERK: Ye've never been in the Magistrate's Office?

FORTUNATO: No shur, no shur, ne'er be' thair.

CLERK: Well, ye'll no kin say that the nixt time.

FORTUNATO: How'sh ma wife ga' go 'naw?

CLERK: Tae be examined.

FORTUNATO: Ma guid-shishus 'naw?

CLERK: Them anaw.

FORTUNATO: They've go tae? Lassiesh? They've go tae? Lassiesh? Lassiesh go tae?

CLERK: How should they no? What're ye feart fur?

FORTUNATO: They di'ae waan' go. They feart. They greeti'.

CLERK: If they dinnae go, it'll be aw the worse for them. Ah've done my duty. It's up tae you noo. Ah'll be reportin you've been served wi the summons. (*Leaves*)

FORTUNATO: We go' go, we go' go, we go' go! Pit oa' yi' "ninzoletto", gui'wife! [*Sort of white cloth headscarf covering head and shoulders which women of Chioggia carry*] Orsetta, yi' ninzoletto! Checca, yi' ninzoletto. (*Loud, backstage*) We go' go!. We go' 'ae, we go' go! Damn thae rammiesh, thae shcoondrels o' laudsh! Come o', shif' yi'shels! How tak shae lang? Infernal wu'mmen! Whau' are yeshe? Shif' yi'shels or Ah tak ma han' yeshe! Ah gie yeshe a shkelp, sho Ah wu'! (*Enters the house*)

SCENE 8

Magistrate's Office

ISIDORO and SKIPPER VICENZO

VICENZO: So as ye see, yir honour, it's a pittery wee maitter no worth fashin aboot.

ISIDORO: I'm not saying it's a big matter. But a complaint has been lodged, witnesses have been summoned, so the trial has begun due process. Justice must run its course.

VICENZO: The man 'at layed the complaint flang stanes anaw. Is yir honour o' the opeenion he's innocent in aw this?

ISIDORO: We shall see. Once the trial is underway, we'll discover the truth.

VICENZO: Look, yir honour, is thur no a wey we could settle this?

ISIDORO: If the injured party were to withdraw the complaint, and if the costs of the trial were met, a settlement could be reached.

VICENZO: Come oan, yir honour, ye ken it's me yir talkin tae here.

ISIDORO: It's as I've told you, Skipper Paron Vicenzo: it's possible a settlement could be achieved. Up to this point in the proceedings there is little of substance in the plaintiff's charge. But I don't know what the witnesses might say; and I will have to at least question some of them. If there's nothing more to it; if there isn't a history of feuding; if the dispute was not premeditated; if no-one's been materially disadvantaged, no third party injured, or suchlike things, I shall do all I can to settle things. But I don't want to decide for someone else. I'm a Depute, not a full Magistrate, and I'm answerable to my superior. The Magistrate is in Venice but he is expected back shortly. He'll therefore be present at the trial. You can speak to him, and so can I. I stand to gain nothing from this, and nor would I want to. I'm a man of principle. I try to do good by everyone. If I can do good by you, I shall.

VICENZO: Spoken like the gentleman you are. Ah kin see what Ah should gie ye.

ISIDORO: I've told you, I don't want anything.

VICENZO: Aw, come oan, a fish, a braw big fish.

ISIDORO: Well, if it's just a fish, that's fine. My meals are provided with the office, but I enjoy the occasional extra something.

VICENZO: Ah ken Maister Depute-Magistrate fair likes his meat.

ISIDORO: Well, after all, if you work, you have to have pleasure too.

VICENZO: And ah ken Maister Depute-Magistrate fair likes the lassies anaw.

ISIDORO: I have a fellow to see to. Wait here. If these people arrive, tell them I'll be back soon. Tell the women they needn't be afraid of being examined. Tell them I'm kind to everyone...that with women I'm like marzipan.

SCENE 9

SKIPPER VICENZO alone

VICENZO: Aye, sur, ye micht be a gentleman, but nae man hings aboot ma hoose. Dinnae be drappin by ma hoose fur a blether wi my wummenfolk. Birkies wi' wigs shouldnae mell wi fisher-fowk lik us. (*Sees the women coming*) Weel, git tae Florence, here the wummen comin furtae be examined! Ah wis feart they'd refuse tae come. Whae's thon man wi thum? Aw, it's Skipper Fortunato. Come awa' oan, c'awa' oan, thur naebdy here.

SCENE 10

PASQUA, LUCIETTA, LIBERA, ORSETTA, CHECCA, all wearing "ninzoletto"; SKIPPER FORTUNATO and VICENZO.

CHECCA: Whaur's this?

ORSETTA: Whaur've we tae gan?

LIBERA: Ah'm feart. Ah've nivir set fit in here afore.

FORTUNATO: (*Greets SKIPPER VICENZO*) Gui'day, Shkipp' 'Izenzo, gui'day

VICENZO: (*Greeting him*) Aye, aye, Skipper Fortunato.

LUCIETTA: Ma ligs're fair shakkin.

PASQUA: Whut aboot me? Ah'm shooglin lik a jeely-fish!

FORTUNATO: (*To VICENZO*) Wha' Maishta' Magistra'?

VICENZO: He's no here; he's in Venice. The Depute-Magistrate'll cairry oot the examination.

LIBERA: Oh, the Depute-Magistrate! (*To ORSETTA, giving her a nudge, revealing that they know him very well*)

ORSETTA: Oh, that fine, clivir billie. (*To CHECCA, nudging her and laughing*)

PASQUA: (*Pleased, to LUCIETTA*) Ye hear that? The Depute- Magistrate'll examine us.

LUCIETTA: (*To PASQUA*) Oh, that's grand news. Leastweys we ken him.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Aye, he's an awfie nice chappie.

LUCIETTA: (*To PASQUA*) Div ye mind hoo he bocht six airm o' lace frae us and peyed dooble the price?

SCENE 11

AS ABOVE, plus ISIDORO

ISIDORO: What are you doing here?

ALL THE WOMEN: Yir honour, yir honour!

ISIDORO: What do you want? Do I have to examine you all at once? Go in there and wait; I'll call you out one by one.

PASQUA: Us first.

LUCIETTA: Us first.

ORSETTA: We goat here first.

ISIDORO: Each of you will get a fair hearing. I'll call you in the order the names are written down in the documents. Checca's name is first, so she can stay. The rest of you go outside.

PASQUA: He kens she's the youngest, 'at's how. (*Leaves*)

LUCIETTA: Naw it's no. There's mair tae it nor luck. (*Leaves*)

ISIDORO: What splendid women! They certainly can talk. They live to talk. I only wish I could believe what they come out with.

FORTUNATO: Lish ga' oo'shide, lish ga' oo'shide, c'mo'. (*Leaves*)

ISIDORO: Yes, yes, this won't take too long.

LIBERA: (*To ISIDORO*) See'n look efter her, noo? Tak tent. She's a innocent bit lassie.

ISIDORO: What on earth could befall her in here?

LIBERA: (*Aside*) He hiz a guid conceit o' hissel, that ain. Ah dinnae trust him. (*Leaves*)

SCENE 12

ISIDORO and CHECCA, then the CLERK

ISIDORO: Come and sit down here, Missie. (*Sits*)

CHECCA: Eh! Naw, sur, Ah'm fine staundin.

ISIDORO: We can't have you standing. Sit down.

CHECCA: As ye command. (*Sits*)

ISIDORO: What's your name?

CHECCA: Ma name is Checca.

ISIDORO: And your surname?

CHECCA: Schiantina.

ISIDORO: Do you have a byname?

CHECCA: Me? A byname!

ISIDORO: Don't they call you Cheesie-chowks?

CHECCA: (*Takes offence*) Oh, that's richt, you mak fun o' me anaw.

ISIDORO: Now, now, someone as sweet-looking as you should have a sweet nature to go with it. Do you know why you've been summoned here for examining?

CHECCA: Aye, sur, 'cause o' the stramash.

ISIDORO: Tell me how it arose.

CHECCA: Ah ken naethin aboot it. Ah wisnae thair when it happened. Ah wiz oan ma wey hame wi ma sister Libera, ma sister Orsetta, and ma guid-brither Fortunato. Ah seen Skipper Toni, Beppe Halibut, and Titta Nane, whae waantit tae batter Toffolo, and Titmoose wiz flingin stanes at him.

ISIDORO: Why did he want to "batter" Toffolo Titmouse?

CHECCA: Fur Titta Nane is winchin Lucietta Blethermooth, and Titmoose went up and speaked tae her, and peyed fur some roastit pumpkin tae gie her.

ISIDORO: Ah, I understand, that's sufficient. How old are you?

CHECCA: Ye need tae ken ma age as weel?

ISIDORO: Yes, Miss. Everyone who is examined has to declare their age, which is then written below the precognition. So, how old are you?

CHECCA: Ah dinnae hide ma age. Ah've turnt seeventeen.

ISIDORO: You swear you're telling the truth?

CHECCA: Aboot whut?

ISIDORO: You swear that everything you have said under examination is the truth?

CHECCA: Yes, sur, Ah swear Ah've tellt the truth.

ISIDORO: Your examination is finished.

CHECCA: So Ah kin leave?

ISIDORO: No, hold on a moment. Do you have many suitors?

CHECCA: Oh, naebdy's coortin me.

ISIDORO: Don't tell lies.

CHECCA: Dae Ah hae tae swear till it?

ISIDORO: No, you don't have to swear to anything now. But it's a bad thing to tell lies. How many suitors do you have?

CHECCA: Och, naebody waants me...Ah'm penniless.

ISIDORO: Would you like me to arrange a dowry for you?

CHECCA: Gin ye could!

ISIDORO: If you had a dowry, would you get married?

CHECCA: Oh, aye, yir honour, Ah'd git mairrit.

ISIDORO: Is there nobody you've got your eye on?

CHECCA: Whae d'ye hiv in mind?
ISIDORO: Nobody you're attracted to?

CHECCA: Yir gien me a rid face.

ISIDORO: Don't be embarrassed. We're alone. You can speak freely to me.

CHECCA: Titta Nane. Hid Ah the chance, Ah'd mairry him.

ISIDORO: Isn't he courting Lucietta?

CHECCA: He's gien her the fling.

ISIDORO: If he's rejected her, we could see if he would take you.

CHECCA: Hoo much wid the tocher be?

ISIDORO: 150 ducats.

CHECCA: Oh, aye, sur! Ma guid-brither'll gie me a hunner. And Ah've fifty set aside frae ma work. Ah dinnae think Lucietta hiz as muckle as that.

ISIDORO: Would you like me to make contact with Titta Nane?

CHECCA: Coud ye, yir honour!

ISIDORO: Where is he?

CHECCA: He's in hidin.

ISIDORO: Where?

CHECCA: Ah'm no waantin onybody tae hear me, Ah'll whisper it in yir lug. (*Speaks into his ear*)

ISIDORO: I see. I'll have him sent for. I'll speak to him. Leave it all to me. Go, girl, go, before they start gossiping about us! Don't say a word! (*Rings bell*)

CHECCA: Oh, yir a saint, yir honour.

CLERK: At yir command.

ISIDORO: Have Orsetta come in.

CLERK: Yes, sur. (*Leaves*)

ISIDORO: I'll let you know. I'll pay you a call.

CHECCA: Richt, yir honour. (*Gets up*) If only Ah could pit wan ower Lucietta! If only!

SCENE 13

AS ABOVE, plus ORSETTA, then the CLERK

ORSETTA: (*Sotto voce to CHECCA*) He fair kept ye. Whut did he speir ye aboot?

CHECCA: (*Aside, to ORSETTA*) Oh, sister, wait till Ah tell ye! The wey he examined me wiz braw!

ISIDORO: Come here, sit down.

ORSETTA: Aye, sur. (*Sits down without fuss*)

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) This one is more straightforward! (*To ORSETTA*) What's your name?

ORSETTA: Orsetta Schiantina.

ISIDORO: Known as?

ORSETTA: Hoo d'ye mean, "known as"?

ISIDORO: Do you have a byname?

ORSETTA: Whut byname wid ye waant me tae hiv?

ISIDORO: Don't they call you "Dough-head"?

ORSETTA: Ah'll tell ye this tae yir face, yir honour, gin we wurnae whaur we are, Ah'd fine like tae seize that wig aff yir heid and...

ISIDORO: Speak respectfully.

ORSETTA: Whaur's this "Dough-heid" cam frae? Here in Chioggia they mak dough wi semolina and yella floor frae maize...Ah'm neither yellie nor the colour o' semolina.

ISIDORO: Just calm down, Missie. This is not the place to be behaving like that. Answer the questions I put to you. Do you know what it is you are being examined about?

ORSETTA: No, sur.

ISIDORO: Can you guess?

ORSETTA: No, sur.

ISIDORO: You know nothing about a certain dispute?

ORSETTA: Ah div and Ah divnae.

ISIDORO: Well then, tell me what you do know.

ORSETTA: You pit yir questions tae me and Ah'll answer.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) This is the kind of woman that drives a poor Depute-Magistrate to distraction. (*To ORSETTA*) Do you know Toffolo Zavatta?

ORSETTA: No, sur, Ah dinnae.

ISIDORO: Toffolo Titmouse?

ORSETTA: Aye, sur.

ISIDORO: Is there anyone you know who wanted to assault him?

ORSETTA: Ah cannae read fowks' minds.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) She's a smart one! (*To ORSETTA*) Did you see anyone use a weapon against him?

ORSETTA: Yes, sur.

ISIDORO: Who was it?

ORSETTA: Ah cannae mind.

ISIDORO: If I say their names, will you remember?

ORSETTA: Gin ye gie oot thir names, Ah'll respond.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) 'Struth! She'll keep me here till night-time. (*To ORSETTA*) Was Titta Nane Mullet involved?

ORSETTA: Yes, sur.

ISIDORO: Was Skipper Toni Mackerel there?

ORSETTA: Yes, sur.

ISIDORO: Was Beppe Halibut there?

ORSETTA: Yes, sur.

ISIDORO: Bravo, Miss Dough-head!

ORSETTA: Tell me this: hiv ye a byname yirsel?

ISIDORO: Now, now, don't be impertinent. (*Writing*)

ORSETTA: (*Aside*) Ah'll gie ye wan, then, Mr Depute-Magistrate Ticht-erse.

ISIDORO: Did Toffolo Titmouse throw stones?

ORSETTA: Aye, some. (*Aside*) Shoulda been at your heid!

ISIDORO: What did you say?

ORSETTA: Naehing, Ah'm talkin tae masel. Kin Ah no open ma mooth even?

ISIDORO: What was the cause of the dispute?

ORSETTA: Hoo d'ye expeck me tae ken?

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) God's name, I've really had enough! (*To ORSETTA*) Were you aware that Titta Nane was jealous of Toffolo Titmouse?

ORSETTA: Aye, sur; 'cause ae Lucietta Blethermooth.

ISIDORO: Do you know that Titta Nane has rejected Lucietta Blethermouth?

ORSETTA: Aye, sur, Ah've heard he's gien her the gunk.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) So Checca told the truth. I'll do her that favour after all. (*To ORSETTA*) Fine, then, that's you done with. How old are you?

ORSETTA: Ye whut? Ye waant tae ken ma age as weel?

ISIDORO: Yes, Miss, your age as well.

ORSETTA: Dae ye hae tae write it doon?

ISIDORO: I have to write it down.

ORSETTA: Awricht. Write doon...nineteen.

ISIDORO: (*Writes*) You swear you've told the truth?

ORSETTA: If Ah hiv tae swear oan it, Ah'll admit...Ah'm actually twinty-fower.

ISIDORO: I'm not asking you to swear to your age. That's one oath women can't be required to take. I'm asking you to swear that what you said during the examination is the truth.

ORSETTA: Oh, aye, sur, Ah swear till that.

ISIDORO: (*Rings bell*)

CLERK: Yir command?

ISIDORO: Donna Libera.

CLERK: Yessir. (*Leaves*)

ORSETTA: (*Aside*) Michty! Ye hiv tae state yir age as weel! (*Gets up*)

SCENE 14

AS BEFORE, plus DONNA LIBERA, then the CLERK

LIBERA: (*To ORSETTA*) That you feenished?

ORSETTA: Oh, hear this, he even waants tae ken oor ages.

LIBERA: Naw?

ORSETTA: And ye hiv tae swear yir tellin the truth. (*Leaves*)

LIBERA: (*To herself*) Piece a nonsense! Ye hiv tae gie yir age, and swear tae it! Ah ken whut Ah'll be daein...Ah'll no be divulgin ma age, and Ah'll no be swearin neither!

ISIDORO: Come away in. Sit down.

LIBERA: (*Doesn't answer*)

ISIDORO: I'm saying, come here and sit down. (*Signals to her to sit*)

LIBERA: (*Goes to sit down*)

ISIDORO: Who are you?

LIBERA: (*Doesn't answer*)

ISIDORO: Answer, who are you? (*Nudging her*)

LIBERA: Sur.

ISIDORO: Who are you?

LIBERA: Eh?

ISIDORO: (*Loudly*) Are you deaf?

LIBERA: Ma hearin's no guid.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) Just what I need! (*To LIBERA*) What is your name?

LIBERA: Eh?

ISIDORO: Your name.

LIBERA: Speak a wee bit looder.

ISIDORO: Preserve us! I value my sanity too much. (*Rings bell*)

CLERK: Sur.

ISIDORO: Have that man come in.

CLERK: Yessur. (*Leaves*)

ISIDORO: (*To LIBERA*) Goodbye and good riddance.

LIBERA: Ye whit, sur?

ISIDORO: Get out of here. (*Pushes her, to get her to go*)

LIBERA: (*Leaves*) Ah jouked oot ae that easy-peasy. Ah'm no waantin tae divulge ma private business.

SCENE 15

ISIDORO, then SKIPPER FORTUNATO, then the CLERK

ISIDORO: This is a position of some standing, of dignity and due decorum, serving a useful purpose even. But there are times when it would drive one to insanity.

FORTUNATO: Yir hona' Maishta' Magishtra', su'.

ISIDORO: Who are you?

FORTUNATO: Fortuna'o Aichio.

ISIDORO: Speak clearly if you want me to understand you. Do I understand you to say you're Skipper Fortunato Cavicchio? Do you know why you have been summoned for examination?

FORTUNATO: Yesha, yesh.

ISIDORO: Out with it then: tell me why you've come?

FORTUNATO: Ah come caush Clerksh tell me 'ae.

ISIDORO: Very droll! I know you've come because the Clerk of Court told you to. Do you know anything about a certain dispute?

FORTUNATO: Yesha, yesh.

ISIDORO: Come on then, tell me what happened.

FORTUNATO: Ye'll ken Ah ca' 'ame fae shea the-day, landit i' Vigo wi boa'. Ma guidwi' cam, an guid-shishas Orshe'a, and Che'a.

ISIDORO: 'Less you speak more clearly I'll never make out what your saying.

FORTUNATO: Yesha. Wey hame wi gui'wife and ma guid-shishas shaw Shkipp Toni, shaw Beppe, shaw Titta Nane Mulle' an Toffo' Shitmoosh. Shkip Toni gau' "tiff-tiff"" wi' shord, Beppe "alda-alda" wi' knife; an Shitmoosh "tuff-tuff" wi 'tanes. Ti'a Nane cam, Ti'a Nanne cam gi' frich' wi' big 'untin knife. Bi' commoshun. Shitmoosh faw doo'. Aw Ah ken. Follie me?

ISIDORO: Not one word.

FORTUNATO: Ah shpeaks Chioggian, ya hona'. Whit toon you frae, hona'?

ISIDORO: I'm from Venice; but I can't understand a single word you say.

FORTUNATO: Wa' me shay agai'?

ISIDORO: Just go, damn you, go!

FORTUNATO: Ya hona'. (*Leaving*)

ISIDORO: Gibbering parrot!

FORTUNATO: Shur. (*Going off*)

ISIDORO: Were this a serious business, God preserve us!

FORTUNATO: (*On the doorstep, leaving*) Ya hona', Misha Depu'-Magistra'.

ISIDORO: Go to hell! (*Rings bell*)

CLERK: Sur.

ISIDORO: Tell those women they can go, send them away, tell them to go. I don't want to hear any more.

CLERK: Yessur. (*Leaves*)

SCENE 16

ISIDORO, then PASQUA and LUCIETTA, then the CLERK

ISIDORO: It would make anyone lose patience.

PASQUA: (*Heated*) How're we bein sent awa'?

LUCIETTA: How're ye no waantin tae examine us?

ISIDORO: Because I'm fed up.

PASQUA: Oh, aye, believe that if ye will.

LUCIETTA: Ye listen tae the yins whase side yir takkin, then ye treat us like durt.

ISIDORO: Can we put an end to this?

LUCIETTA: He hid Cheesie-chowks in here fur mair nor an hoor.

PASQUA: And hoo lang wiz Dough-heid in fur, eh?

LUCIETTA: Well, we ken hoo tae turn till aboot this.

PASQUA: Aye, and we'll mak shair jistice is duin.

ISIDORO: You don't know what you're prattling about.

PASQUA: Oh, no?

LUCIETTA: You're ettlin tae swick us, aren't ye?

ISIDORO: You are involved parties; you cannot act as witnesses.

LUCIETTA: That's no true; not a bit o' it. We wurnae involved at aw; no at aw.

PASQUA: We waant tae gie oor sides o' things as weel.

ISIDORO: Away with you.

PASQUA: We'll mak oorsels heard.

LUCIETTA: We'll fund a wey tae git a hearin.

ISIDORO: Go to the devil.

CLERK: Sur.

ISIDORO: What is it?

CLERK: Sur. His honour the Magistrate hiz arrived. (*Leaves*)

PASQUA: Oh, the very man!

LUCIETTA: We'll go tae him.

ISIDORO: Go where the devil you want. Pests, devils, witches. (*Leaves*)

PASQUA: By the Lord, we'll show him a thing or twa. (*Leaves*)

LUCIETTA: So we will. He'll be forced tae gie in tae us. (*Leaves*)

ACT THREE

SCENE 1

Street with houses, as in the other scenes

BEPPO alone

BEPPO: If they waant tae catch me they kin. Ah dinnae care. Ah'm passed carin. Ah'n no hidin nae mair. But Ah'll no dee happy 'less Ah've gien Orsetta a guid skelp. If Ah kent Ah wiz gaun tae the jile, Ah widnae hud back frae cuttin aff wan o' Titmoose's lugs. Thae wans's door's snecked. So's oors. Lucietta and ma guid-sister musta went tae speak oan oor behalfs, me'n ma brither Toni's. And thae ains'll've went tae speak fur Titmoose. Ah kin hear noaises. Ah feel aw the time the polis are huntin me, aboot tae clap thir haunds oan me. Shisht, shisht, Orsetta's comin. Aye, well, come oan, then, Ah'll learn ye.

SCENE 2

BEPPO, and LIBERA, ORSETTA and CHECCA with a "ninzoletto" on their shoulders

LIBERA: Beppo! (*Lovingly*)

ORSETTA: Ma darlin Beppo!

BEPPO: Awa' tae hell!

ORSETTA: Whit's the maitter?

LIBERA: Whae are you cursin at?

BEPPO: The deil tak the loat ae ye!

CHECCA: (*To BEPPO*) Ah could say the same tae you.

ORSETTA: (*To CHECCA*) Hisht! (*To BEPPO*) Whit herm hiv we done ye?

BEPPO: Yese'll be gled tae see me pit in the jile, but before Ah gan...

ORSETTA: No, no, nivir worry aboot thon. Naehin'll come ae it.

LIBERA: Skipper Vicenzo tellt us no tae worry aboot it, it'd aw git soartit oot.

CHECCA: The Depute-Magistrate's oan oor side forbye.

ORSETTA: Kin ye no mebbe tell us whae yir ragin at?

BEPPO: Ah'm ragin at you.

ORSETTA: At me?

BEPPO: Aye, you.

ORSETTA: Whit herm hiv Ah done ye?

BEPPO: Furwhey did ye keep comp'ny wi Titmoose? Furwhey did ye speak tae him? Cast yir ee at him?

ORSETTA: Me?

BEPPO: Aye.

ORSETTA: Whae tellt ye that?

BEPPO: Ma sister'n guid-sister tellt me.

ORSETTA: Leears!

LIBERA: The leears!

CHECCA: Oh, whit leears!

ORSETTA: He cam tae speak tae Checca.

LIBERA: Then he went ower tae speak tae yir sister.

ORSETTA: And he bocht her the pumpkin.

CHECCA: Noo Titta Nane hiz gien Lucietta the fling.

BEPPO: He's flung ma sister? Whitwey?

CHECCA: Fur tiggin wi Titmoose.

ORSETTA: And how'm Ah supposed tae be at faut?

BEPPO: (*To ORSETTA*) So Titmoose didnae speak wi you? He spoke wi Lucietta? And Titta Nane's gien her the gunk?

ORSETTA: Aye, but you'll no believe me! You'll no believe me, Orsetta, whae's sae fond ae ye! Me 'at's gret and gret fur ye? 'At's made masel no weel wi worry ower-the-heid o' ye!

BEPPO: Then furhow did she come an' tell me aw thon stories?

LIBERA: Tae pit the blame oantae us and keep it awa' frae hersel.

CHECCA: We've duin her nae herm yit she seeks tae blacken us.

BEPPO: (*With threatening air*) Jist lit her come here! Lit her!

ORSETTA: Shoosh, here she is.

LIBERA: Hud yir tongue.

CHECCA: Ah didnae open ma mooth.

SCENE 3

AS BEFORE, plus PASQUA and LUCIETTA wearing the "ninzoletto"

LUCIETTA: (*To BEPPO*) Whit's wrang?

PASQUA: (*To BEPPO*) Whut are you daein here?

BEPPO: (*With indignation*) Whut story've you cam here tae spin me?

LUCIETTA: Listen.

PASQUA: Come here'n listen.

BEPPO: Whut lees are yese aboot tae tell...

LUCIETTA: (*Very anxious*) Noo, noo, come here, wull ye!

PASQUA: Ya pair thing, quick!

BEPPO: (*Goes up to them, and they put him in between them*) Whut is it? Whut's happened noo?

LUCIETTA: Rin awa'.

PASQUA: Hide yirsel. (*Meanwhile the other three women take off the "ninzoletto"*)

BEPPO: But Ah've been advisit thurs naehin tae worry aboot.

LUCIETTA: Dinnae believe thaim.

PASQUA: She waants ye kullt.

LUCIETTA: We've been tae the Magistrate's oaffice but he widnae even gie us lea' tae speak.

PASQUA: He heared thaim out, then huntit us.

LUCIETTA: And Orsetta spent mair nor an hoor wi the Depute-Magistrate in his chamber.

PASQUA: You've been fund guilty.

LUCIETTA: There's an oarder oot fur yir arrest.

PASQUA: Tak tae yir heels and hide yirsel awa' somewhaur.

BEPPO: (*To ORSETTA*) So that's how men kin be sentenced tae daith, eh?

ORSETTA: Whut's happenin?

BEPPO: Keepin me here so's Ah'll faw intae a trap an git catched, eh?

ORSETTA: Whae said that?

LUCIETTA: Ah said it, me, Ah said it.

PASQUA: Aye, we ken aw aboot your joukery-pawkery.

LUCIETTA: (*To BEPPO*) Rin awa'!

PASQUA: (*To BEPPO*) Rin awa'!

BEPPO: Ah'm gaun... (*To ORSETTA*) But Ah'll see you pey fur this.

SCENE 4

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER TONI

PASQUA: Guidman!

LUCIETTA: Brither!

PASQUA: Rin awa'!

LUCIETTA: Dinnae lit thum fund ye here!

TONI: Shoosht, shoosht, dinnae be feart, shoosht. Skipper Vicenzo cam and tellt me he'd spoke wi his honour the Magistrate and awhing's soartit oot. We're at liberty tae gan aboot oor business.

ORSETTA: Did ye hear that?

LIBERA: Didn't we no tell ye that?

CHECCA: So whae's the leears noo then, eh?

ORSETTA: Are we the yins 'at waants tae murder ye, eh?

BEPPO: (*To PASQUA and LUCIETTA*) Whit are you twae up till, makkin up stories lik yon?

SCENE 5

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER VICENZO

ORSETTA: Here's Skipper Vicenzo now. Is it richt awhing's been soartit oot noo, Skipper Vicenzo?

VICENZO: Naehing's soartit oot.

ORSETTA: How d'ye mean, naehing's soartit oot?

VICENZO: The flee in the 'intment is that beggar Titmoose. He's as thrawn as a whulk and disnae waant tae cry peace. 'Less he dis, naething kin be settled.

PASQUA: Ye hear that!

LUCIETTA: Whut did Ah say tae ye?

PASQUA: Dinnae believe a word o' it.

LUCIETTA: Naehing's bin soartit oot.

PASQUA: Ye cannae risk bein seen walkin aboot.

LUCIETTA: Quick! Rin awa'n hide!

SCENE 6

AS BEFORE, plus TITTA NANE

PASQUA: Oh! Titta Nane! How've ye cam here?

TITTA: Ah'll gan whaur Ah waant.

PASQUA: (*Aside*) Oh, he's no gotten ower it yit!

LUCIETTA: Are ye no feart ye'll git intae a fecht?

TITTA: (*To LUCIETTA, indignant*) Ah'm feart ae naethin.(*To VICENZO*) Ah've seen the Depute-Magistrate...he sent fur me...tellt me ah kin gan onywhere Ah waant... Ah've naethin tae worry aboot, he said.

ORSETTA: (*To LUCIETTA*) See? Whit say ye till that? Didn't Ah no say the Depute-Magistrate wiz oan oor sides?

SCENE 7

AS BEFORE, plus the CLERK

CLERK: Skipper Toni Mackerel, Beppo Halibut and Titta Nane Mullet, yese are tae come wi me tae the Court Hoose forthwith furtae see the Magistrate.

PASQUA: Oh, wae's me!

LUCIETTA: We're fur it.

PASQUA: (*To ORSETTA*) Whae wid trust onyhin you wid say?

LUCIETTA: (*To ORSETTA*) Whae wid trust thon sleekit-tongued Depute-Magistrate?

SCENE 8

AS BEFORE, plus ISIDORO

LUCIETTA: (*Sees ISIDORO*) Well!

ISIDORO: Who will enlighten me?

ORSETTA: She will, yir honour. (*Points to LUCIETTA*) Ah ken naehin.

LUCIETTA: Whey d'ye waant oor menfolk brocht? Whut's tae befa' thum?

ISIDORO: Nothing. They've to come here to me, without fear. I am a gentleman; I've dedicated myself to achieving a harmonious resolution. The Magistrate has every faith in me. Skipper Vicenzo, go and find Titmouse and use your best endeavours to bring him to me. Tell him that if he won't come when requested courteously, I'll have him brought by compulsion.

VICENZO: Aye, aye, sur. Ye kin aye coont oan me tae dae a guid deed. Ah'll gan strecht aff. Beppe, Skipper Toni, come wi' me. Ah've 'hings tae talk ower wi yese.

TONI: Ah'll come wi ye, neebor. Ah ken Ah'll be safe when you're wi me.

TITTA: (*Aside*) Ah'm no littin the Depute-Magistrate oot ma sicht!

BEPPO: Ah'll see you later, Orsetta.

ORSETTA: (*To BEPPO*) Are ye angry?

BEPPO: How should Ah be? It's bye wi noo. Pit it frae yir mind. We'll hiv a talk. (*Goes off with TONI and VICENZO*)

SCENE 9

ISIDORO, CHECCA, LUCIETTA, PASQUA and TITTA NANE

CHECCA: (*Aside, to ISIDORO*) So, yir honour?

ISIDORO: So what, Missie?

CHECCA: Did ye speak til him?

ISIDORO: I spoke to him.

CHECCA: Whit did he say?

ISIDORO: To be truthful, he didn't say yes, and he didn't say no. But I think he wasn't averse to the idea of the two hundred ducats.

CHECCA: Ah'm relyin oan ye.

ISIDORO: Just leave it to me. (*To TITTA NANE*) Let's be off then, Titta Nane.

TITTA: Here Ah'm. (*Makes to leave*)

LUCIETTA: (*To TITTA*) No nothin, sur? No even a wee cheerio?

PASQUA: (*To TITTA*) Whaur's yir mainners?

TITTA: (*Scornful*) Yir servant.

ISIDORO: (*To TITTA*) Oh, come on, bid farewell to Checchina.

TITTA: (*Courteously*) Ah bid ye fareweel, bonny lass. (*LUCIETTA is furious.*)

CHECCA: Ah'm honoured, Titta Nane.

TITTA: (*Aside*) Ah'm pleased Lucietta's bealin; Ah waant tae git ma ain back oan her. (*Leaves*)

ISIDORA: (*Aside*) This fair tickles me! (*Leaves*)

SCENE 10

LUCIETTA, ORSETTA, CHECCA, PASQUA and LIBERA

LUCIETTA: Did you hear whut he said tae her? "Bonny lass", says he.

PASQUA: Noo, noo. Whaur's the herm in that?

LUCIETTA: And whut dis she say? "Ah'm honoured, Titta Nane. Ah'm honoured, Titta Nane." (*Sending her up so that they can hear*)

CHECCA: Hey, you! Are you makkin fun o' me, madam?

ORSETTA: You tell her she'd better look oot!

LIBERA: You tell her it's her chap she'd best look oot fur.

LUCIETTA: Thurs naethin Ah need look oot fur. It's no me diz wrang things

.

PASQUA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Wheesht, noo. Dinnae git drawn in. Ye ken whit she's like. Ignore her.

CHECCA: And jist whut am Ah like?

ORSETTA: (*To LIBERA*) [*Delayed response to before*] Whut are you implyin?

LIBERA: (*To ORSETTA*) The Lord pit a heid oan yir shooders, ye should yaise it.

LUCIETTA: Wid ye listen tae her! Wummen wi heids oan thir shooders, guidwife, shouldnae go stealin folks' fiancés.

ORSETTA: Whae'r we stealin frae ye?

LUCIETTA: Titta Nane is ma chap.

CHECCA: Titta Nane flung ye ower.

PASQUA: Naehin ae the kind.

LIBERA: The haill street kens aboot it.

PASQUA: That's jist clish-clash.

ORSETTA: Aw, aye, we've goat ye thair,eh?!

LUCIETTA: You jist open yir mooth an lit yir belly rummle!

LIBERA: See whae's the "braw lass" noo! (*With irony and anger*)

LUCIETTA: Brawer nor your sister anyhow.

CHECCA: You're no even fit tae look ma length.

LUCIETTA: Big-heidit bizzum!

ORSETTA: Whut did you say? (*They are moving forward, ready for a fight*)

PASQUA: Waantin a fecht? C'mon, then, Ah'll fecht ye!

LIBERA: Whae?

ORSETTA: Tyach! Ah'll gie ye yir heid in yir hauns!

LUCIETTA: The baw-heidit bitch!

ORSETTA: C'mon then! (*Hits her on the hand*)

LUCIETTA: Oh-ya! (*Lifts her hands to strike*)

LIBERA: (*Pushing PASQUA*) Git!

PASQUA: Stoap pushin! (*Pushing LIBERA*)

ORSETTA: (*Starts hitting, and all hit and shout*)

ALL: (*Shouting*)

SCENE 11

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER FORTUNATO

FORTUNATO: Shtoap, shtop, wu'en, shtoap! (*The women carry on hitting, shouting all the time. FORTUNATO is in the middle, until he manages to separate them, then chases his women into the house.*)

LIBERA: You're fur it! (*Goes in*)

CHECCA: You'll pey fur this! (*Goes in*)

ORSETTA: Ah'll tear yir hair oot! (*Goes in*)

PASQUA: If ma airm wisnae hurtit, Ah'd streetch yese oot oan the grun'. (*Goes in*)

LUCIETTA: And as fur you, slaverin-skyte, 'less you tober thaim, Ah'll timm a pishy chanty ower yir heid! (*Goes in*)

FORTUNATO: Awa' wi' yeshe! Damn jauds! Limmers! Thae wu'en, aye fecht', aye baw'in. Hub, bub, toi', trub, wu'en cannae shu' thu' gub! (*Goes into the house*)

SCENE 12

Room in a private house

ISIDORO and TITTA NANE

ISIDORO: Come with me, don't be shy, we're not at the Court House here, we're not in the Magistrate's office. This house belongs to a gentleman who comes to Chioggia twice a year, and when he isn't here, he leaves me the keys; his house is in my care. This is where I want all the gossiping to be sorted out and peace established; because I'm fond of you people here in Chioggia, and I'm a friend to my friends.

TITTA: 'S guid o' ye, Maister Depute.

ISIDORO: Since we're alone, come this way...

TITTA: Whaur are the rest?

ISIDORO: Skipper Vicenzo has gone to find Titmouse. He already knows he's to bring him here. I've instructed my servant to summon Skipper Toni because I want us to seal this peace with a couple of bottles of good wine. And Beppo has gone to fetch Donna Libera and Skipper Fortunato.

TITTA: Whut if Titmoose disnae waant tae come?

ISIDORO: If he doesn't want to come, I'll have him carried here. Now, as we're alone, I want you to give me truthful answers about a matter I have to raise with you. Are you fond of Checchina? Do you want her?

TITTA: If Ah've tae tell the truth, Ah dinnae muckle care fur her, nor dae Ah waant her.

ISIDORO: What! That's not what you told me this forenoon.

TITTA: Whit did Ah say?

ISIDORO: You told me: "I don't know, I'm half engaged." You asked me how much of a dowry she had. And I even told you she had more than two hundred ducats. I thought the dowry satisfied you; I thought you liked the girl. Why are you changing your tune?

TITTA: Ah'm no cheyngin onyhing, sur. Ye hivtae ken Ah've been coortin Lucietta fur years; Ah taen umbrage at her and gien her the fling; Ah

did it oot o' jealousy fur Ah love her. Ye hiv tae unnerstaund, yir honour, Ah dae love Lucietta; it's jist, when a man is offendit, he disnae ken whit he says. Ah coulda killt Lucietta this moarnin; Ah waantit tae mak her suffer fur a while. But thinkin aboot it noo, Ah cannae gie her ower; Ah'm daft oan her! She insultit me so Ah scorned her, but noo Ah'm hert-sorry! Ma hert's fit tae burst!

ISIDORO: Spoken like a gentleman! And here I've gone and sent for Donna Libera and Skipper Fortunato to discuss this business and to ask them for Checca's hand in marriage for you.

TITTA: (*Uncomfortable*) Thank you, sur.

ISIDORO: But you don't want her?

TITTA: (*As before*) That wiz kind o' ye. Thank you.

ISIDORO: Yes or no?

TITTA: Wi' aw guid respeck, yir honour, no.

ISIDORO: The Devil take you! I wash my hands of you!

TITTA: Whey speak tae me lik that, yir honour? Ah'm mebbe a simple man, a pair fisherman, but Ah'm a honest man, sur.

ISIDORO: I'm annoyed because I would like to find a husband for that girl.

TITTA: If yir honour wid jist hear me oot, no tak ony offence, Ah'd like tae say twa-three words tae him.

ISIDORO: On you go: what do you want to say to me?

TITTA: Please, yir honour, sur, dinnae tak this ill.

ISIDORO: No, no, I won't take it ill. (*Aside*) I'm curious to know what he's proposing to say.

TITA: Ah say this wi aw due respeck, sur; Ah say it as somedy 'at kisses the grund the Depute-Magistrate walks oan. If Ah wiz tae mairry, Ah widnae waant yir honour tae be hingin aboot ma wife.

ISIDORO: Dear Titta Nane! You are comical! You behave as if you were a true-born gentleman! What makes you think I'm so interested in that girl?

TITTA: (*Ironic*) Nae herm intendit. That's fine. That's fine. Nae herm intendit.

ISIDORO: I'm an honourable young man, I wouldn't dream of...

TITTA: Aye, of coorse, nae herm intendit.

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) He's a slee loon that ain!

SCENE 13

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER VICENZO, then TOFFOLO

VICENZO: Here Ah am, sur. Ah finally coaxed him tae come.

ISIDORO: Where is he?

VICENZO: He's ootside. Will Ah caw him in?

ISIDORO: Call him.

VICENZO: Toffolo, c'awa' in.

TOFFOLO: Here Ah'm, skipper. (*Greeting ISIDORO*) Yir honour.

ISIDORO: Come forward.

TOFFOLO: (*Greeting him again*) Yir honour, Depute-Magistrate, sur.

ISIDORO: Tell me now, why do you not wish to make peace with these three men with whom you were fighting this forenoon?

TOFFOLO: Acause, sur, they're waantin tae kill me.

ISIDIRO: If they are asking you to make peace, they don't want to kill you.

TOFFOLO: They're dirty leears, yir honour.

TITTA: (*Threatening TOFFOLO to make him speak more respectfully*) Hey-hey, you!

ISIDORO: (*To TITTA*) Calm down now. (*To TOFFOLO*) And you mind your tongue or I'll have you locked up.

TOFFOLO: As ye wish, yir honour.

ISIDIRO: Do you appreciate that on account of the stones you threw, you too deserve to be tried? That given the ill will motivating your complaint, you will be ordered to meet the legal costs?

TOFFOLO: Ah'm a pair man, yir honour. Ah've nae money. (*To VICENZO and TITTA*) Come oan kill me; Ah'm a pair man, kill me.

ISIDIRO: (*Aside*) He acts the simpleton but he's a devious devil.

VICENZO: Cry peace and be done wi' it.

TOFFOLO: Ah waant a surety ma life's safe.

ISIDIRO: All right, I'll get you an assurance. Titta Nane, do you give me your word not to harm him?

TITTA: Aye, yir honour. As lang as he keeps awa' frae Lucietta and disnae show face aboot oor streets.

TOFFOLO: Neebor, Ah've nae interest in Lucietta. Ah dinnae frequent your streets 'cause ae her.

ISIDIRO: Who do you go there for then?

TOFFOLO: Ah need tae fin' a wife, tae, sur.

ISIDIRO: Speak out, then. Who is it you go there to see?

TOFFOLO: Yir honour...

VICENZO: Orsetta?

TOFFOLO: No.

ISIDIRO: Checca perhaps?

TOFFOLO: (*Laughing*) Inkie-pinkie, weel duin, sur, weel duin!

TITTA: You're a leear.

TOFFOLO: How a leear?

TITTA: 'Cause Checca tellt me, as weel Donna Libera and Orsetta tellt me, that you sat doon aside Lucietta and bocht her somethin tae eat.

TOFFOLO: Ah did it oot ae spite, that's aw.

TITTA: Agin whae?

ISIDIRO: (*To TITTA*) Be quiet. (*To TOFFOLO*) Are you saying, truthfully, that you love Checca?

TOFFOLO: Ah am, truthfully.

ISIDIRO: Would you take her for a wife?

TOFFOLO: Wid Ah no!

ISIDIRO: And would she want you?

TOFFOLO: Daft question! How wid she no waant me? Mind you, she miscawed me tae kingdom come, and her sister huntit me awa' forbye ... But aince Ah've startit up ma ferry tae Vigo, Ah'll be able tae provide fur her.

ISIDIRO: (*Aside*) Now, he would be an ideal match for Checca.

SCENE 14

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER TONI, and a SERVANT with flasks of wine

TONI: Here's yir servant, sur.

ISIDORO: Bravo! Leave the flasks here. Go into the kitchen and look in the small press. You'll find glasses there. (*Servant leaves*)

TONI: (*To VICENZO*) Ye fine, Skipper Vicenzo?

VICENZO: Aye, grand, grand! Things is been soartit... Everyhin'll work oot fine.

ISIDORO: Cheer up, now, Toffolo, I want us to clinch this marriage.

TOFFOLO: Naethin wid please me mair, yir honour!

TONI: Oh-ho, Toffolo? Whae's this wi?

ISIDORO: With Checchina.

TOFFOLO: And ma neebor Beppe'll wad Orsetta.

ISIDORO: Bravo! And Titta Nane will marry Lucietta.

TITTA: Gin she treats me richt the nixt time Ah sees her, A'll mebbe consent tae mairry her.

ISIDORO: Put all that behind you. Let's not be perjink about points of honour. The marriages will proceed. 'Deed they will be held here. Everyone is invited. I will provide the victuals and refreshments. We shall drink and be merry!

TOFFOLO: Cry peace, Skipper Toni?

TONI: Cry peace, Skipper Vicenzo?

VICENZO: Peace.

ISIDORO: Come on, Titta Nane, you can agree peace as well.

TITTA: Ah'm aye here, am Ah no? Ah'm no fleein aff onywhere.

ISIDORO: Come on, make peace.

TOFFOLO: Peace. (*Embraces TONI*)

TONI: Peace (*Embraces TOFFOLO*)

TOFFOLO: Neebor. (*Embraces TITTA*)

TITTA: Neebor. (*Embraces TOFFOLO*)

TOFFOLO: Skipper Vicenzo. (*Embraces VICENZO*)

VICENZO: We're aw neebors again.

SCENE 15

AS BEFORE, plus BEPPO

TOFFOLO: (*Greets and embraces BEPPO*) Neebor, come'n cry peace...be freens again.

BEPPO: Hud aff! They've been fechtin again! A richt rammy! The hail cleckin, holus-bolus, hithery-tithery!

ISIDORO: What's happened?

BEPPO: They set aboot ane anither, punchin an kickin. (*About the women*)

ISIDORO: Who?

BEPPO: Ma guid-sister Pasqua, Lucietta, Donna Libera, Checca, Orsetta, the haill jingbang. Ah'd went 'cause yir honour hid tellt me tae, but they didnae waant me thair. They tellt me tae git. Orsetta shut the door in ma face. Lucietta said she waants naethin mair adae wi Titta Nane onymair. They're skraichin thur heids aff at yin anither. Ah'm feart they'll faw tae fechtin again.

TITTA: God Almichty! Whit's aw this aboot noo! (*Leaves*)

TONI: Ah'm awa' tae protect ma wife. (*Leaves*)

BEPPO: It'll end up in a fecht, merk ma word...a fecht. (*Leaves*)

TOFFOLO: Dinnae you lay a finger oan Checca. Hey! Dinnae daur lay a finger oan her! (*Leaves*)

ISIDORO: To hell and damnation with the lot of you! Damn you all! Damn you all! (*Leaves*)

SCENE 16

Street with houses, as on other occasions

LUCIETTA and ORSETTA at the windows of their houses, DONNA PASQUA inside

LUCIETTA: Yir sayin whit? You're no waantin ma brither onymair? He's faur ower guid fur the likes ae you onyhow.

ORSETTA: It widnae tak lang tae fun' somedy better nor thon article.

LUCIETTA: Sich as?

ORSETTA: (*Scornful*) Ach!

LUCIETTA: Yir aw wind!

ORSETTA: Trouble wi you is yir tongue's aye gaun!

LUCIETTA: Least it's no an ill-tongue lik yours!

ORSETTA: You hud yir tongue!

LUCIETTA: If you kent how tae behave richt, ye'd hud yours.

ORSETTA: Blethermooth!

LUCIETTA: Dough-heid!

PASQUA: (*Calling loudly from inside*) Lucietta, come inside! Lucietta!

LUCIETTA: You'll clear oot this neeborhood.

ORSETTA: Whae will?

LUCIETTA: You.

PASQUA: (*From inside*) Lucietta!

ORSETTA: Ah'll skelp ye! (*Slaps her own elbow, demonstrating*)

LUCIETTA: Ach, awa' ye go! (*Goes inside*)

ORSETTA: Soor-faced bitch! Who d'ye think yir talkin till? Ah'll fun' a man nae bother. But you? Hoo wid ony man waant a article like you! Look at

how ye treatit that pair laddie like dirt! Wheengin-faced bizzum! Nae wonder he's flung ye! Titta Nane waants naethin mair adae wi ye! That no richt, eh?!

LUCIETTA: (*Comes back onto balcony*) Aw, the pair shame! Ah widnae waant him even supposin he waantit me.

ORSETTA: Beggars cannae be choosers!

LUCIETTA: Aye, that's how he'll mairry thon trallop yir sister.

ORSETTA: Jist you watch that tongue o' yours!

PASQUA: (*From inside*) Lucietta!

LUCIETTA: Ah'll hae nae deeficulty fun'in a man gin Ah waant ain..

ORSETTA: Oh, of coorse...that gentleman diz ye favours.

LUCIETTA: You steek yir gab or Ah'll steek it fur ye!

PASQUA: (*From inside*) Lucietta, Lucietta!

ORSETTA: (*Making fun of LUCIETTA*) Oh, Ah'm that feart, so Ah am!

LUCIETTA: Ah'll caw your heid in!

ORSETTA: (*Imitates a crow to express derision*) Caw, caw, caw...

LUCIETTA: Ach, Ah'm no wastin ma braith. (*Goes inside*)

ORSETTA: Aye, ye'd better awa' in afore they loack ye up fur bein wrang in the heid! (*Goes inside*)

LUCIETTA: (*Comes back, using ORSETTA's nickname*) Dough-heid!

ORSETTA: (*Comes back, does the same*) Blethermooth!

LUCIETTA: Awa'n bile yir heid! (*Goes inside*)

ORSETTA: Ye've loast, eh? (*Goes inside*)

LUCIETTA: (*Comes back*) A braw catch you'll be fur some laud! (*Ironic, scornful*)

ORSETTA: (*Returns, says with irony and scorn*) Aye, and you'll be an unbraw wan!

SCENE 17

AS BEFORE, plus TITTA NANNE, then TONI and BEPPO

TITTA: (*To LUCIETTA*) Whit's aw this you've been sayin aboot me?

LUCIETTA: Gan tae hell! Go'n speak tae Checca.

ORSETTA: (*To TITTA*) Ah cannae fathom her neither. She's aff her heid.

TONI: (*To ORSETTA*) Dinnae you be steerin hings up.

ORSETTA: (*To TONI*) Yese're aw oot the same creel -- carnaptious ilka wan o' yese.

BEPPO: Orsetta, Orsetta!

ORSETTA: Awa'n fizz! (*Leaves*)

TONI: (*To TITTA*) Ah'm no waantin tae see you near-haund this hoose again. Keep weel awa!

BEPPO: (*To TITTA*) Aye, dinnae show face aboot here. Yir no waantit!

TITTA: That's aw the better reason tae come aboot here then, eh?

BEPPO: Ah thraitened tae batter Titmoose but Ah'll gut you frae heid tae tail! (*Goes into house*)

TITTA: (*Makes a gesture of scorn, the "canelao", with his hands, accompanying it with a sound or word. Could use a stock Italian gesture, or could raise right hand, putting thumb on nose and waggling other fingers while blowing a raspberry.*)

TONI: Dinnae you set fit oan ma boat again. Ye kin fin' anither skipper; Ah'll be feein anither hand. (*Goes into house*)

SCENE 18

TITTA NANE, then SKIPPER VICENZO, then TOFFOLO, then ISIDORO

TITTA: Hell and damnation! Somedy'll pey fur this.

VICENZO: Titta Nane, hoo's yirsel?

TITTA: Hell's bells! Gie me a knife! Gie me a knife!

VICENZO: Come oan noo, thon's daft-like talk. Dinnae be sae heidstrang.

TITTA: Ah'll mebbe swing fur it but Ah'll murder three or fower o' thae ains furst!

TOFFOLO: Here Ah'm. Hiz it blawn ower?

TITTA: Gie me a knife!

TOFFOLO: Ah'm aff! (*Runs off and crashes right into ISIDIRO; ISIDIRO gives TOFFOLO a push and knocks him to the ground*)

ISIDORO: You idiot!

TOFFOLO: Help me!

ISIDIRO: What's all this about?

TOFFOLO: (*Getting up*) They're gauntae murder me.

ISIDIRO: Who's going to murder you?

TOFFOLO: Titta Nane.

TITTA: That's a lee.

ISIDIRO (*To TITTA*) Take yourself out of here at once.

VICENZO: He's no angry at you, yir honour; he's angry at Beppo and Skipper Toni.

ISIDIRO: (*To TITTA*) I'm telling you, get out of here.

VICENZO: (*To TITTA*) C'moan, we'd best dae as wir tellt and go.

ISIDIRO: (*To VICENZO*) Take him away, Skipper Vicenzo, and make sure he stays with you. Wait in the square beside the barber's shop, so if there's need, I know where to send for you.

VICENZO: Richt, sur. (*To TITTA*) Come oan.

TITTA: Ah'm no waantin tae.

VICENZO: Nivir fear, come wi me. Thurs naehin tae be feart fur, come oan wi me.

ISIDIRO: Come on, go with Skipper Vicenzo and do what he bids you. Wait there and be patient. If you do, you may find matters concluded to your satisfaction and happiness.

TITTA: Ah'm coontin oan ye, yir honour. Ah'm a pair man, a honest man, Maister Depute: Ah'm coontin oan ye, yir honour, Maister Depute-Magistrate, sur. (*Leaves*)

SCENE 19

ISIDORO and TOFFOLO outside SKIPPER FORTUNATO's house

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) These people need a stick taken to them, but then I would lose my entertainment. (*To TOFFOLO*) Toffolo, come here.

TOFFOLO: Yir honour.

ISIDORO: Do you wish us to speak to this girl and see if this thirlage of marriage can be homologated?

TOFFOLO: Dae Ah no, sur! But we'll hivtae speak tae her sister Donna Libera and her guid-brither Skipper Fortunato.

ISIDORO: Will these people be at home?

TOFFOLO: Ah dinnae ken, yir honour. D'ye waant me tae caw thum oot?

ISIDORO: Let's go inside instead.

TOFFOLO: Ah cannae gan intae thir hoose.

ISIDORO: Why can't you?

TOFFOLO: In Chioggia, sur, an unmairrit young man cannae enter a hoose whaur thurs unmairrit lassies.

ISIDORO: But you people are always courting each other.

TOFFOLO: Ye kin only gan ower the door aince ye've socht the lassie's haund in mairriage and been acceptit.

ISIDORO: Let's call them into the street then.

TOFFOLO: Hullo! Skipper Fortunato, ahoy! Are ye in? Donna Libera, ahoy!

SCENE 20

AS BEFORE, plus DONNA LIBERA, then SKIPPER FORTUNATO

ISIDORO: (*To himself*) Oh Lord, it's that deaf woman! She'll drive me to distraction.

LIBERA: Whut is it? Whit ye efter?

TOFFOLO: Maister Depute-Magistrate's here...

LIBERA: At yir biddin, yir honour.

ISIDORO: What's this? Are you no longer deaf?

LIBERA: Oh, no, sur. Ah'd watter oan the brain but Ah'm fine noo.

ISIDORO: It righted itself so quickly?

LIBERA: Wan meenit deif, wan meenit fine: jist lik that.

ISIDORO: The truth is, you became deaf so's not to tell...

FORTUNATO: (*To ISIDORO*) Ya hon'a.

ISIDORO: Ah, I'm pleased to see that Mr Bubblyjock is here, too. I've come to enquire if you wish to marry off Checchina.

LIBERA: Gin Ah jist could, yir honour! Ah'd be ower the moon tae hae her yokit in matermony.

FORTUNATO: Ah promi' her hunder ducatsh, shu'.

LIBERA: And wiv gaithered thegither fifty mair fur her.

ISIDORO: And I shall generously donate fifty more.

LIBERA: Oh, a blessin oan ye! And hiv ye an interested pairty in mind?

ISIDORO: (*Indicating TOFFOLO*) Cast your eyes over him: might this party fit the bill?

FORTUNATO: To'olo? To'olo? Thon troub'makker?

TOFFOLO: Ah gie naebdy trouble gin they lea me in peace...

LIBERA: Wi thon skittery wee in-bye boat o' his, hoo'll he manage tae keep her?

TOFFOLO: Ah'll hae a ferry-boat afore lang.

LIBERA: And whaur will she bide if yiv neither a bed til yir name nor a riff ower yir heid?

FORTUNATO: Wid ee ta' bride oan a boa' 'ae shleep?

TOFFOLO: Ye kin keep the hunder ducats; insteed, ye kin gie ma wife and me bed and board.

ISIDORO: A splendid offer, well done. He's possessed of more sense than I thought. He can board with you for a while.

LIBERA: Hoo much o' a whilie, yir honour?

ISIDORO: For a hundred ducats, how long would you expect to receive bed and board in return?

TOFFOLO: Ah'm no shair; say, six years minimum.

FORTUNATO: Eh! Shix year? Awa'n sh...!

ISIDORO: You're certainly looking for a bargain there.

TOFFOLO: You soart it oot, then, yir honour.

ISIDORO: (*To LIBERA*) Would you agree to a year?

LIBERA: (*To FORTUNATO*) Weel, skipper?

FORTUNATO: (*To LIBERA*) Ah'll follie you, Ah'll follie you, ma doo.

TOFFOLO: Ah'll agree tae whutivir you think fair, yir honour.

ISIDORO: (*To LIBERA*) Call the girl. Let's hear her view.

LIBERA: Checca!

FORTUNATO: (*Calls loudly*) Che'a, Che'a!

SCENE 21

AS BEFORE, plus CHECCA, then LUCIETTA

CHECCA: Here Ah'm. Whut is it?

LIBERA: Div ye no ken?

CHECCA: Och, Ah heard it aw!

FORTUNATO: She pawkie, eh! She bin lishenin!

ISIDORO: (*To CHECCA*) So, what do you say, then?

CHECCA: (*To ISIDORO*) Ah'd like a wordie.

ISIDORO: I'm here.

CHECCA: (*To ISIDORO*) Ah've nae hope o' Titta Nane?

ISIDORO: (*To CHECCA*) His response was an absolute no.

TOFFOLO: (*Indignant*) Wid ye look! He's brazen enough tae whisper in her lug!

CHECCA: (*To ISIDORO*) Fur whit reason?

ISIDORO: (*To CHECCA*) Because he's in love with Lucietta.

TOFFOLO: Maister Depute-Magistrate.

ISIDORO: What is it?

TOFFOLO: Ah waant tae hear anaw.

ISIDORO: (*To CHECCA*) So, come on, you must make up your mind. Do you want him or don't you?

CHECCA: (*To LIBERA*) Whit think ye, sister? (*To FORTUNATO*) And you, guid-brither?

LIBERA: (*To CHECCA*) Whit think ye yirsel? Div ye waant him?

CHECCA: How no?

TOFFOLO: (*Overjoyed*) Oh, ma hinnie-doo! She waants me! Ma hinnie-doo!

ISIDORO: When I take charge of a matter, I want it concluded quickly. Let's have this settled and have you married straight off.

SCENE 22

AS BEFORE, plus ORSETTA, then BEPPO

ORSETTA: Here, whit's aw this? Is Checca tae be wad afore me? Ah've wearit a "donzelon" fur three year, yit Ah'm nivir mairrit. She's younger nor me, yit she's tae be mairrit afore her aulder sister?

FORTUNATO: Aye, she richt, so she ish, she richt.

CHECCA: Are ye jealous? Ask yirsel hoo it is ye arenae mairrit? Whit's wrang wi ye?

FORTUNATO: Aye, lash, aye, lash, mairry gin thatsh 'at ye waan'.

LIBERA: (*To ORSETTA*) You hud a laud. How did ye faw oot wi him fur?

FORTUNATO: (*To ORSETTA*) Aye, how fu'?

ISIDORO: (*To LIBERA*) Wasn't Beppo her fiancé?

LIBERA: 'Deed he wiz, sur.

FORTUNATO: Be'o wiz.

ISIDORO: Bide a wee. (*Goes over to BEPPO's house*) Hello, there! Is Beppo at home?

BEPPO: Aye, here Ah'm, yir honour.

ISIDORO: Why did you get angry with Orsetta?

BEPPO: Me, sur? She wiz the wan 'at miscawed me; she wiz the wan 'at huntit me awa'.

ISIDORO: Do you hear that, Miss?

ORSETTA: Ragin maks ye see rid, blins ye tae hings so's ye've nae check oan yir tongue...thurs nae kennin whut micht spew oot.

ISIDORO: (*To BEPPO*) Hear that? She's not angry anymore.

BEPPO: Ah'm no the kind tae herbour grudges neither.

ISIDORO: That's it, then; it's all settled. (*To ORSETTA*) If you don't want Checca to get married before you, take Beppo now.

ORSETTA: (*To LIBERA*) Whit say ye, sister?

LIBERA: Need ye ask me?

FORTUNATO: (*Cheerfully urging ORSETTA to get married*) Dae the richt 'hing, Orshetta! Dae the richt hing! Go'n!

SCENE 23

AS ABOVE, plus LUCIETTA

LUCIETTA: (*To BEPPO*) Whit's aw this, ya fooshionless sumph! Hiv ye nae principles? Hoo could ye turn roond and mairry a wumman 'at insultit us?

ISIDORO: (*Aside*) A gentleman couldn't have phrased it better!

ORSETTA: (*To LUCIETTA, angry*) Keep your neb oot ae it!

LIBERA: Oh, dinnae stert ain the ither aff again.

FORTUNATO: Noo, noo, 'ome oa' noo, 'ome oa' noo.

BEPPO: Ma heid's birlin. Ah dinnae ken whit tae say nor whit tae dae. Aw Ah ken is Ah waant tae mairry.

LUCIETTA: Ah hivtae be mairrit furst. Ah'm hivin nae guid-sister settin fit in oor hoose while ah'm aye at hame.

ISIDORO: (*To BEPPO*) Why don't you have her married off?

BEPPO: 'Cause Titta Nane's flung her ower.

ISIDORO: Toffolo, go you to the barber's shop in the square, under the arches. Tell Skipper Vicenzo to come here at once, and to bring Titta Nane with him.

TOFFOLO: Richt, sur. Checca, Ah'll be strecht back, Ah will. (*Leaves*)

LUCIETTA: (*Aside*) If Checca gits trystit tae Titmoose, Ah'll no be jealous o' Titta Nane ony langer.

ISIDORO: Listen, you women, listen. Do I take it that you are prepared to make peace and return to being friends?

LUCIETTA: Gin they're no soor-moued wi me, Ah'm no soor-moued wi thaim.

ISIDORO: (*To LIBERA, ORSETTA, CHECCA*) What say you?

ORSETTA: Aye, gledly.

LIBERA: Gin naebdy lifts thur haund tae me, Ah've nae reason tae argie wi thum.

ISIDORO: And you, Checca?

CHECCA: Toots, aye. Ah like tae be freens wi awbdy.

ISIDORO: Come on then, make your peace. Kiss and make up.

ORSETTA: Ah'm willin.

LUCIETTA: Me'n aw.

SCENE 24

AS ABOVE, plus PASQUA

PASQUA: Whut the? Whut's aw this aboot? Yir makkin up wi thaim? Cryin peace wi that crew?

ISIDORO: Oh, Lord! Are you going to ruin everything now?

PASQUA: Ah'm dumbfoonert at yese! Eftir the snash she gien me!

ISIDORO: That's quite enough. Hold your tongue.

PASQUA: Ah'll no haud ma tongue. This airm o' mines is sair stoonin still. Ah'll no haud ma tongue.

ORSETTA: (*Aside*) Ah wish Ah'd pullt it aff!

SCENE 25

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER TONI

ISIDORO: Ah, Skipper Toni.

TONI: Yir honour.

ISIDORO: Can't you make this wife of yours see sense.

TONI: Ah ken, yir honour, Ah ken. (*To PASQUA*) Come oan you! Cry peace.

PASQUA: Ah'm no waantin tae.

TONI: (*Threatening her*) Ah'm tellin ye, mak peace!

PASQUA: Naw, Ah'm no waantin tae.

TONI: (*Produces a stick*) Ah'm warnin ye, mak yir peace! Mak peace!

PASQUA: (*Mortified, she comes close to LIBERA*) Awricht, awricht, guidman, Ah'll dae it.

ISIDORO: Splendid! Splendid! Splendid!

LIBERA: Come here, Pasqua.

PASQUA: Here Ah'm. (*They embrace*)

LIBERA: Youse, tae, lassies. (*They all embrace and kiss each other*)

ISIDORO: Excellent, that's what we like to see. As you say hereabouts, "Give and tak, guid freends mak".

LAST SCENE (SCENE 26)

AS BEFORE, plus SKIPPER VICENZO, TITTA NANE and TOFFOLO; then a SERVANT

VICENZO: Here we are, yir honour.

ISIDORO: Ah, come here, Titta Nane. Now it's time for me to demonstrate how fond of you I am, and for you to show me whether or not you are a man.

VICENZO: Ah've prepared the grund, sur. He's hauf-weys thair awready. Ah've ivry expectation he'll dae as yir honour bids him.

ISIDIRO: Let bygones be bygones, then, Titta Nane. Be friends again with everyone. Settle your marriage to Lucietta.

TITTA: Me wad thon, sur? Ah widnae mairry her supposin ye battered me!

ISIDIRO: Oh, marvellous!

LUCIETTA: (*Aside*) If he needs batterin tae mairry me, dinnae bother!

PASQUA: (*To TITTA*) Listen, you, if ye thocht tae mairry Checca, think again: she's mairryin Toffolo.

FORTUNATO: And Ah'm gie' her hunda ducats.

TITTA: It's o' nae interest tae me. She kin mairry whae-ivir she cares.

ISIDIRO: (*To TITTA*) And why do you not want Lucietta any longer?

TITTA: 'Cause she tellt me tae gan tae hell.

LUCIETTA: Wid ye listen tae him! And whit wiz it ye said tae me exactly, eh?

ISIDIRO: Well, that's that. If you want to, you want to; and if you don't want to, it's your loss. Now, you others, Checca and Toffolo, take each other's hand.

TOFFOLO: Here it's.

CHECCA: Here's mines, tae.

ORSETTA: Stoap, sur. Ah've tae be wad furst.

ISIDIRO: Screw up your courage, Beppo, do the necessary.

BEPPO: Oh, nivir fear, Ah'm no needin coaxin.

LUCIETTA: (*To BEPPO*) Here, min, you're no gittin mairrit. If Ah'm no tae be, neither are you.

PASQUA: Lucietta's richt.

TONI: And whut aboot me? Dae Ah no hae somehin tae say in this maitter? Diz naebdy think tae seek ma opeenion?

ISIDIRO: (*About to leave*) This is the last straw! You can all go to the Devil, every last one of you! You've exhausted my patience!

CHECCA: (*To ISIDORO*) Oh, please stey!

FORTUNATO: (*To ISIDORO*) Sur!

ORSETTA: (*To ISIDORO*) Wait!

FORTUNATO: (*To ISIDORO, stopping him*) Sur, sur!

LUCIETTA: (*To ISIDORO*) Hae patience wi us.

ISIDIRO: (*To LUCIETTA*) Everyone else's prospect of happiness will be ruined because of you.

LUCIETTA: Dinnae pynt the finger o' faut at me, yir honour. Ah'm no ettlin tae ruin onybody's happiness. 'Deed, Ah'm the wan 'at's sufferin. Titta Nane disnae waant me, but whut've Ah done tae wrang him? Whativir Ah micht hae said tae him, he said worse till me. Aw the same, Ah hert-like him, and Ah forgie him, even if he disnae forgie me....That he'll no, proves he disnae love me. (*Cries*)

PASQUA: (*Angrily*) Lucietta?

ORSETTA: (*To TITTA*) Aw, she's greetin.

LIBERA: (*To TIITTA*) She's greetin.

CHECCA: (*To TITTA*) Ma hert gaes oot till her.

TITTA: (*Aside*) Dang it! If Ah wisnae feart tae loass face Ah'd...

LIBERA: (*To TITTA*) Hoo kin ye be sae hard-hertit? Pair lassie! Look at her! She'd mak a stane greet.

TITTA: (*To LUCIETTA, roughly*) Whit's the maitter wi ye?

LUCIETTA: (*Crying*) Naehin.

TITTA: (*To LUCIETTA*) C'mon, pull yirsel thegither.

LUCIETTA: Whut is it?

TITTA: How ye greetin?

LUCIETTA: (*To TITTA, angrily*) Cauld-hertit swine!

TITTA: (*Imperiously*) Be wheesht!

LUCIETTA: Are ye waantin tae fling me ower?

TITTA: Is this stupitness gaun oan much langer?

LUCIETTA: No.

TITTA: Dae ye love me?

LUCIETTA: Aye.

TITTA: Skipper Toni, Donna Pasqua, yir honour, wi yir permissions. (*To LUCIETTA*) Gie me yir haund.

LUCIETTA: (*Gives him her hand*) Here's it.

TITTA: (*Still brusque*) We're noo handfastit.

ISIDORO: Oh, splendid! (*To SERVANT*) Sansuga?

SERVANT: Yir honour.

ISIDORO: Go at once and do what I primed you to do.

SERVANT: Richt awa'. (*Leaves*)

ISIDORO: It's your turn, now, Beppo. It's up to you.

BEPPO: Nivir fear; this'll be plain sailin. Skipper Fortunato, Donna Libera, yir honour, wi yir permissions. (*Gives hand to ORSETTA*) Man and wife.

ORSETTA: (*To CHECCA*) Ah've nae objection if you git mairrit noo.

ISIDORO: Toffolo, whose turn is it?

TOFFOLO: Ma boat's nixt in the herbour. Skipper Fortunato, Donna Libera, yir honour, wi yir permissions. (*Gives hand to CHECCA*)

CHECCA: (*To ISIDORO*) And the tocher?

ISIDORO: I am a gentleman; I shall honour my promise to you.

CHECCA: (*To TOFFOLO*) Thair's ma haund.

TOFFOLO: Wife.

CHECCA: Guidman.

TOFFOLO: Hooray!

FORTUNATO: Hoo'ay, hip, hip, hoo'ay! Gui'wiff, Ah happy anaw.

SERVANT: (*To ISIDORO*) It's aw ready as ye orderit, sur.

ISIDORO: For the happy couples' benefit I've organised a celebration with wine and music. Everyone follow me and we shall have dancing and good cheer. Let's go and dance four "furlanas" *[country, or contra, dances, done in pairs*].

ORSETTA: Lit's dance here.

ISIDORO: If you prefer... wherever you like. But let's have some chairs brought out. Have the musicians brought here...and Sansuga, go to the tavern, fetch here the refreshments.

LUCIETTA: Aye, sur, lit's hiv daffin and dancin tae celebrate oor mairriages. But first, yir honour, Ah'd like tae say twa-three words tae ye. Ah'm obleeged tae ye fur aw ye've did fur me, as are the ither new-mairrit lassies here. Hooever, you're no frae hereaboots. When ye quit here, Ah widnae like tae think ye'd speak ill o' us, and fur word tae spreed 'at the wummen o' Chioggia are tribblemakkers. Aw ye've seen and heard riz oot o' a semple misunderstaundin, naehin mair nor that. We're weel-mainnered, respectable wummen, aye wi a cheery smile fur oor neebors. And we ken hoo tae enjoay oorsels anaw, like the-noo: we're birstin tae dance and jig aboot! We waant fowk in ither airts tae say: Here's tae the wummen o' Chioggia! Lang may thir lum's reek!

THE END

Appendix 1

LIST OF SCOTS TRANSLATIONS/VERSIONS/ADAPTATIONS OF HISTORIC AND CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN LANGUAGE PLAYS FROM 1945 TO 2000 [PART]

***Note 1*:**

(a) This list is not exhaustive in that translations, versions, and adaptations for the amateur stage have not been listed. The qualification for listing is that the translation had professional production and/or publication, or was written by a writer of recognised significance, even if the work was unperformed or unpublished.

(b) Details and the locations of some other translations -- mostly for amateur performance -- are given in: Charlotte Reid, *List of Plays in Scots: Compiled for the Scots Language Society* (Glasgow: Glasgow City Council Libraries Department, 1991), Section II, pp. 29-32. It should be noted that Reid's list is principally based on holdings in Glasgow City Council Libraries and the National Library of Scotland, so it is not fully comprehensive.

(c) Translations into Scots of plays by Molière for the amateur stage, commencing with Gordon Croll's *Tartuffe* of 1950, are listed in Noël Peacock, *Molière in Scotland 1945-1990* (Glasgow: University of Glasgow French and German Publications, 1993), pp. 238-60. A few of these -- James Scotland's in particular -- have been published: details are provided in the publisher's playlist *Scottish Plays Suitable for Amateurs and Professionals* (Glasgow: Brown, Son & Ferguson, n.d.).

(d) Although James Scotland wrote chiefly for the amateur stage, it should be noted that his *The Honours of Drumlie* (Glasgow: Brown, Son & Ferguson, no first publication date; repr. 1972), a translation-adaptation into Scots of the French film *La Kermesse Héroique*, was staged by the Citizens' Theatre, Glasgow, in 1955, and the Gateway Theatre, Edinburgh, in season 1959-60. The published script provides no indication of the play's origin; that information was gleaned from *Citizens' Theatre, Gorbals, Glasgow: Its Story from the Beginning to the Present Day*, written and compiled by Tony Paterson [no publication details, nor pagination].

***Note 2*:** A translation that has not been listed here is Keith Dewhurst's of Molière's *The Miser*, commissioned and staged by the Royal Lyceum Theatre Company, Edinburgh, in 1973, and starring Rikki Fulton. Dewhurst, an English playwright, worked from a literal translation to create, in his description, 'pastiche Scots dialogue', featuring words he gleaned from the Scottish cast and from Scott, Burns, and Stevenson (he had earlier adapted *Kidnapped*). See Keith Dewhurst, '"But the Squires Are Crammed Full With Sorrows"', in *Stages of Translation: Essays and Interviews on Translating for the Stage*, ed. by David Johnston (Bath: Absolute Classics, 1996), p. 165; and Noël Peacock, *Molière in Scotland 1945-1990* (Glasgow: University of Glasgow French & German Publications, 1993), pp. 173-75. A copy of the script of *The Miser*, 'adapted by Keith Dewhurst', is held in the Scottish Theatre Archive, STA G.1.11-13.

Note 3: Although they do not qualify for inclusion on the list, the following unstaged 'translations' should be noted: R.L.C. Lorimer, *Shakespeare's Macbeth Translated into Scots* (Edinburgh: Canongate, 1992); David Purves, *The Tragedie o MacBeth: A Rendering into Scots of Shakespeare's Play* (Edinburgh: Rob Roy Press, 1992).

Note 4: Wherever possible, the description of a playtext as, for example, 'a free translation into Scots', 'adapted into Scots', or whatever, is given within inverted commas, signifying that the wording has been taken from a script, either published or unpublished, or from the wording on a theatre programme.

1945 ***THE LOWER DEPTHS*** **(by Maxim Gorki).**
'Scottish adaptation' by Robert Mitchell (programme).
First performance: Glasgow Unity Theatre, at the Athenaeum, Glasgow, 1945.
Unpublished.
Typescript held in the Department of Manuscripts, British Library, LCP 1945/10 (Add 67388).

1948 ***LET WIVES TAK TENT*** **(*L'Ecole des femmes* by Molière).**
'A Free Translation into Scots' by Robert Kemp (published script).
First performance: Gateway Theatre Company, Edinburgh, 1948.
First publication: Robert Kemp, *Let Wives Tak Tent* (Glasgow: Brown, Son & Ferguson, 1983).
Typescript (undated) held in The Mitchell Library, Glasgow: 884593/SD f 822.914 KEM 3/LET; and in the Scottish Theatre Archive, University of Glasgow: STA H.o.Box 7/2-3, STA G.h.53-61, and STA 2H.f.55-60.

1955 ***THE LAIRD O' GRIPPY*** **(*L'Avare* by Molière).**
'An Adaptation into Scots' by Robert Kemp (published script).
First performance: Gateway Theatre Company, Edinburgh, 1955.
First publication: Robert Kemp, *The Laird o' Grippy* (Edinburgh: St. Giles Press, n.d.).
Second publication: Robert Kemp, *The Laird o' Grippy* (Glasgow: Brown, Son & Ferguson, 1987).
Typescript (undated) held in The Mitchell Library: 884637/SD f 822.914 KEM 3/LAI; and in the Scottish Theatre Archive: STA 2H.f.54, and STA H.o.Box7/1.

1958 ***THE PUDDOCKS* (*The Frogs* by Aristophanes).**
'A verse play in Scots from the Greek of Aristophanes' by Douglas Young (published text).
First performance: Byre Theatre, St Andrews, by The Reid Gouns, 1958.
First publication: Douglas Young, *The Puddocks: A Verse Play in Scots from the Greek of Aristophanes* (Published by the author at Makarsbield, Tayport, Fife, 1958).

1959 ***THE BURDIES* (*The Birds* by Aristophanes).**
'A comedy in Scots verse from the Greek of Aristophanes' by Douglas Young (published text).
First amateur performance: Cathedral Hall, Albany Street, Edinburgh, by a student company from St Andrews University, The Reid Gouns, as part of the Edinburgh Festival Fringe, 1959.
First professional performance: Royal Lyceum Theatre Company, Edinburgh International Festival, 1966.
First publication: Douglas Young, *The Burdies: A Comedy in Scots Verse from the Greek of Aristophanes* (Published by the author at Makarsbield, Tayport, Fife, 1959).

1959 ***JEPHTHAH* (*Jephthes* by George Buchanan).**
***THE BAPTIST* (*Baptistes* by George Buchanan)**
'Translatit frae Latin in Scots' by Robert Garioch Sutherland [a.k.a. Robert Garioch].
Unperformed.
First publication: Robert Garioch Sutherland, *Jephthah and The Baptist* (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1959).

1950s? ***KNOCK, or THE TRIUMPH OF MEDICINE* (by Jules Romains).**
'Translated from the French' by Robert Kemp.
Unperformed.
Unpublished.
Typescript (undated) held in The Mitchell Library: 884599/SD f 822.914 Rom 3/KNO; and in the Scottish Theatre Archive: STA H.o.Box6/8.
[Has been relocated to Scotland, but does not employ a thoroughgoing Scots; rather, Kemp makes use of register contrast: the middle-class/professional characters, who have most of the dialogue, speak in standard English, and the local folk in a country

Scots.]

1963 ***THE HYPOCHONDRIACK* (*Le Malade imaginaire* by Molière).**
'A Free Adaptation into Scots' by Victor Carin (typescript).
First performance: Gateway Theatre Company, Edinburgh, 1963.
Unpublished.
Typescript (undated) held in The Mitchell Library: 884622/SD f 822.914 CAR 3/HYP.

1965 ***THE SERVANT O' TWA MAISTERS* (*Il Servitore Di Due Padroni* by Carlo Goldoni.**
'Adapted' by Victor Carin (typescript); 'translated into Scots' (Royal Lyceum Company at the Assembly Hall programme, 1977); 'from the original by Goldoni' (Royal Lyceum Company at Royal Lyceum Theatre programme, 1977).
First performance: Edinburgh Civic Theatre, at Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, 1965.
Unpublished.
Typescript (undated) held in The Mitchell Library: 884626/SD f 822.914 CAR 3/SER; and in the Scottish Theatre Archive: STA J.b.Box1/1, and STA G.o.39-48.

1966 ***THE BURDIES* -- see entry at 1959.**

1969 ***ANTIGONE* (by Sophocles).**
'By Ian Brown' (script).
First performance: Strathclyde Theatre Group, Glasgow, 1969.
Unpublished.

1960s? ***A MUCKLE STEER* (*Den Stundesløse* by Ludvig Holberg).**
or 70s? 'Freely adapted' by Victor Carin from the translation by Richard Erskine (script).
Unperformed.
Unpublished.
Typescript (undated) held in The Mitchell Library: 884623/SD f 822.914 CAR 3/MUC; and in the Scottish Theatre Archive: STA G.o.38.

1974 ***THE CHIPPIT CHANTIE* (*Der zerbrochene Krug* by Heinrich**

von Kleist).
'Freely adapted from...' by Victor Carin (typescript); 'adapted' (Dundee Rep Theatre programme, 1974).
First performance: Dundee Rep Theatre, 1974.
Unpublished.
Typescript (undated) held in The Mitchell Library: 884621/SD f 822.914 CAR 3/CHI; and in the Scottish Theatre Archive: STA J.a.Box11/5-6, and STA G.o.36-37.

1978 ***THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR*** **(by Nikolai Gogol).**
'Adaptation' by Andrew McKinnon 'from an original translation by Guy McCrone'.
First performance: Perth Theatre, 1978.
Unpublished.
[Guy McCrone's English translation, *The Inspector General*, was staged by Glasgow Citizens' Theatre in 1945. A copy is held in the Scottish Theatre Archive: STA 2H.d.15. Cordelia Oliver, in *Magic in the Gorbals: A personal record of the Citizens Theatre* ([Ellon?:] Northern Books, 1999), p. 11, refers in passing to 'a Scots adaptation' of *The Government Inspector* in the early seasons at the Citizens. One can only assume that McCrone's translation, which is in standard English, was delivered in production in Scottish voices, giving rise to Oliver's recollection of it as having been adapted into Scots.]

1981 ***GHOSTS*** **(by Henrik Ibsen).**
'A Scottish Version of the Play by Henrik Ibsen. From a Translation by James Walter McFarlane. By Donald Campbell.' (Script title-page. The script cover shows that the title was originally to be in Scots: *Ghaists*.)
First performance: Scottish Theatre Company, 1981.
Unpublished.
Typescript (undated) in Scottish Theatre Archive: STA H.n.Box5/5.

1983 ***WOMEN IN POWER or (Up the Acropolis!)*** **(*Ecclesiazusae* and *Hippes* by Aristophanes).**
'Freely adapted' by John McGrath (programme).
First performance: 7:84 (Scotland) Theatre Company, with General Gathering, at the Edinburgh International Festival, 1983.
Unpublished.

1985 ***A WEE TOUCH O' CLASS* (*Le Bourgeois gentilhomme* by Molière).**
'Adapted' by Rabaith [='the both', who were Rikki Fulton and Denise Coffey].
First Performance: Perth Theatre, at Edinburgh International Festival, 1985.
Unpublished.

1985 ***CAN'T PAY? WON'T PAY!* (by Dario Fo).**
'Adapted by Robert Walker, Bill Colvill, and Alex Norton' from the translation by Lino Pertle (programme cover); Alex Norton's 'Glaswegianised version' (programme note).
First performance: TAG Theatre Company, 1985.
Unpublished.

1986 ***TRUMPETS AND RASPBERRIES* (by Dario Fo).**
'Adapted' by Morag Fullarton, from the translation by Roger McAvoy and Anna-Maria Guigini (programme).
First performance: Borderline Theatre Company, 1986.
Unpublished.

1986 ***THE MISANTHROPE* (*Le Misanthrope* by Molière).**
'Translated and adapted for the stage' by Hector MacMillan (script).
Not staged but a version for radio, *Le Misanthrope*, was broadcast by BBC Radio Scotland in 1986.
Unpublished

1986 ***TARTUFFE* (by Molière).**
'Translated' by Liz Lochhead (programme billing); 'A translation into Scots from the original' by Liz Lochhead (title-page of published script).
First performance: Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, 1986.
First publication: Liz Lochhead, *Tartuffe: A Translation into Scots from the Original by Molière* (Edinburgh and Glasgow: Polygon and Third Eye Centre, 1985).
Typescript in Scottish Theatre Archive: STA J.h.Box9/6-7.

1987 ***THE HYPOCHONDRIAK* (*Le Malade imaginaire* by Molière).**

'A Scots version of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*'
by Hector MacMillan (script and programme).
First performance: Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, 1987.
Unpublished.

1987 ***WEEMEN STRATEGEM* (*I Rusteghi* by Carlo Goldoni).**
'Translated from the Venetian and done into Scots'
by Antonia Sansica Stott and Marjory Greig (script).
First performance: Perth Theatre, 1987.
Unpublished.

1987 ***THE PROWLER* (*Le Rodeur* by Enzo Cormann).**
'Translated' by James Kelman (programme).
First performance: Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, 1987.
Unpublished.

1988 ***THE VIRTUOUS BURGLAR and AN ORDINARY DAY* [double bill] (by Dario Fo).**
'Translated by Joseph Farrell' (programme cover);
'Scottish version by Joe Farrell' (inside programme).
First performance: Borderline Theatre Company, 1988.
Unpublished.

1989 ***CINZANO* (*Cinzano* by Ludmila Petrushevskaya).**
'Translated' by Stephen Mulrine (programme billing);
'in Glasgow demotic' (letter to Bill Findlay).
First performance: Tron Theatre, Glasgow, 1989.
First publication: Ludmila Petrushevskaya, *Cinzano: Eleven Plays*, translated and introduced by Stephen Mulrine (London: Nick Hern Books, 1991). [Note: The 'Glasgow demotic...is toned down a fair bit in the Nick Hern Collection' (letter from Stephen Mulrine to Bill Findlay).]

1989 ***LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME* (by Molière).**
'Translated and adapted' by Hector MacMillan (script).
First production: Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, 1989.
Unpublished.
[Note: The translator's title was *Noblesse Obleege!* but, according to him, the General Manager of the Royal Lyceum Theatre 'decided, without consultation, to advertise the work as *The Bourgeois Gentilhomme*'

(from letter to Bill Findlay). When the translation was given a second production at Dundee Rep Theatre in 1995, the original title, *Noblesse Obleege!*, was reinstated.]

1989 ***PATTER MERCHANTS* (*Les Précieuses ridicules* by Molière).**
Adapted by Liz Lochhead.
First performance: Winged Horse Theatre Company, 1989.
Unpublished.

1989 ***THE GUID SISTERS* (*Les Belles-Soeurs* by Michel Tremblay).**
'Translated' by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (script, programme, and published text).
First performance: Tron Theatre, Glasgow, 1989.
First publication: Michel Tremblay, *The Guid Sisters*, translated by Martin Bowman and William Findlay (Toronto: Exile Editions, 1988).
Second publication: Michel Tremblay, *The Guid Sisters* translated by Martin Bowman and William Findlay (Glasgow: Tron Theatre, 1989).
Third publication: Michel Tremblay, *The Guid Sisters and Other Plays* [title play translated by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay] (London: Nick Hern Books, 1991). [Note: The publisher chose to 'anglicize' the Scots orthography to a fair extent in this last edition.]

1989 ***BLENDING IN* (*Les Travaux et les jours* by Michael Vinaver).**
'Adapted and translated' by Ron Butlin (programme).
First performance: Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, 1989.
Unpublished.

1990 ***MISTERO BUFFO* (*Mistero Buffo* by Dario Fo).**
'Adapted' by Morag Fullarton and Joseph Farrell, from the translation by Ed Emery (programme).
First performance: Borderline Theatre Company, 1990.
Unpublished.
[Note: Stuart Hood has also translated this work into Scots. His translation has not been performed, but an excerpt from it was published as an appendix in: Dario Fo, *Mistero Buffo*, translated by Ed Emery, edited and

introduced by Stuart Hood (London: Methuen, 1988), pp. 120-22.]

1990 ***WHERE LOVE STEPS IN* (*La Serva Amorosa* by Carlo Goldoni).**
'Translated and adapted to a Nineteenth Century Edinburgh setting' by Antonia Sansica Stott and Marjory Greig (script).
First performance: Fifth Estate Theatre Company, Netherbow Theatre, Edinburgh 1992.
Unpublished.

1991 ***THE REAL WURLD?* (*Le Vrai Monde?* by Michel Tremblay).**
'Translated' by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (script and programme).
First Performance: Tron Theatre, Glasgow, 1991.
Unpublished.

1991 ***HOSANNA* (*Hosanna* by Michel Tremblay).**
'Translated' by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (script and programme).
First performance: Tron Theatre, Glasgow, 1991.
Unpublished.

1991 ***KLYTEMNESTRA'S BAIRNS* (From *The Oresteia* by Aeschylus).**
'By Bill Dunlop' (published script).
First performance: Open air performance on Calton Hill, Edinburgh Festival Fringe, 1993 (Act 1 had been performed during the 1991 Fringe).
First publication: Bill Dunlop, *Klytemnestra's Bairns* (Edinburgh: Diehard, 1993).

1991 ***THE BARBER FIGARO!* (*Le Barbier de Seville* by Pierre Beaumarchais).**
'Translated and adapted' by Hector MacMillan (programme).
First performance: Perth Theatre, 1991.
Unpublished.
Typescript held in Scottish Theatre Archive: STA J.v.Box3/5.

1992 ***THE HOUSE AMONG THE STARS* (*La Maison Suspendue* by**

Michel Tremblay).
'Translated' by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (script and programme).
First performance: Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, 1992.
Unpublished.

1992 ***CYRANO DE BERGERAC* (by Edmond Rostand).**
'Translated' by Edwin Morgan (programme billing); 'A new verse translation' by Edwin Morgan (title page of published script).
First performance: Communicado Theatre Company, 1992.
First publication: Edwin Morgan, *Cyrano de Bergerac: A New Verse Translation* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1992). [Also published in *Theatre Scotland*, I:3 (Autumn 1992), pp.29-58.]

1994 ***FOREVER YOURS, MARIE-LOU* (*A toi, pour toujours, ta Marie-Lou* by Michel Tremblay).**
'Translated' by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (script, programme, and published text).
First performance: LadderMan Productions in association with the Tron Theatre, Glasgow, 1994.
First publication: Michel Tremblay, *Forever Yours, Marie-Lou*, translated by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (London: LadderMan Playscripts, 1994).

1995 ***STONES AND ASHES* (*Cendres de Cailloux* by Daniel Danis).**
'Translated' by Tom McGrath (programme).
First performance: Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, 1995.
Unpublished.

1997 ***THE WEAVERS* (*Die Weber* by Gerhart Hauptmann).**
'In a version by Bill Findlay' (script); 'from the original by Gerhart Hauptmann' (programme).
First performance: Dundee Rep Theatre, 1997.
Unpublished.

1997 ***THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR* (by Nikolai Gogol).**
'In a new version' by John Byrne, from the 'literal translation' by Alex Wilbrahim (published script); 'In a new adaptation' by John Byrne (programme).
First performance: The Almeida Theatre, London, 1997.
First publication: Nikolai Gogol, *The Government*

Inspector: In a New Version by John Byrne (London: Absolute Classics/Oberon Books, 1997).

1998 ***ALBERTINE IN FIVE TIMES* (*Albertine, en cinq temps* by Michel Tremblay).**
'Translated' by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (script and programme).
First performance: Clyde Unity Theatre, 1998.
Unpublished.

1998 ***FIRE IN THE BASEMENT* (by Pavel Kohout).**
'In a version' by Bill Findlay (script and programme) [with permission, from the translation by Marketa Goetz-Stankiewicz and Peter Stenberg, published in *Drama Contemporary: Czechoslovakia*, ed. by Marketa Goetz-Stankiewicz (New York: Performing Arts Journal Publications, 1985), pp. 91-126].
First performance: Communicado Theatre Company, 1998.
Unpublished.

1999 ***MR PUNTILA AND HIS MAN MATTI* (by Bertolt Brecht).**
'Translated' by Peter Arnott (script); 'A new Scottish version' by Peter Arnott (programme).
First performance: Dundee Rep Theatre, 1999.
Unpublished.

1999 ***THE THREE SISTERS* (by Anton Chekhov).**
'Translation into Scots' by David Purves (programme).
First Performance: Theatre Alba, Edinburgh Festival Fringe, 1999.
Unpublished.

1999 ***WEREWOLVES* (*Wijuny* by Teresa Lubkiewicz).**
'In a version by Helena Kaut-Howson, adapted by Bill Findlay' (programme); 'In a version by Bill Findlay from the translation by Helena Kaut-Howson' (script).
First performance: Theatre Archipelago (formerly Communicado), 1999.
Unpublished.

2000 ***THREE SISTERS* (by Anton Chekhov).**
'In a new version' by Liz Lochhead (programme).
First performance: Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh,

February-March 2000.
Unpublished.
[The language is predominantly standard English, but some characters are Scots speakers.]

2000 ***MEDEA* (by Euripides).**
'In a version' by Liz Lochhead (programme); 'Liz Lochhead after Euripides' (published text).
First performance: Theatre Babel, March 2000 (as part of a trilogy titled *Greeks*).
First published: *Medea: by Liz Lochhead (after Euripides)* (London: Nick Hern Books, 2000).

2000 ***THE REEL OF THE HANGED MAN* (*Un <<reel>> ben beau, ben triste* by Jeanne-Mance Delisle).**
'Translated' by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay (script, programme, and published text).
First performance: Stellar Quines Theatre Company, March-April 2000.
First publication: Jeanne-Mance Delisle, '*The Reel of the Hanged Man*', translated by Martin Bowman and Bill Findlay, with an Introduction by Bill Findlay, in *Edinburgh Review*, 105 (2000), pp. 99-143.

2000 ***PHAEDRA* (by Jean Racine).**
'In a new version' by Edwin Morgan (programme); 'Translated from the French into Scots by Edwin Morgan' (published text).
First performance: Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, April 2000.
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Note 1: Items prefixed with an asterisk feature discussion of the use of Scots in drama. They have been so marked in order to furnish support for the assertions in Chapter 1 that: (a) until relatively recently, a limited amount of attention has been given to this area of Scots-medium writing; but (b) a publication base is now beginning to build.

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